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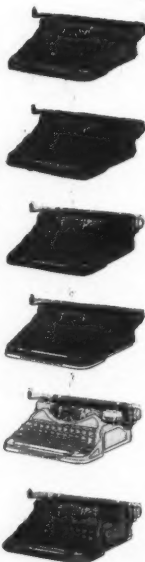


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Next Month— The *FIRST* of a GROUP of
PRIVATE LIVES
 by JOHN ERSKINE
who told us All We Should Know about
HELEN of TROY and GALAHAD

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combined with **Cosmopolitan** *for October, 1927*
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Cover Design by **Harrison Fisher**

Published monthly by the INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY, INC., at 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
 RAY LONG, President. C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President. ARTHUR MOORE, Treasurer. AUSTIN W. CLARK, Secretary.

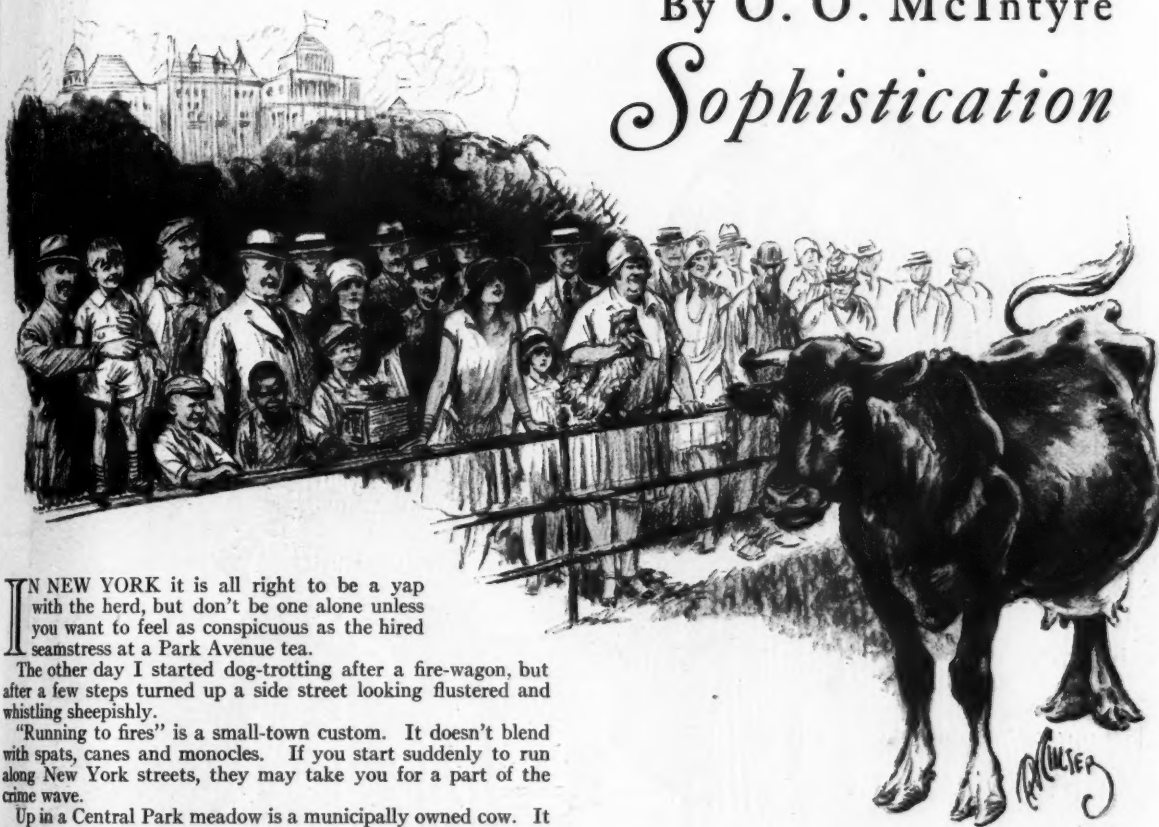
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OCTOBER,
1927

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG,
Editor

By O. O. McIntyre
Sophistication



IN NEW YORK it is all right to be a yap with the herd, but don't be one alone unless you want to feel as conspicuous as the hired seamstress at a Park Avenue tea.

The other day I started dog-trotting after a fire-wagon, but after a few steps turned up a side street looking flustered and whistling sheepishly.

"Running to fires" is a small-town custom. It doesn't blend with spats, canes and monocles. If you start suddenly to run along New York streets, they may take you for a part of the crime wave.

Up in a Central Park meadow is a municipally owned cow. It is just an average cow to be seen in the average pasture, yet any day a group of goggle-eyed city dwellers hang onto the fence surrounding it as though they expected it to fly or dance a gavotte.

If a horse falls down in a New York street business and traffic suspend until it gets up, yet a daredevil flagpole sitter climbed down from his perch after twenty-four hours in disgust. He couldn't attract a crowd.

I have seen an entire café appear studiously unconscious of the arrival of Charlie Chaplin with ex-Ambassador Moore and a half-hour later be in a flutter of excitement over a moth's efforts to test the immortality of its soul against an electric bulb.

Things that excite the metropolis would not slow up the rocking on Main Street porches. A wit at the Lambs' used to stroll out of the club-house and begin searching the sidewalk for some imaginary article until his prank had made the street impassable.

If a man lifts the top of his automobile along the curb to peek into its innards he will immediately have sixteen bright helpers and several expert advisers.

On the other hand a camel, featuring a spangled blanket and a distinct smell, wandered out of the Hippodrome a few years ago, *en passant* kicked a perfect stranger slightly below where his suspenders crossed, and walked five miles without interference. People thought it an advertising racket.

Any night along that bright aisle known as Broadway will be found a shin-kicking, elbow-jabbing crowd trying to edge into stores where leather-lunged gentlemen auction off jewelry that will turn green before it can be carried home.

A drug store on Sixth Avenue had to discharge one of those window-demonstrating Apollos employed to show the populace how to achieve the slickest results with a hair grease. Twice in a week the eager sidewalk crowd had pushed in a plate-glass window.

The yap has no geographical restrictions. He may be a

translucent-eared clodhopper from the forks of the creek waiting on the circus lot for the "midnight session" of a cooch show or he may be one of those expertly tailored dandies sitting expectantly in the front row at the Follies.

I had been in New York two years when I was introduced to a fellow who, it was explained, was a "book-maker," and I began to talk to him about authors. That is eighteen-karat yokelry, yet I was in a small town recently with a motion-picture actor, reared in New York, who saw a silo and confessed he always thought it was a musical instrument.

WHEN the furnace was installed in the Methodist church back home a hot-air register was placed in the middle aisle. At the first Sunday service afterward, Miss Lizzie Botts walked up to it, felt the warm rush of air and with a scream and a leap completely hurdled it. This still provokes laughter in our town.

Yet to my notion it is not more amusing than the New Yorker I saw so intent on admiring himself in a window mirror that he found himself waist-deep in a coal hole wearing a spike-tailed coat, silk hat, lapel rose and a silly grin.

A yap, after all, is one out of tune with local customs. There are country yaps and city yaps. What is top-hole swank on the Avenue is laughable in Huckleberry Crossing and vice versa.

The trouble is that no one realizes he is a yap. Yet under certain circumstances we all are at some time or other. We may not get our neck caught in a revolving door or wear a round haircut, but we pay \$12 to see a \$2 show or \$1.50 for a six-cent bottle of ginger ale.

If I'm wrong, all right, but don't sue me. We may be able to settle the matter out of court, you big yap!

By CHARLES L



Their Fiftieth

S DANA GIBSON



Anniversary

A NEW NOVEL by the A

The Lion Tamer



Juan,
the Lion Tamer

FOR the second time in five minutes the quiet stillness that hung over Marqueray's Mammoth Circus was broken by the sound of a high-pitched girlish scream, a scream of sudden anguish.

And for the second time the sick lioness lying on the floor of her traveling cage twitched her injured paw from the hands of the trainer, who was sitting cross-legged beside her, and growled menacingly.

Hissing soothingly between his teeth, the trainer drew the big paw gently onto his knee again.

"Steady, Sally," he coaxed. "You'll sure hurt yourself if you do that again."

The tall man on the farther side of the steel bars jerked his head in the direction of the hidden arena behind them and began to light a pipe with shaking fingers.

"Ricardo—you know—new equestrian turn," he said between puffs, in a low, cultured voice that contrasted oddly with his general gone-to-seed appearance. "Joined up on Monday—day you went to New York."

"Good act?" asked the trainer, reaching for a bottle of antiseptic.

"Better than most," replied the other, rather grudgingly.

"New sort of turn altogether. But the fellow's a beast—he makes me sick, and heaven knows I'm not squeamish about most things. You heard that kid scream? That's his girl. She's the best of his show, poor little devil, but he works her like a slave and gets off on her what he can't get off on his horses, though there isn't much he sticks at with them, curse him! His methods are a good deal tougher than the Old Man would stand if he knew the half of them. But the Old Man's been sitting very close in the office while you've been away, Juan," he added, with a certain significance in his tone.

The trainer looked up, his black brows knitting in a frown as he made a suggestive gesture with his elbow.

The tall man nodded. "Soaking," he said shortly. Then a faint flush crept slowly over his thin white face. "Comes well from me, doesn't it?" he went on, with a rather dreary laugh. "We make a good pair, the Old Man and I. We'll both end the same way one of these days."

"Not if I can help it, Jim," came swiftly from inside the cage.

Jim Manners, ex-gentleman and present clown, turned tragic, sunken eyes to the slim, muscular figure bending over the prostrate lioness, and a smile that was half whimsical, half sad played over his lips, transforming for a moment the cynical recklessness of his face.

"Not tired yet of trying to reform me, Juan?" he retorted. "It's no good, old man; you're wasting your energy. I'm past praying for. Past anything that matters. And if I couldn't forget it sometimes, in the only way that's left to me, I'd go mad. What have I got to live for, anyhow? What have I got to look forward to but a hell of my own making? I'd have ended it years ago if I wasn't a confounded coward. A short life for me and a merry one, Juan. Merry? Good Lord!" His voice rose to a sudden shout and he clutched at the steel bars with quivering hands, shaking from head to foot with passionate emotion.

"Do they ever wonder what I'm thinking," he panted fiercely, "when I make them rock with laughter, when I gibe and gibber at them like the very clown I am? Do they ever wonder what manner of man I am under the chalk and hideous garb I wear? Sometimes when I'm fooling there in the arena, when I hear them laughing and applauding, sometimes, I tell you, Juan, I see red, red, red. Jim the Jester! Marqueray's clown. God's mercy! And I, who was—"

His voice died away in a sob of self-pity, and weak with the outburst that had exhausted him, he dropped his face on the blue-veined hands clenched round the bars he clung to for support.

The trainer bent closer over his work. "Steady, Jim," he said in the same quiet, soothing voice he had used a few minutes earlier to the great brute lying at his feet. "Life's tough sometimes.

But it usually a man in me wh But I quera had—to stic do an added strong ing th injure and still u Jim heave all yo distin stuck don't "A "Get "I any away pitif

the Author of "The SHEIK,"

E. M. Hull



Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops

But it kind of sorts itself out—usually. And does it matter what a man was? I guess it's only what a man is that counts. You never told me what you were, and I'm not asking. But I know what you are now, Marqueray's clown—the best he ever had—and my pard. And I've got to stick to my pard and see he doesn't do any foolishness, haven't I?" he added, still without looking up, his strong fingers gently but firmly pressing the suppurating matter from the injured pad of the lioness, who whined and winced with pain though she lay still under the treatment.

Jim Manners's shabby shoulders heaved convulsively. "You've done all you can, Juan," he muttered indistinctly. "You've been the only friend I ever had who ever stuck to me. But even you can't save me from myself—when I don't want to be saved."

"Aw, you've more sand than that, Jim!" snorted the trainer. "Get hold of yourself, man."

"I can't—I'm done," cried Manners despairingly. "I haven't any nerve left. I promised you I'd keep off it while you were away, and I kept off it. And that's why I'm making such a pitiful fool of myself now. I can't stand up to anything without

it. It's easy for you to talk. You don't know what it means—the craving, the awful, torturing craving—"

"Guess I do," broke in Juan sharply. "I went on an almighty booze for a couple of years myself once. Sally's mother cured me, clawed me most to pieces one day when I didn't know what I was doing, and a two-months' spell at hospital finished the job. Lie still, you old lunkhead; I'm not talking to you," he added as the lioness lifted her head with a little whining grunt. He twisted out the cork of the disinfectant bottle with his even white teeth and took a firmer grip of her paw. "Brace yourself, Sally; this is going to nip, and if you squeal I'll pull your ears. So don't say I didn't warn you."

But with the bottle poised in his hand he turned to glance at Manners, who had pulled himself somewhat together and was standing limply with one shoulder hunched against the bars of the cage.

"Now this Ricardo's come in, that's all the outside turn left to join up, bar the Shooting Stars. And their boat ain't due in Frisco till next week," he said conversationally.

It came again, that sharp, shrill cry of sudden agony, maddening the pain-fretted lioness. With a snarl she bounded up and loosed her mighty jaws in a deep, full-throated roar

which, echoing and reverberating, was caught up and repeated by the occupants of the adjoining cages until the whole building resounded with the crashing, thunderous outbursts of leonine rage. For a few moments it was pandemonium, while each of the forty lions that composed the trainer's troop bellowed and raved a volume of sound that made speech impossible.

Shrugging his shoulders, Juan scrambled to his feet and lounged to the bars. "What's he doin' to the kid, anyway?" he shouted wrathfully to Manners, who had his hands over his ears.

Manners shook his head with a grimace of disgust. "Some devil's work; you can bet your life on that," he shouted back, and laughed inwardly at the sudden gleam of anger that shot into Juan's dark eyes. For he guessed it meant trouble for the unspeakable Ricardo in the near future.

One by one the lions at last fell silent again to resume their interrupted Sunday dozing. Only the sick lioness remained unappeased, raising her voice in solitary complaint.

With a laugh and another shrug Juan strode back into the middle



of the cage and caught her head in his hands. "Shut up, Sally," he said sternly. "You lie down and let me get on with my job." He squatted down once more beside her.

"If she gets started off again I'll be all night fixing this pad," he grumbled. "You wouldn't like to take a message to that kid-beater over there, would you?" he added, with a grin.

"Thanks, I'd rather be excused," replied Manners languidly. "I've had one dust-up with Señor Ricardo already, and I don't want another. I'm sorry for the kid—but there it is. I can't do anything."

Juan's firm upper lip curled in a rather disdainful smile. "Much obliged, I'm sure," he drawled. "Shifting the dirty work on to me as usual. Where's Danny? He ought to be around somewheres."

As he spoke a lanky youth of about fifteen sauntered into sight, carrying a bucket and trailing a long rake.

Juan raised a beckoning hand. "Hi, you Danny," he called, "just you trot along into the arena to that hoss gent. Tell him Sally's compliments and she'd like a little less noise, please. She's feeling pretty sick."

With a quick smile at the man who was his idol, the boy nodded and ran off. In a few moments he came back, grinning broadly.

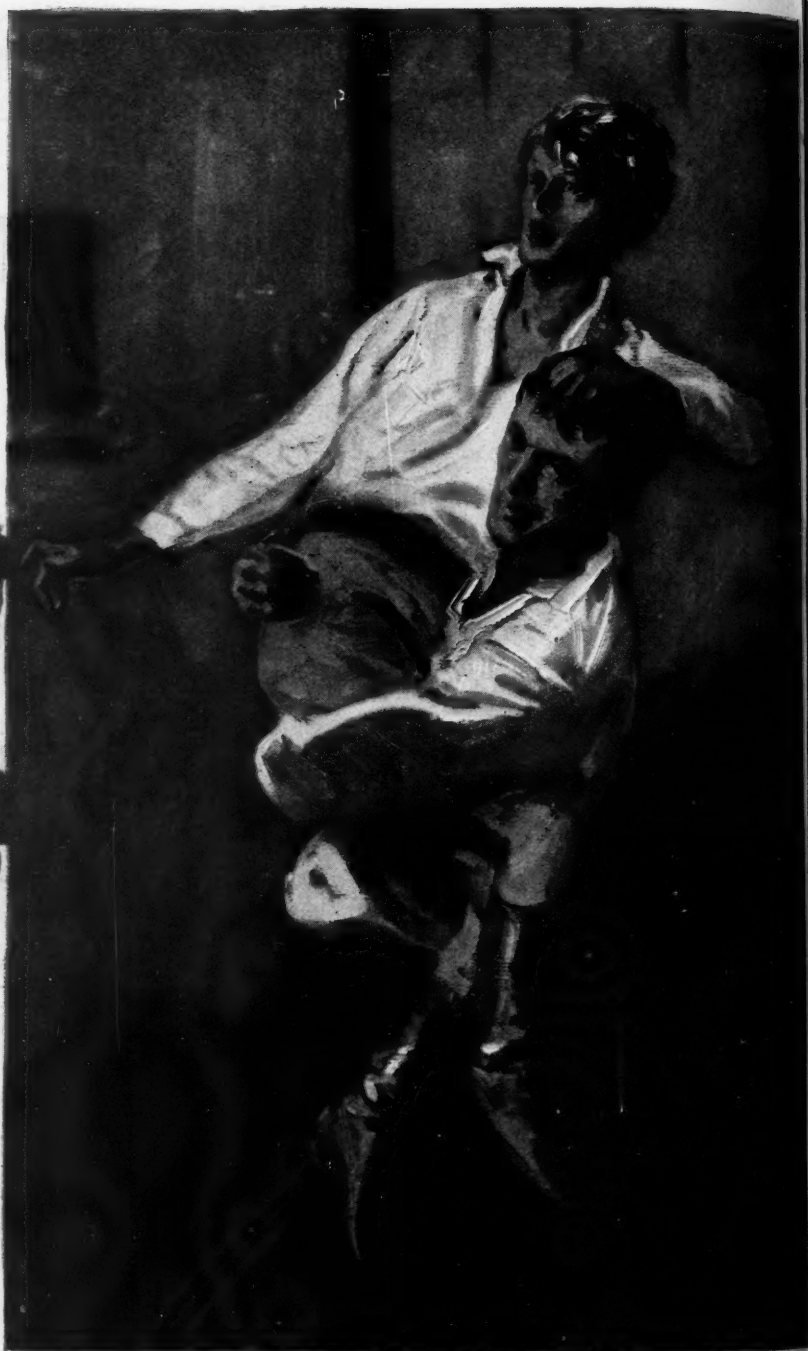
"That guy's sure askin' fur trouble, Boss," he chuckled.

"Don't mind me," said Juan calmly. "Open up, Danny."

Danny's eyes gleamed mischievously. "I just hate to tell you," he gurgled, amidst giggles.

Juan flashed a keen look at the laughing face pressed close to the bars of the cage. "Quit fooling, son. What did he say?"

22



C "What you goin' to do to me?" cried Paul. "There's no

Just what Ricardo had said Danny repeated with gusto and faithful attention to detail. But if he hoped for an outburst he was disappointed, for Juan only smiled, a rather odd little smile.

"He's sure polite," he commented slowly. "Trot along back, Danny, and tell him my compliments this time and if he don't stop lamming that kid I'll come and take the hide off of him."

Jim Manners looked after the boy's retreating figure, and a faint frown of uneasiness puckered his brow.

Since the first moment of joining Marqueray's Circus, Estaban Ricardo, plain Stephen Richards in his native Texas, had made himself obnoxious and unpopular amongst the other members of the company, who, though rough and careless in the main themselves, had yet sufficient manhood and decency to condemn the unnecessarily cruel methods of the newcomer.

Having only this morning returned from a few days' trip to New York, where he had gone to inspect a shipment of lions just

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considered his own particular business.

Round the boarding and into the alleyway came Danny, running for dear life, pursued by a big, thick-necked, purple-faced man who was lashing at the boy's legs with a heavy whip while he poured out a stream of coarse profanity that sickened even the men whose ears were accustomed to the vilest language.

With a final yell of derision Danny vaulted the railing of the alleyway and leaped back beyond the reach of the curling whiplash.

"Girl-beater, girl-beater!" he shouted. "Hit someone yer own size, you blasted bully!"

Ignoring the boy's taunts, Ricardo pulled up short beside Manners, thrusting him back against the railing with cruel force. "Get out of my way," he snarled. Then wheeling towards the cage, he brandished his heavy whip, shaking it threateningly at Juan, who was stroking and soothing the lioness

call to get scared, kid. Nobody's going to hurt you," Juan reassured her.

arrived from Germany, Juan knew nothing of Ricardo or of the trouble brewed during his own absence.

But Jim Manners knew, and the knowledge of it was disquieting. For as a mental picture of the Texan's Herculean frame and mighty limbs came to him, his earlier confidence in Juan's superiority was shadowed with a vague doubt that made him fear for his friend when he had never feared before.

Sooner or later a clash between the two men, as yet unknown to each other, was inevitable. Juan, the recognized champion of all weak things unable to defend themselves, would never tolerate what had already been freely criticized and condemned not only by the more responsible of the performing members of the company but also by the most case-hardened of the "rough-necks" and "razor-backs" attached to the circus. And Ricardo, thanks to caustic and injudicious tongues, saw already in the lion-tamer an enemy whom he openly threatened with summary vengeance should he presume to interfere in what he, Ricardo,

that had begun to whine and growl again uneasily.

"I've heard of you," Ricardo bellowed. "You're the big noise here, I'm told. Seems like you want to be the boss of this show. Well, right now I'll tell you I'm not taking orders from you, nor anyone, for that matter. I signed a contract for this Europe tour, but you can take it from me I won't stand for any interference. D'you get me? You dirty dago!"

"Aw, kill him, Boss!" Danny shrieked, in boyish partisanship. But with the rigid self-control to which he had trained himself Juan gave no sign of the passionate resentment surging within him.

"I've sure been hearing a few things too," he said quietly, "but I haven't time to attend to 'em now. I'm busy. Just one thing I'll tell you. You're new to us, and you don't know our ways yet. But take a hunch from me and learn—quick. We don't stand for knocking kids around at Marqueray's. You jus' remember that. if you don't want trouble!"

Ricardo's face contorted. "I'm not taking advice from you. I know your sort. I called you just now, didn't I? Well, if you ain't a coward—come out of that cage."

"Sorry I can't oblige—today," Juan



said coolly. "I got a sick cat on my hands here. Tomorrow—perhaps, when you've cooled off a bit—"

A bull-like roar burst from Ricardo and furiously he beat on the bars of the cage with the weighted handle of his whip. "Tomorrow nothing!" he yelled. "Come out now, you coward—"

An answering roar drowned his further utterance, and like a thunderbolt Sally launched herself against the bars, shaking them in impotent fury and striking at him with her uninjured paw. Ricardo, his florid face gone suddenly white, shrank back with an oath beyond the reach of those terrible ripping claws. Juan rose and walked to the front of the cage.

"Guess you'll take my word for it now that I'm busy," he said, almost gently. Yet for all its gentleness there was a curious note of command and challenge in his voice that penetrated even to Ricardo's dulled consciousness. With an oath, he swung on his heel and strode off down the alleyway.

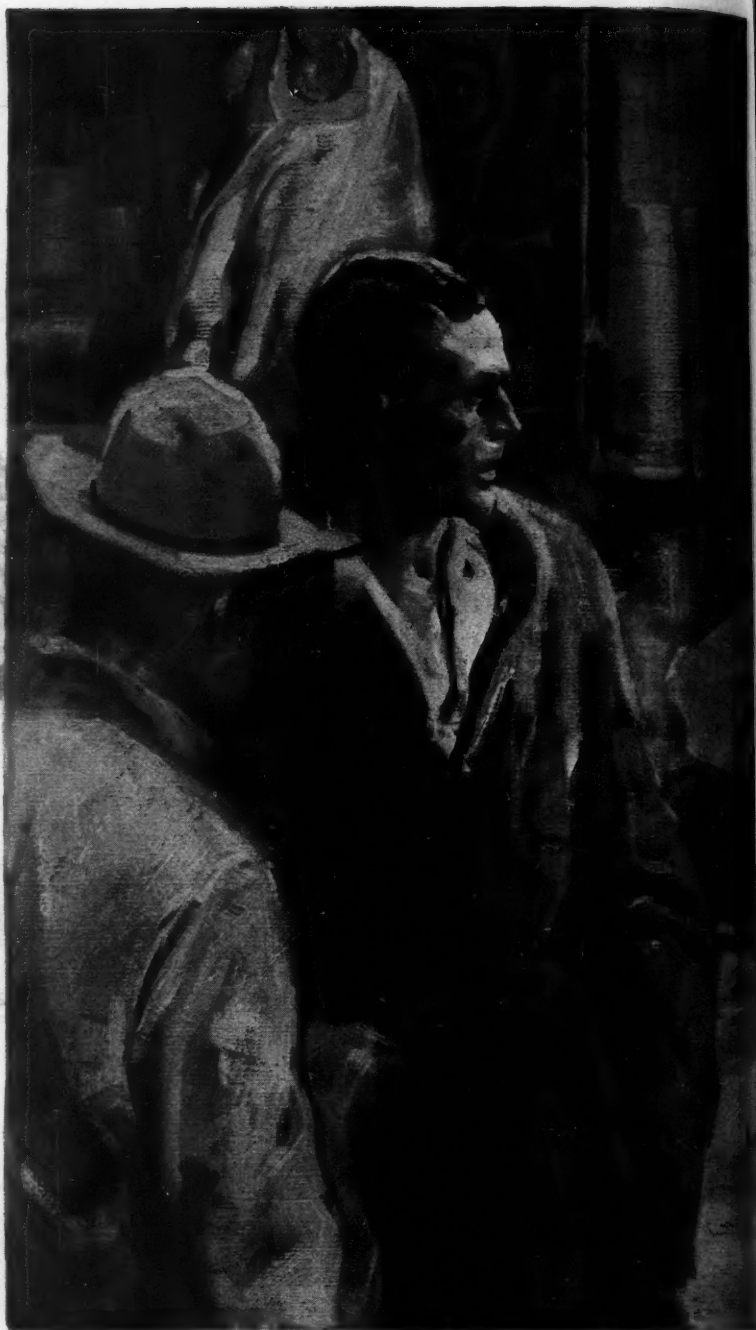
When his burly figure disappeared behind the high boarding Danny's pent-up feelings gave way in a howl of dismay. "Aw, Boss, why'd yer let him go?" he wailed, in reproachful disappointment.

"You're a bloodthirsty little devil, Danny," Juan said lightly. "You'll sure meet up with trouble one of these days." But the faint smile faded quickly, and his face was somber again as he pointed to the neglected bucket and rake. "If you've any cleaning to finish—beat it, son. If you haven't—beat it anyway," he ordered.

Left alone with Manners, Juan turned and asked, "What did he mean, Jim? Who's got me in bad with Ricardo?"

Manners shrugged his shoulders.

"No one more than another," he replied evasively; "only there's been the deuce and all of a lot of talk while you've been away. But there's nothing against you, Juan. You know that. It's that swine Ricardo who's the trouble. The boys are all sore at Ricardo, and some fool who funk'd tackling him himself, just as I did, promised him hades when you came back. And the other fools haven't let him forget it. They've talked till



"Oh, you are 'orrid!'" cried Madeleine. "Don't you

your name is anathema to him, till the mere mention of it sets him raving."

Juan put the finishing touches to the bandage on the lioness's paw and then slipped his arms round her neck, lifting her head on to his knee. "Hark to him, Sally," he crooned. "Trying to skeer us all out of our lives, ain't he, Honey?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, be serious" Manners burst out. Juan pushed Sally gently aside, collected his scattered tools and heaved himself to his feet. "Don't you worry, Jim," he said, smiling. "I'll be serious all right when the time comes, but I reckon it can wait till then. Guess I'll put the boards up on her now," he added shortly.

While he worked quickly, darkening the cage, Manners started to walk off, racked with thirst. Reluctantly Juan moved aside, leaving the way up the alleyway clear.

"Best get it over," he said, "but—but go slow, Jim." And without waiting to listen to Manners's stammered promises, he turned to walk slowly down the long line of animal cages.



burning hotter. "I forgot, Boss, honest, I did," he mumbled, almost inaudibly.

"Don't make it worse by lying," Juan said sharply, "and in any case you know perfectly well smokin's forbidden near them cub cages."

With a stifled sigh Danny moved slowly to the nearest cage, restored the whimpering cubs to a half-dozen sleeping companions, and faced about again, his lips set, his face white as it had been scarlet before.

"If yer goin' to belt me, Boss, for the Lord's sake do it quick," he muttered.

For a long moment Juan looked at him. Then he shook his head and, subsiding onto an upturned bucket, beckoned the lad nearer.

"Guess I don't feel like belting anyone today," he said slowly, "and I've an idea belting don't do you any particular good, Danny. It don't seem to make you remember any. Reckon I'll have to try a new way." He paused as if seeking for suitable



sink you like to give me one leetle kees, just for welcome, Juan?"

Close beside the turnstile exit, pulling aside a curtain marked "Private," he turned into a wider, dimly lighted passage where, screened from the public view, were two or three smaller cages containing cubs of all ages asleep amongst heaped-up straw. A few steps he took down the passage, then stopped, looking half-frowning, half-smiling at the scene that met his eyes.

Stretched comfortably on his back on a pile of canvas lay the lanky Danny, very much at his ease, his hands clasped under his head, a couple of cubs sprawled dozing across his chest, a cigaret between his lips—when a hand descending swiftly to pluck the forbidden weed from his lips shattered his rosy dreams of future glory and brought him back to earth with startling and uncomfortable suddenness.

Juan dropped the offending cigaret on the ground and trod it out before turning to the quaking culprit.

"Changed the date of your birthday, sonny?" he inquired caustically. "I'd an idea there was six months yet to run."

Under the accusing eyes Danny flinched, his scarlet cheeks

words. Then: "See here, son," he went on, "you'll be a man soon. S'pose you start tryin' to be a man now.

S'pose you jus' give me your word not to lie to me any more, and not to start smokin' till you're sixteen."

The appeal to his approaching manhood was a master stroke that made Danny draw himself straighter, while the implied confidence in his word achieved what a hundred beltings would never have accomplished. "D'yer mean that, Boss?" he demanded hoarsely. "You'd take my word?"

"Sure," replied Juan, and held out his hand. "I'm trusting you from now on. And I guess that's enough said." And cutting short the boy's eager asseverations with a brusk, "That'll do, Danny. It's deeds I want, not words, and don't you forget it," he moved across the alleyway to look at the slumbering cubs.

"Them punks is comin' on fine," Danny hazarded, with a side-long glance to see if his keenness was properly appreciated. The grunt of assent which was his only answer was scarcely

encouraging, but, undeterred, Danny persisted. "That's Lily's, ain't it?" he asked, pointing to the tawny little bundle clawing and spitting in the trainer's hands. "Proper devil she'll be some day—just like Lily." Then, with a gurgle of laughter: "Lily most tore Lin's pants off of him Friday, an' there was an old dame sittin' in the alleyway paintin' some of the cats, an' she—"

Juan dropped the squealing cub back into its nest of straw and shut the cage door sharply.

"'Bout time you knocked off, isn't it?" he interrupted. "You've no chores to keep you as late as this on a Sunday."

Abashed at this second rebuff and foiled in his efforts to amuse, Danny's face fell perceptibly. "I done all my chores," he mumbled in an aggrieved voice.

"Then what are you waiting for?" asked Juan. "Clear out and play while you can. You'll maybe not often get the chance when this Europe tour really gets going. Your work's done for today. And you know my rule—I won't have you lads hanging around here after hours."

His tone was decisive, but still Danny lingered, shifting uneasily from foot to foot, while the color mounted slowly into his face. "Can't I—stay a bit—longer, Boss?" he faltered. "I—I—promised to wait."

A sudden thought made Juan look at him narrowly. "Promised who?" he demanded, and the faint suspicion that had flashed into his mind became stronger as Danny wriggled in discomfort that augmented every moment.

At length there came a reluctant whisper that was almost inaudible: "Montana."

"I thought so." Juan turned slowly, his face gone suddenly grave. It was the name he expected, and his gravity sprang from his knowledge of the man who used that cognomen to hide his real identity. A watchman and general helper, one of the "rough gang" attached to the circus, Montana was at once a physical necessity and a moral menace to his associates—an influence which little by little was spreading through Marqueray's like a poisonous growth.

For some months Juan had known of it, but only lately had he tracked it to its source. And the burly watchman had become a bone of contention between him and the Old Man. Less intimately associated with his employees than Juan, Ray Marqueray saw in Montana only a superb machine, a tireless, willing human engine who never shirked and never failed where brute strength was required. And he had turned a deaf ear to Juan's warnings.

Juan's black brows knit in a deeper frown of perplexity. Tomorrow there would have to be another wordy fight with the Old Man, that was certain. Today he must deal with the matter himself, in so far as Danny was concerned.

He came a step nearer, dropping his hand lightly on the lad's shoulder. "I guess there's something you've got to know, Danny," he began. "I told you a while back that you'd got to begin to act like a man. And because of that I reckon it's time you knew about Montana. Montana ain't going to do you any good, and right now I'm going to tell you for why. Listen, son."

For nearly ten minutes he spoke, without heat, without haste, clear, dispassionate but terribly illuminating words that burned deep into the soul of the boy.

"I sure hated to tell you," concluded Juan, "but you had to know. There are men, and women too, Lord help 'em, in this poor old world who are beastlier than any of the dumb brutes we handle. And now you know, keep clear of Montana. He's bad plumb through."

It was a crestfallen and chastened Danny who stole quietly away a few minutes later.

Left alone, Juan turned once more to the cages and stood for a long time staring at the cubs he did not see, thinking deeply.

For him there had been no helping hand stretched out, no friendly voice to warn him of the snares and pitfalls that lay thick in his path. The waif of the circus, treated with rough kindness as far as his bodily needs were concerned, but neglected morally and mentally, he had been left to fight his own hard battle, to rise above the sordid viciousness that then surrounded him or sink to the common level as he pleased. And from lack of any restraining influence he had sunk.

Then Ray Marqueray had interfered. Never before displaying any apparent interest in the moral well-being of the man who had served him from childhood, it was only when his own personal interests became involved that he took action. Because Juan had become indispensable to him, because in the waif he had given shelter he knew he possessed perhaps the finest lion-tamer in the world, he had at length, from what seemed a purely selfish motive, bestirred himself in his protégé's affairs. That

intemperance was his own besetting sin neither softened his wrath nor mitigated his reproaches. By turns he had expostulated, threatened, almost pleaded.

But it was Providence, in the shape of an exasperated lioness, that had saved Juan, suddenly interposing to arrest his rapid descent into complete moral ruin; and during the subsequent two months' enforced idleness in hospital, Juan for the first time in his life had been forced to think.

The mauling had been a bad one, but the shock to his physical system had not been as great as the mental shock that had opened his eyes abruptly and thoroughly to what he had never before troubled to consider.

In the long lonely hours—for Ray Marqueray, with unexpected generosity, had provided a private room—he had had time to think. And thought had brought home to him the consciousness of a life wasted and utterly misspent, and of weakness against which his pride rebelled. He saw himself at last as he really was—a pitiful husk of a man, without steadfastness or purpose, a straw driven before the wind. And in shame and agony of mind his soul went down into the depths.

From that time he had never looked back, but step by step he had gone on, until, for some years now Ray Marqueray's right-hand man, he, almost more than his employer, was known to be the real driving power in the millionaire circus-owner's vast organization.

Juan came back to the present with a sharp little sigh of regret. Passing through the turnstile he paused a moment, listening to the little coughing grunts and whines, the occasional soft padding of restless feet, and sniffing the animal odors that hung in the air—sounds and smells that for him spelled home, the only home he had ever known.

He had taken only a few steps when a faint sound that seemed to come from behind the line of horse-boxes arrested him. It was an unhappy little sound, almost inaudible, that might have come from either a human being or an animal in distress.

Puzzled for a moment, Juan stood listening. Then, as he heard it again and recognized it for what it was, he retraced his steps towards the narrow gangway that gave access to the back of the stables. Behind the horse-boxes was another inner alleyway by which the horses reached the arena.

It was to this inner alleyway he went, guided by the muffled sobbing that brought a scowl to his face and made him quicken his pace.

Evening was coming on and, overshadowed by the high wall of the arena, with no direct light to illuminate it, the inner alleyway was dim, at first almost obscure. But as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he saw another horse-box set in a deep recess at the end of the alleyway.

Though he could see nothing beyond that shadowy outline, he knew he had found what he sought, he knew too who it was he sought. Only Ricardo's girl would take refuge amongst Ricardo's horses to weep out her heart in that pitiful fashion. That there was a girl rider in the troop had come as a surprise to Juan. Performing at the time in Canada, and personally unknown to Marqueray, Ricardo had been engaged by telegram to fill a sudden gap and his brief acceptance of the engagement had contained no suggestion of any other performer than himself.

JUAN wondered what Ray Marqueray had said to this unexpected addition to his tour—Ray Marqueray, who, unlike the average showman, loathed child performers. It must have been something unusual that had made him waive prejudice and accept this one. And Jim had said she was the best of Ricardo's show. Ricardo. He had seen Ricardo—heaven help the child!

A rush of mingled anger and pity went through him as he drew a step nearer and stopped to lean against the jamb of the open door.

"It's awful lonesome out here, kiddy," he suggested. "Ain't it lonesome in there?"

"I like to be alone." The coldly voiced retort was decisive, but Juan fancied he heard a smothered sob that seemed to give the lie to the firm assertion.

"'Tain't healthy, at your age," he said gently; "and it ain't very sociable, neither, when I'm wanting to be friendly."

But even this very plain hint elicited no response, and though, with inexhaustible patience, he tried every persuasion he could think of, by no argument or coaxing could he induce the elusive occupant of the box to reveal herself, or even to speak again. At last, words having failed, he determined on action. Straightening up, he swung round to face the open door.

"Well, if you won't come out and talk to me," he laughed, "I guess I'll have to come in and talk to you."



Rising between himself and Paul, Juan seemed to see Ricardo's cruel face. So that was Ricardo's line with her—starvation and the whip!

"You'd best not," came warningly. "You'd best go right away. Satan don't like strangers, any more than me. An' he's a devil—he'll kill you if you come in here."

Juan smiled to himself in the gloom. "Reckon I'm not so easily killed," he replied, "and devils don't worry me, not a little bit. I'm used to 'em. I've just a few of my own over there could give this devil of yours points."

But at the first movement he made there was a quick whisper, another rustle of straw, and the great horse began to plunge violently, snorting, stamping and lashing out with his heels in all directions. Suddenly afraid for the child so close to those iron-shod hoofs, Juan poised himself to leap, straining his eyes as he stared into the darkness, watching for an opportunity to reach the maddened animal's head.

"Watch out, kid!" he cried, and leaped across the stall.

Taken unawares, the stallion let out an ear-splitting blast and shot up into the air, to crash down (Continued on page 192)

By Will Durant

Who Wrote "The Story
of Philosophy"

WHAT IS LOVE?

And, in answering, this Philosopher Gives You An
Adventure in Understanding Yourself

LOVE is by acclaim the most interesting of all forms of human experience; and it is astonishing that so few have cared to study its origin and development. What a majestic stream of literature has poured forth about it in every language, and from almost every pen—what epics, what dramas, what fiction, what passionate and endless poetry—and yet how little science, how scarce the efforts to scrutinize the wonder objectively, to find its source in nature, and the causes of its marvelous growth from the simple merging of the protozoa to the devotion of Dante and the ecstasy of Petrarch!

Yes, of course, men desire women, and love, "which moves the sun and all the stars," lifts every soul to some passing nobility before life ends. But why? Poetry has proved its point—love springs eternally in the human breast; but where is the secret fountain of its recurrent youth? Why does a lad thrill at the sight of curls flashing across laughing eyes, or at the touch of feminine fingers as soft as a flattering word? Is it because she is beautiful? But does not his love create her beauty as much as her beauty creates his love? Why does he love?

There is nothing in human affairs so strange as the readiness of men, this side senility, to pursue women—unless it be the readiness of women, this side the grave, to be pursued. There is nothing in human conduct so persistent as the measuring glance of male upon female at every moment of the day. See the wily animal eying his prey as he pretends to read his inevitable newspaper. Hear his conversation, how it roams about the everlasting hunt; imagine his imagination, how restlessly it flits about the magnetic flame. Why? How did this come to be? What are the origins of this profound desire, and through what stages did it pass to its present fury and glory?

Let us try, rashly, to find the answers to these questions which lovers never ask. Let us bring together such science as we can, from Stendhal, and Ellis, and Moll, and Bölsche, and De Gourmont, and Freud, and Stanley Hall, and see if we can make a composite picture in which love, finding its perspective, will reveal its function and its significance. Let us retrace, as well as we can in a little space, the path by which love came.

As hunger and love alternate in the individual, so life as a whole revolves about nutrition and reproduction as the great foci of its orbit. Nutrition is a means to reproduction, and reproduction is a means to nutrition. We eat that we may live, that we may mature, that we may fulfil ourselves in parentage; and in reproduction we separate from our dying flesh new life that shall have the power to feed and grow again, perhaps to finer stature than before.

In the simplest cell, apparently, it is growth that compels that bursting apart which is the lowliest form of reproduction. The mass of the cell grows faster than the surface through which it feeds; to restore the proportion it divides in two; and the surface, spreading down through the division, is again made adequate to the mass.

Here is parentage, but as yet no differentiation of the sexes, and presumably no love.

Such division of an organism into two is the essence of nature's devices for the continuity of life, even in man; and though she develops the formula into a thousand complications she never quite abandons it. Among the protozoa—or single-celled animals—this generation by division prevails; budding is only a

variation on the theme. A baby *Hydra* buds from the stalk of the older one, and grows by feeding on the life-stream of its parent; as it matures it reaches out pugnaciously for food in competition with the very organism from which it buds; at last it tears itself loose, finds new rootage somewhere, and sets up its own establishment.

Sometimes the divided cells of a protozoon, as in the case of *Volvox*, remain imbedded in a gelatinous matrix and form a "colony." Then a startling differentiation of function arises: the external cells specialize in nutrition, and the internal cells in reproduction; the colony becomes a social organism, with interdependent and cooperative parts. And at the very beginning of its panorama life offers us an example of that "isolation of the germ-plasm" upon which Weismann based the prevailing theory of heredity in man.

But though division is universal, it does not suffice; the time comes, after many generations, when the repeatedly subdivided protozoon seems to lack the energy required to form new organisms. At this point a new phenomenon appears. Two weakened protozoa—of the same species—coalesce, and each pours out from its nucleus a stream of protoplasm which passes into the substance of the other. Then they separate, and seem strangely strengthened by this "rejuvenating conjugation"; for soon each of the two divides with pristine vigor, and for many generations division serves again the purposes of continuity. It is with the protozoa here as with our human selves and groups: let a man marry, and he will be made stronger; let races mingle, and they will be renewed.

Nevertheless, significant as this simple union is, there is in it no analogue to that mating of dissimilar individuals which is the root of the flower of love. Can we find such an analogue in the lowest organisms?

WE APPROACH it in *Pandorina*, a protozoan colony of sixteen cells. Each of the cells divides not into two independent cells, but into many infinitesimal bits or "spores," apparently all alike; and a new organism arises only when two spores unite. Pass to another colonial protozoon, *Eudorina*, and what we seek is found: here each cell breaks into dissimilar spores, some large and quiet, some active and small; and not till a small spore merges with a large one is a new organism formed. In *Eudorina* nature discovered sex.

For a time she hesitated; and in *Volvox* we have the older method of reproduction alternating queerly with the new.

In more complex organisms certain portions of the body are specialized for the production of spores. The spores themselves become more highly differentiated and unlike until, in the later stages of life's development, they reach the form of eggs and sperms. But these two opposite elements are still, in many species, produced in the same body, by the same parent. The earthworm, for example, produces in one of its segments eggs, and in another segment, at another season, sperms. It is the same with the oyster and other molluscs, certain tunicates, the perch, and even the ancient and honorable herring. Nature, having hesitated at differentiating the generative elements, hesitated again before differentiating into male and female the organisms that produced them.

One of the simplest known forms of this differentiation appears in the syngamus—an internal parasite (Continued on page 199)

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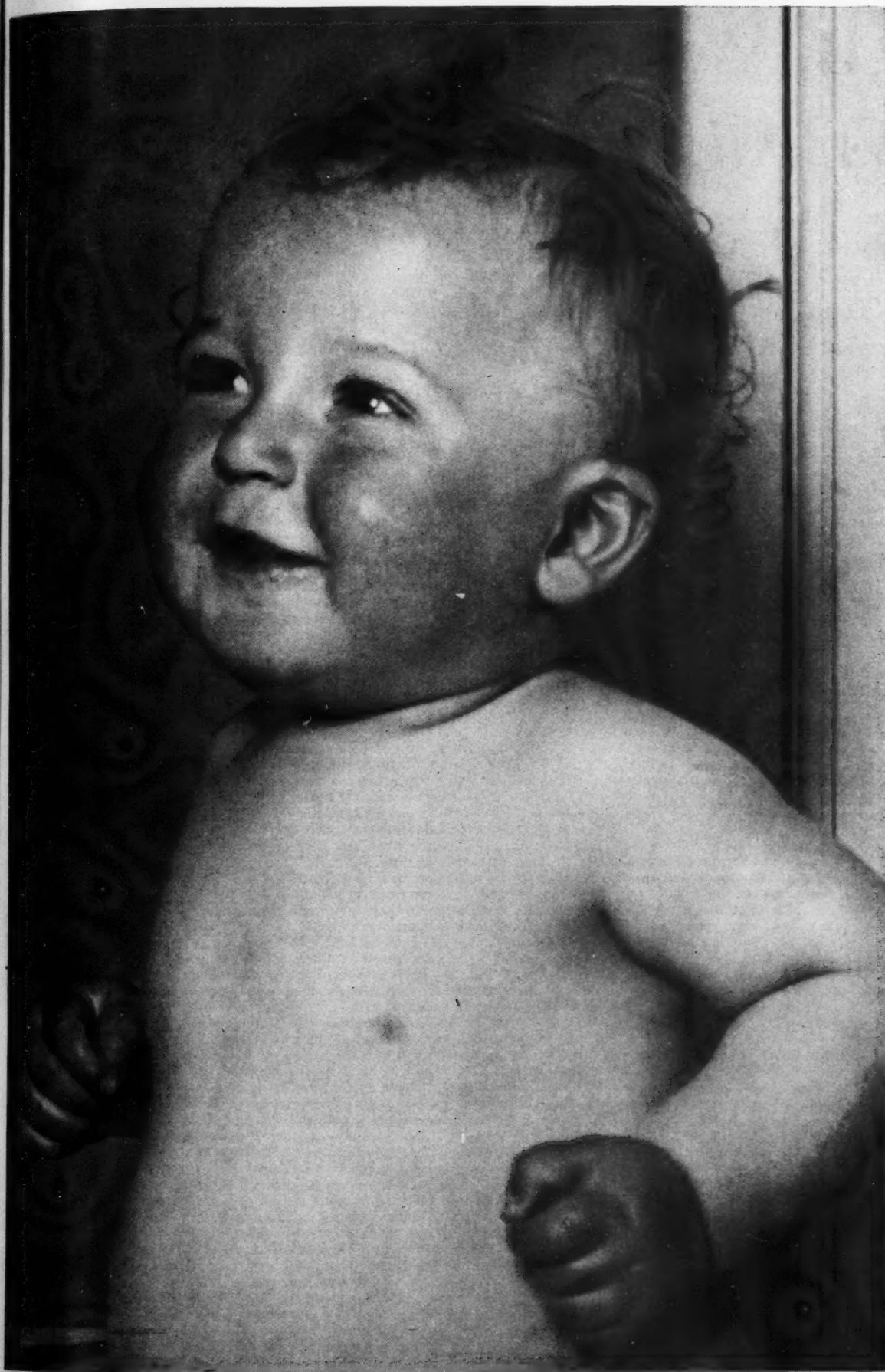
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A Story of a MURDER



An Episode at Pintail Lake

Just then there appeared this man Herbert Gaul, all soaked and agitated, crying out that his friend was drowned in Pintail Lake.

THE gang at Starbuck's back a mile from the river were joking that comical old cooter of a Joe Sam Flint about his prized new badge and his ten-dollar diplomacy, or whatever it was you called the fool contrapshun, just before this stranger, young Gaul, ran up, dripping wet and panting, with the word that his friend was drowned in Pintail Lake.

Their humor was of a primitive but searching order. They conceded Uncle Joe Sam to be a master-hand at tolling turkeys into range with a wing-bone yelper; for the sake of the argument they admitted that he seemed to understand the ways of fox-squirrels better than the fox-squirrels themselves did. But granted that much, still they desired—as one inspired spokesman put it—to know this: what excuse could an old, ignorant, red-necked, hard-shelled, wool-hatted tarrypin of a hillbilly such as he was, that hadn't never been nowheres and hadn't never seen nothing, have to go pestering around acclaiming to be one of these here regular detecataves?

That was what these genial loafers desired to hear and asked for and loudly clamored for, with frequent interpolations of barbed elemental wit by this homespun jester and that. As the startling interruption came, their indignant prey stoutly was defending his authority as derived by mail and for a price from the Argus International Detective Agency & Correspondence School at Portland, Maine, U. S. A., and likewise his potential merits for the proposed career of his declining but maturer years.

Conceded that he couldn't read very much, if at all, his daughter could; and she had read to him what the printed instructions sent through the post-office said about detecting crime and catching criminals; and he had remembered a good part of it; maybe half, possibly two-thirds. Moreover, if a man devoted his lifetime to studying the secret habits of the wild things, it was only

common sense to assume that he'd be able to figure out the hidden motives and the hidden doings of human creatures better than the run of people, now wasn't it? Or, anyway, words to that effect.

Flurried but positive, he was diving head first into a counter-tide of derisive laughter when just then there appeared this man, Herbert Gaul, all soaked and agitated, crying out of his friend's death and begging for help.

At that they all sobered down and jumped up from where they had been lounging at the front of the store and hurried back with the stranger over the Crooketty Creek road. Uncle Joe Sam went too, but at a slower gait than the rest, he having rheumatic swellings in his elderly legs. He carried along his old double-barreled scatter-gun. As a confirmed hunter he carried it about with him nearly everywhere. Now, though, he seemed to regard it as an added credential, a token, so to speak, signifying an armed and militant vigilance against law-breaking.

He hobbled along the best he could, but by the time he got down to the fog-covered lake which lay in the lowland paralleling the river, plans for dragging already were under way. There was need for haste. According to the survivor the accident had occurred less than half an hour earlier and several there professed to know of cases when the breath was pumped back into lungs which had been under water longer even than half an hour.

Immediately, with a sort of improvised dredge, they scraped and raked over a roughly designated area but brought up only mud and weedy stuff and dead branches of trees. Eventually the quest would take on a systematized aspect, with orderly direction to it, with groups working under the loose command of Wallie Starbuck, the storekeeper. That though was to follow after they had given up hope of saving a life and were moved by the size of the reward which Gaul offered for the recovery of the body.

Now, at this present confused and exciting stage, nearly every fellow offered suggestions which conflicted with nearly every other fellow's suggestions, and nobody was heeding any of them. In forty minutes enough advice to raise a sunken battleship went absolutely to waste. Starbuck did show some qualifications for leadership.

He sent a messenger back to his place for dynamite and adequate coils of rope—thus far they had been using a skiff's painter—and to the blacksmith's on beyond his place for bent iron to make proper grapnels of. He called for volunteers who would strip off and risk pneumonia by diving for the dead man.

While awaiting the runner's return, Gaul repeated for Uncle Joe Sam's benefit his account of the drowning. Coming down he already had told and retold it. But the oldest man of the lot had been trailing then far behind. Also, being spavined and slow-motioned, he had the wisdom to stay outside the orbits of active cooperations on the part of the crowd. At the first opportunity

BY IRVIN S. COBB

Illustrations by
Joseph M. Clement

at Lake



he engaged Gaul, saying he desired to learn the details if it wasn't too much trouble, and Gaul, who had grown measurably calmer, very willingly obliged him.

"There's not very much to it, awful as it is," began Gaul, speaking in that curious foreign way of his. He was from up North somewhere, as Uncle Joe Sam had heard, but even if he hadn't heard could have guessed from the other's manner of accenting and pronouncing his words. "We were over in that blind there on the far side. Two ducks came out of the fog and flew in toward us over the decoys—the second batch we'd seen this morning. I shot twice and missed both times—I'm not much of a shot. Mr. Pettigrew dropped his, though, with his second barrel.

Considering that he was sixty-five years old and wore glasses he was pretty good at that sort of thing—not an expert gunner but fair."

"Yep, I heared the shootin' back up on the bluff whar me and the other boys wuz," stated Uncle Joe Sam. "You-all shot about a half-hour or so before that, though—three barrels that time, fust one, and then in a second or so two more, sort of cloc't together."

"Yes, we didn't get anything then—the fog was too thick to make them out," explained Gaul. "Well, as I was saying, Mr. Pettigrew had one bird down. I think that must be it floating off there."

His audience of one peered where he pointed to a seemingly far-away dot on the surface. Distant objects were revealing themselves now as the fog shredded away. It had been very heavy; now it was disappearing fast.

"That's it," pronounced Uncle Joe Sam after prolonged scrutiny; "looks small. Must be a green-wing or mebbe one of these here summer ducks—what up in your country they'd likely call wood-ducks. It's drifted out a right smart piece frum whar it spilled, ain't it?"

"It started drifting as soon as it struck. Besides, it wasn't

quite dead then. It fluttered and splashed, sort of kicked itself along; and after it died and quit kicking, the wind carried it still farther away. Well, anyway, we crawled into that cranky little skiff that we'd borrowed, to go out and pick it up. I was handling the oars. Mr. Pettigrew was in the stern. I maneuvered to get up alongside the dead duck. It was about out there." Again he aimed an index-finger. "Yes, as nearly as I can tell it was just about there that we caught up with it. I let the skiff come around broadside and tried to scoop it in with one of the oars. But I missed. So I said to Mr. Pettigrew that he'd better grab it as it went by.

"He leaned over to the left—like this—trying to reach it. He must've leaned too far, or it's possible that just at that second he had one of his attacks of dizziness. He was subject to them—something like vertigo, I guess it was—if he overexerted himself or even if he stooped his head. At any rate, it tipped suddenly, the skiff, I mean, and began to dip water—a lot of water—over the gunwale. And before I could think to throw my body in the other direction in an effort to right her, I was in the lake and so was he, and the skiff was bottomside up.

"I went clear under, and went down deep, too, being weighed down with these heavy hunting-clothes and this pair of rubber

hip-boots. He was dressed the same way. When I came up he was gone—not a sign of him. I swam around a little while—not very long though—hoping his head would show. I didn't dare try to dive for him, outfitted the way I was—I'm just a fair swimmer and I felt like I had tons hanging to me. So when his head still didn't show I got hold of the capsized skiff and steered her across to this bank and ran up to the store for help.

"There're two fine guns lost but I'm not thinking of them, of course. I'm thinking of the terrible finish of his trip and the fact that I've lost the best friend I ever had in this world, or ever expect to have. I've been his private secretary for twelve years, ever since I came out of college, and he was almost like a father to me. He didn't have any sons of his own or daughters either—only two nieces and one nephew and a few distant relatives."

"Pity you had to turn over out whar it's the deepest," commented Uncle Joe Sam, his face and voice gravely sympathetic. "Efien it'd 'a' happened ten rods clos'ter to the bank you could 'a' teched, standin' on your tiptoes."

"It must have been fate. Well, all I can hope for now is that they'll find the—the remains. You think they will, don't you?"

"Well, they oughter. Ef them hooks don't ketch onto his clothes a blast of dynamite mout fetch him up—it gin'elly does. And ef that should fail he oughter rise by hisself inside of three or four days even with the lake water ez coolish ez 'tis now—the gases, you know—they'll lift him. That is, without he gits lodged fast amongst some brush or wedged-in-like under a sunken log down in a deep part. I've knowed of sech things."

"I'm afraid of that myself," admitted Gaul. "I've got a sort of feeling about it."

He stole a covert quick glance at his present companion. The old man's face was seamed with lines of gravity; his faded-out eyes were pondering on the squads of searchers where in front yonder they circled in two boats—a tricky dug-out and a small skiff which had been found upturned and oarless in a shallow near at hand. The oars had been picked up some distance away toward mid-lake. Absently Uncle Joe Sam lifted a flap of his unbuttoned vest and breathed upon the preposterous lettered disk of imitation silver which he wore pinned over his left breast, and next he polished at it with the sleeve of his coat. He uttered a series of small clucks betokening regret and commiseration.

The man Gaul gave an inward heave of deep self-satisfaction. It was going to be no harder to hoodwink this hobbling ancient than it had been befooling those other deluded natives. Going to be—that was wrong. It already was. A pack of innocents, that was what these yokels here in the bottoms of this Tennessee River were. Who was it said that murder must always out—that a murderer, no matter how shrewd his design or how finished his

execution of it, always left some betraying clue behind? Whoever it was, he was wrong. Behold, here was one murder about which there had been no slip-up—or only one and it didn't count—no mischance, no thing undone, no thing overdone. It had been snugly, surely accomplished and swiftly and accurately and completely.

This was what Herbert Gaul exultantly was saying to himself as now he sat him down on a log and drew off his sloshing boots. He did not feel as though he had just got through with committing premeditated murder. He felt like a man who has been bidden to a noble feast. A glow of pleasure for a perfect and balanced achievement flowed up out of him and spread through him and filled him, brain and heart and body. It was as though an artist sat and admired his own masterpiece.

At a certain stage of the undertaking he had been physically very sick; at another had been seized with quick, almost panicky misgivings as to the success of its outcome. And before that when he first was putting his hand to it a mounting swell of doubt, call it irresolution, had for a moment, but only a moment, threatened his forces of decision.

That though was all past and over and done with; that was all safely behind him. Within himself he tested his nerves. Taut but not too taut, they responded like violin strings that strum their answer to the finger of a musician. A great confidence, a great strength and steadiness possessed him. Also, and on fuller thought of the transaction, there was with this a fine proud sensation, a sense of self-appreciation for having so readily and so powerfully mastered two separate and difficult contingencies—really they had been unforeseen emergencies—which had arisen in the midst of his job. Why, he had been a regular calculating machine, clever at the preliminary forecasts, prompt to take up the slack ends of things.

All he had to do now was just stand fast and let the events, as he had provided both for and against them, take their natural courses, he meanwhile to counterfeit just the properest most plausible air of a man stricken with a great grief yet not stricken beyond powers of manly self-control and not shaken past the ability to meet a lamentable, tragical situation and still carry on. Like a chemist mixing a delicate compound in the peace of a quiet laboratory, he decided what looks to wear, what phrases to repeat, what emotional proportions to emphasize and what ones to slight.

The inception of the plot dated back; had been months in the shaping and at first had worn a different face. To begin with, he uttered a false will for his patron, the man he today had killed. That was the germ idea. There was a true will accessible to him, in his keeping practically, but he had too much craft to destroy it. He had no fear of what might result from a comparison of signatures—he had worked too long to achieve a perfect imitation of Pettigrew's handwriting.

Likewise he had a better reason, which was this: By the real will nothing at all was given to most of Pettigrew's kinspeople; ten thousand cash was given to the two nephews and the niece; fifteen thousand went to him, Gaul, in consideration of long and faithful

service, and all the residue, amounting roughly to three millions, went to create a fund in perpetuity for the education of colored youth in the South. Now, then, the newer will which he had forged left to both nephews and to the niece five hundred thousand dollars apiece; it left to him, Gaul, an equal amount; it reduced no lesser bequest but substantially increased most of



Uncle Joe Sam, who took a course in a correspondence school for detectives.



C*In the terror which was shaking him to pieces, Gaul misinterpreted Uncle Joe Sam's motive. Could it mean that this grim old man wanted pay for silence? "I—I'll tell you," he cried.*

them, and it devised the remainder, as shrunken to a few hundreds of thousands, to the cause of the young negroes.

So doing, Gaul was manufacturing sympathy and influence and friendly aid for himself; he was destroying the prospect of jealousy against him. Regardless of whatever private suspicions anyone among them might entertain, it would be to the interests of every individual beneficiary to contend for the probating of the bogus will and the throwing out of the prior-dated genuine will.

Human nature, selfishness, greed—why, they'd all fight as strong and influential allies on his side. So much for step number one.

Originally he had not contemplated doing away with his benefactor by violence. If the tempting thought came he put it from him as being unnecessary and over-risky. Pettigrew was well along in years, was sickly, and despite his small meager body, showed apoplectic tendencies. He had weak kidneys, too, or thought he had, which amounted (Continued on page 205)

By GEORGE A. DORSEY *who wrote*



"Would girls leave domestic haunts for shops and boiler factories if there wasn't a man in sight?"



"A triviality may lead to marriage; the cause of falling out may be as biologically meaningless."



"Some men can't build anything bigger than a hen-coop—they laid no foundation for anything bigger."

Why Human Beings Fall

THEY may talk about their big stars and little electrons, but the world you and I live in is made up of human beings just like ourselves. If we do not fall for them, they fall out with us.

It is all very fine to learn how Henry Ford made a billion and why Napoleon met his Waterloo, but what you and I *must* know is why we were not promoted, why we were fired, why brother Bill will not speak to us, and why our wife cannot keep a cook. We live discrete lives, our problems are concrete. On our ability to get along with wife, husband, parents, children, friends, associates and society hangs the difference between Heaven and Hell on this earth.

Why do thousands of people quit their jobs or get fired each day in New York? Because they do not like their work or cannot do it? No; because they cannot get along with somebody or somebody cannot get along with them.

Here is a letter from a school-teacher. She has lost her job three years in succession; fears it is getting to be a habit; and what can she do about it? She is a competent teacher—no complaint on that score. The children all like her—that is a good recommendation. Why lose her job, then? Because out of school she prefers working alone in her study to visiting parents, becoming a member of the community and entering into its spirit. They

called her stuck-up and thought she was trying to "high-hat" them. They would not let her get away with that.

The personal equation. She might have been a wonderful teacher; she might have inspired genius itself. Not enough—she would not mix.

Thousands of people are fired every day because they are not good mixers. And what is the answer? Well, I suggested to the school-teacher that she look for a community which wanted a teacher for its children rather than a pacifier for its parents. I thought she could find such a community more easily than change her personality.

To give up her work and surrender her personality to become one of the community might have made a moron of her for life. Men are more prone than women to pay that price. But to lick the boss's boots just to hold a job is to sell oneself too cheaply. One cannot go on groveling in the dust or submitting to humiliation without becoming a common cur or a Uriah Heep. Our school-teacher might have held her job, but at the price of her soul. Getting fired may have saved her for life.

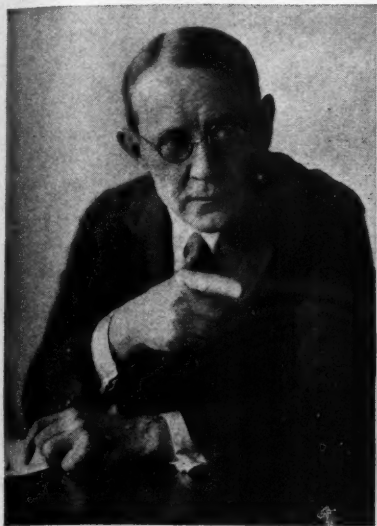
Many a man grows so fast to a job that he loses his identity and becomes a mere bump on a log; if he had been shaken loose a few times, or kicked into the middle of the street, he might have saved himself. You and I know many people who have gone through life on one set of habits because they never had to form a new one. They can never build anything bigger than a hen-coop or a dog-house because they never laid a foundation for anything bigger.

There is another angle to that school-teacher. Firing her saved the community's face and her independence, but if she had been a really great teacher and had known how to turn a temporary sacrifice into a lasting gain, might she not have got under the skin of those moron parents and succeeded in getting the "old idea" as well as



"Every daughter suspects that Father wishes she had been a boy. This affects woman's behavior."

"Why We Behave Like Human Beings"



C. "Thousands of people are fired every day because they are not good mixers. And what is the answer?"



C. "To lick the boss's boots just to hold a job is to sell oneself too cheaply."



C. "The man who permits his viscera to usurp the rôle of brains is ruled by passion, blind, ignorant, stupid."

Out With Each Other

the young interested in learning how to shoot? It would have been a tough job, of course, and more than should be expected for sixty-five dollars a month. But it has been done. There have been such inspiring teachers. Of such stuff were the great leaders of all movements that have made life more livable. That is what inspiration means—we outdo ourselves, we are so full of "pep" that we can warm others.

"Couldn't get along with." Did you ever fire a stenographer because he was too efficient? I did, years ago. He was a Yale graduate. Perhaps that was why I hired him—it was one of the reasons why I fired him. Why a full-grown man with a Yale A. B. should take dictation from me worried me. I needed efficiency, but I myself could not be efficient when worried. If he had only been a humpback or had had only one leg or had not been so inhumanly efficient!

His ability to guess what I meant to say or what I had intended to write was uncanny. He had express speed, deadly accuracy, was prompt as the clock, and his conduct otherwise was irreproachable. Efficiency—yes, I had to have it, but the man was so much more efficient in his job than I could hope to be in mine that he froze me! He was just as human as an ice-machine.

It is the business of a refrigerating machine to keep on the job and make so many pounds of ice on the Fourth of July and so many pounds on New Year's Day, but it is not its business to look surprised if you shut down on the Fourth, or to be pleased if you run it overtime on New Year's Eve. You expect certain things of a refrigerator. You expect certain things of a stenographer besides efficiency. When you give him an extra holiday you expect him to smile. When you ask him to work till midnight on New Year's Eve you expect him to frown. That stenographer could

neither smile nor frown. That kind of conduct I might tolerate in a butler, but I fall out with it in a stenographer.

I have not yet been president of a bank, but I suspect that in such a seat of the mighty eighty percent efficiency and twenty percent human being who would not strain my eyes might be preferable to one hundred percent efficiency. But I should certainly expect one hundred percent efficiency in my teller, and at least enough personality so that he did not make a depositor feel the bank was doing him a kindness in accepting his money or

give the impression of doing a favor to the man who was getting a check cashed. In other words, I could put up with a teller I did not like if he were an efficient teller.

Do you remember the Robots—those synthetic, super-humanly efficient mechanisms that looked like human beings? Could you work beside one, or have one about your house or in your office? If you were alone in the middle of the ocean with a Robot that could row, would you keep it?

I think I should prefer to play a lone hand. I could talk to myself, my ears would hear my voice, I could answer back, and I could move myself to greater efforts or compose myself to meet peacefully whatever fate had in store for me.

Alone, I could do that with a certain amount of equanimity; I could not do it with a Robot.

I should (Cont. on page 217)



C. "It is a rare woman who can put all she has into working for another woman. Women are natural rivals."

Women ARE Wiser

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

THE Roger Brennon marriage had stood a five-year breaking strain pretty well. That is, it had not broken.

This had taken considerable effort on the part of Faith Brennon, but presumably all matrimonial pack-loads are carried on the shoulders of women. Men have other things to think about and usually do.

That, for instance, was the case of Roger Brennon. He thought about golf, poker, business, chorus-girls, bootleggers and himself. Naturally he couldn't pay any more attention to the institution of matrimony than an occasional glance in the direction of the engineer to see if she was at her post with one hand on the throttle and the other putting ribbons on her bonny brown hair.

Of the things mentioned which occupied Roger's attention the word chorus-girls is generic.

It covered a multitude of women with perhaps no real chorus-girl among them. We think of gay ladies as chorus-girls. Heaven knows why. It is a survival, perhaps, of the days when it was considered wicked to be on the stage.

There were a couple of reasons why Roger attracted the roving attention of everyone, including women. One of them was that he was an only son and had been accustomed to demand and get a lot of admiration ever since he had worn his first safety-pin. The other reason was that God had made him lovable enough so that you had to care for him in spite of the fact that you knew darn well that he ought to spend all of his leisure moments in the electric chair.

It is only in old-fashioned plays and stories that heroes are all virtuous. Recent explorations in the labyrinths of the human mind have unearthed the not very astonishing fact that there is about an equal amount of virtue and villainy in everybody. And that everybody prefers to wear the mask of virtue until it is torn off. A real criminal is an ordinary man whose mask has been destroyed so that he can't fool anyone any more—not even himself.

Roger had no illusions about himself. But on the other hand, and Faith knew this, he never asked for mercy. As well as his limitations of character permitted, he lived gallantly. Indications were that he would die the same way—and at a comparatively early age unless someone continued to protect him.

Faith had taken over the job from Roger's father five years before.

Now it looked as if the elder Brennon was about to reassume some of the responsibility.

At any rate Faith had a curt note from him in the mail that morning asking her to call "with reference to the current misbehavior of your husband and my son."

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Faith wondered if after all it might not be better to bind Roger to her more closely by fear—

She got the summons shortly after Roger had left for the office. She tried to think back over their breakfast together to see if there had been any symptoms of guilt in Roger's behavior. There seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary. But probably there wouldn't be under any circumstances. Roger had a duck's-back sort of conscience and an infinite capacity for playing without retrospection whatever game was on at the time.

That very morning he had awakened her by acting an elaborately jumbled fairy-story in which he was the Middle-sized Bear who had found Little Red Riding Breeches sleeping off an enchanted bun in the other half of his twin bed.

By Frank R. Adams

who says that,

KNOWING MEN, They HAVE To Be

"What's this?" he had exclaimed. "As I live, it's the Princess of Peruna under a spell—a rose-colored crêpe de Chine spell. I wonder what will arouse her."

Faith had kept her eyes shut and answered faintly, "She is bewitched and can be awakened only by the kiss of the right bozo. Any other who tries will die with a horrible tummy ache."

"Tis too great a risk," he had decided, after deliberation. "But cold water is a sovereign remedy for witchcraft and methinks I'll drop her in a tub of it."

He had picked her up and would have done it, too, if she had not decided then and there to come out of the spell without any further magic rites.

Decidedly Roger, as a playfellow, would be an exceedingly difficult person to be without. Especially after you had once become accustomed to him.

He was not much like his father. Faith felt as if she were appearing before the Supreme Court whenever she entered Mr. John Brennon's presence. Mr. Brennon, senior, always reminded Faith of a Pilgrim landing on a Plymouth Rock—and pulverizing it. He was the embodiment of stern and dignified virtue. In the community in which he lived he was the head and personification of militant reform. All of the worthier campaigns for civic decency were sponsored and even frequently captained by him. All in all, as Faith had occasionally reflected, he was a wonderful influence in the city but undoubtedly a hard man for his family to live up to. He would pray with you, but even in his prayers there was concealed a punitive lash. The word "compromise" had never been written into his vocabulary.

She called at the house that morning and Roger's mother took her into her husband's private study. Mrs. Brennon used a crutch handily in getting around the house. Out-of-doors she ordinarily was wheeled in a chair.

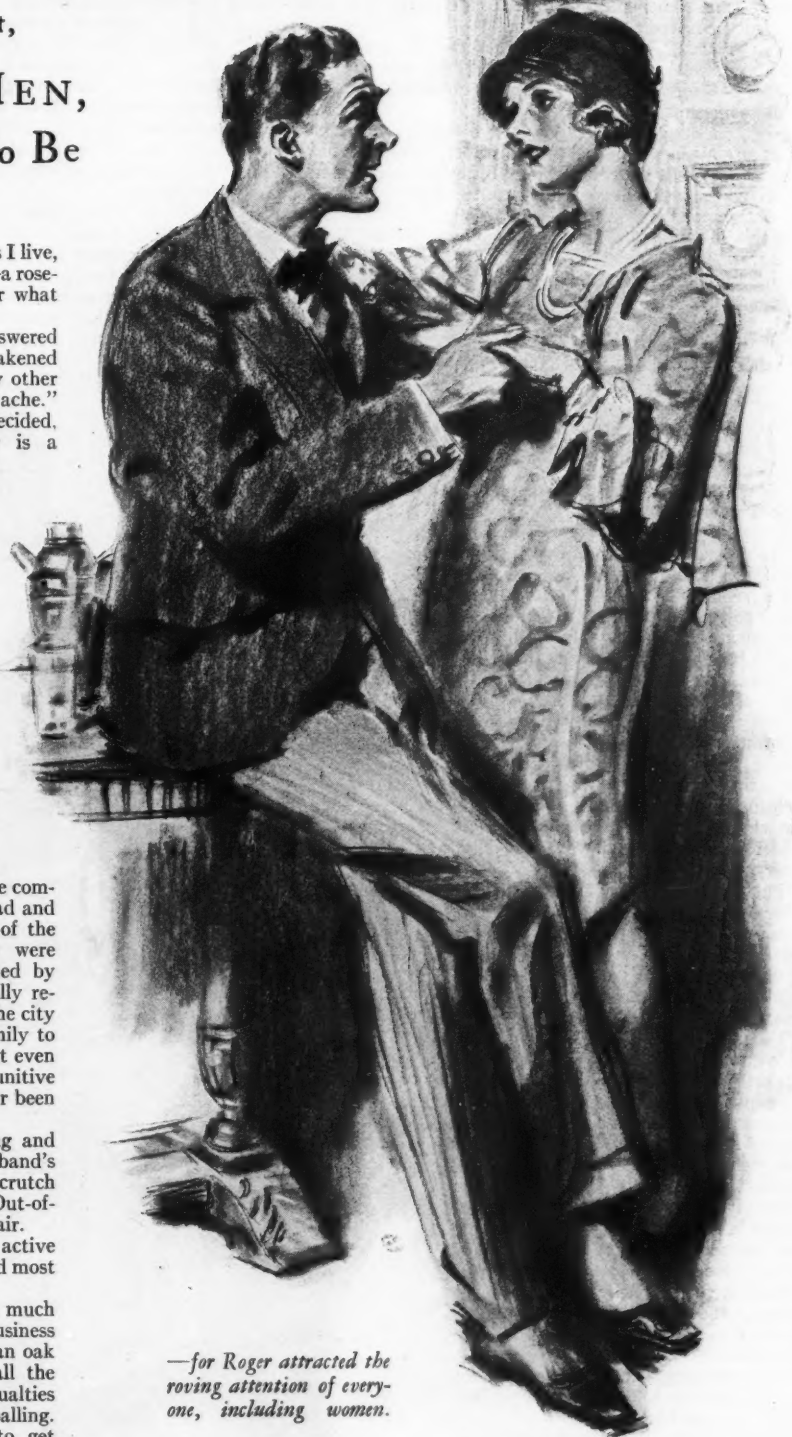
Mr. Brennon had retired from the active presidency of his bank and now conducted most of his business from his home.

But he was sitting back of a big desk much as if he were in an office. Bankers and business men in general feel more secure behind an oak or mahogany barricade. Take away all the flat-top desks in the world and the casualties among capitalists would doubtless be appalling.

To lay down the law, you've got to get behind something. Even ministers, you may remember, are more authoritative in a railed pulpit.

John Brennon dominated his study just as he dominated his family and his world. He was the only upright thing in a landscape that he had personally flailed flat. This was illustrated by the fact that although his wife was in the room she said nothing, but sat, a little twinkling figure on a straight chair near the wall, much as if she were an office boy awaiting orders.

There was a lot of formality about this meeting between Faith and her father-in-law. She felt a little as if the proceedings ought to be opened with prayer. Mr. Brennon was dressed as



*—for Roger attracted the
roving attention of every-
one, including women.*

meticulously as a hanging judge and his pouchy jowls were shaved a faint pink. Under his eyes were undisguisable circles.

"Faith," he began, "you have, for five years, been burdened by cares which, before you assumed them, made an old man of me."

"If you mean Roger," interrupted Faith, "you needn't apologize. He's a very amusing husband."

"I rather imagined that marriage would sober him down," Mr. Brennon continued imperturbably, "but I regret to say that I find it has not. His conduct with this Winterbottom woman is disgraceful, disgusting and inexcusable."

"The Winterbottom woman?" Faith repeated questioningly. "I don't remember—yes, I do, too. Peggy Winterbottom was her name and someone brought her to a country club dance last fall. But we haven't seen her since."

"You haven't," corrected her father-in-law, "but Roger has."

Faith mulled that over in her mind. "Perhaps he has had some business dealings with her. I seem to remember that they said she did something for a living."

"Not something—somebody. No. Roger has not been seeing her on any business but her own. Unfortunately she has a husband, a traveling salesman, who returned unexpectedly and discovered them in—in conference, so to speak."

Mr. Brennon paused as if to give her a chance to recover from this shock before feeding her any more indigestible information.

Faith wished that she might be alone for a few moments so that she could be privately hysterical. It was more of a shock to her than she could publicly confess—it probably is to every woman when she first finds that her husband is almost exactly like other men whom she has heard about.

But she steadied her voice and assumed a certain composure. "I don't think there is anything I can do about it."

"No," Mr. Brennon conceded. "This particular case has been taken care of by me. There is no danger. I have bought off all the parties concerned, even the husband, who seemed to think ten thousand dollars was ample recompense for the loss of a wife."

"But your part is the future. You've got to prevent this from happening again. If I did not think that you could do it I never should have mentioned the matter to you at all. You would probably be happier not to know."

Faith happened to look up at the elder Mrs. Brennon just at that moment and caught a curious, unfathomable look in her eye, the expression of a woman who has been startled momentarily out of a lifetime pose. It interested Faith so much that she almost forgot to pay attention to Mr. Brennon's next words.

Mechanically she had said, "How could I do anything that would prevent Roger from doing unwise things?"

"Put the fear of God into him," her father-in-law thundered. "Make him realize what sort of fool he has been and constantly remind him of the wrong he has done to you. It is only because men forget the punishment that they transgress."

"I'm afraid," Faith began, "that I don't know how to—"

"Fortunately I do," the stern old man interrupted. "And I have all the weapons you need. They cost me enough so that they ought to be put to some good use." He produced a packet of perhaps half a dozen letters held together with a wide rubber band. "These are in the handwriting of your husband and are worth about two thousand dollars apiece."

Faith seemed to have no reaction to express, not even gratitude for the supervision of her affairs under most trying circumstances.

"Are you suggesting that I use them as evidence in a divorce suit?" she finally managed to ask.

"N-n-no," Mr. Brennon replied with final decisiveness, "there will be no divorce scandal in my family. I would never have brought up this subject unless I had thought you were too proud and sensible to consider such a thing. All you have to do is to keep him in order. I suggest that you memorize a few phrases from this mess of expensive rubbish so that you can quote an occasional passage to him whenever you suspect that he has strayed even mentally from the narrow highway of integrity which, heaven knows, I have always tried to train his footsteps to tread."

That was quite rhetorical and Faith had a grotesquely incongruous thought that he had forgotten that there was only one of her and was visualizing an audience.

The interview seemed to be ended.

He gave her the letters and escorted her and his wife to the door. "A delegation from the Women's Civic Improvement Society is waiting to see me. If you want any further advice or instructions in this or any correlative matter, I'll be ready to help you."

As the two women stood in the doorway Mr. Brennon leaned down unexpectedly and kissed his wife with sudden and genuine tenderness.

"I'll be through here in plenty of time for a gallop in the park before luncheon."

Mrs. Brennon led the way from the study, which was on the main floor, toward the stairway. Faith was headed for the door, but the older woman indicated silently that she was to come up.

Imitating her silence but wondering nevertheless, Faith followed her up the staircase. Mrs. Brennon's private sitting-room



"Roger's conduct is disgraceful and inexcusable," thundered his father. "He's a very amusing husband," said Faith.

was so different from the study of the *paterfamilias* that it scarcely seemed possible that they could be under the same roof. There was nothing austere about the wife's apartment, nothing even very modern or in any particular scheme of decoration. The only quality in common that every article in the room had was that of comfort and womanly gentleness.

The lady of the house disposed of her crutch and seated herself in what was apparently her accustomed chair. She indicated another near by for Faith. "Did you notice," she queried musingly, "what John said just as we left?"

"About a gallop in the park before luncheon?"

"Yes. That's his way of telling me that he loves me just as much as he did when I was young and, I'm afraid, lovely in his eyes and when I really could ride a horse instead of a rubber

tired perambulator. I just wanted you to remember what he said because it has quite a lot to do with what I may say to you."

"May?" Faith repeated. "Meaning that there is some condition attached?"

"Not exactly. But sometimes it is difficult for a wife and the mother of the man she marries to understand each other very perfectly. In the first place, do you feel that you want a divorce from Roger?"

"On account of these letters?"

"On any account."

"I might use them the way Mr. Brennon suggested."

"Could you?"

"I don't know. Why not?"

The older woman, who was also the smaller, spread her hands



JAMIE MONTGOMERY FLAGG

out in a curious gesture across her skirt. Mothers have done it from time immemorial as an invitation to a child to sit on their laps.

Faith had a flash vision of her husband, as a little boy, hugged tight to that forgiving bosom.

"You might much better get a divorce," she said gently. "Much better than to hold those letters over Roger's head as a threat."

"But I really love him, I think, or anyway I did up to a few minutes ago, and if I give him another (Continued on page 154)

Tide of

A Romance of the Golden West

The Story So Far:

WITH \$500, a thorough bred horse, two pack-mules, and a blithe spirit of adventure, young Dermot D'Arcy, descendant of an old Irish family, set out from Illinois to seek his fortune in California.

Near the California border he met a party of trappers, and clashed with their leader, a rough fellow named Cannon. Riding on alone, D'Arcy came upon the same trappers again next day—all killed by Indians except Cannon, who had managed to escape afoot.

D'Arcy followed Cannon's trail—until he was stopped by a rifle shot as Cannon tried to shoot him from ambush to get his horse. He disarmed the man, and the two went on amicably enough, with Cannon acting as guide.

On reaching the first of the Spanish *haciendas*, they were entertained with true native hospitality. But D'Arcy refused to accept their host's delicate offer of fifty dollars apiece to help them on their journey, and thereby aroused Cannon's wrath.

When the two parted, they fought beside the road, and the Irishman left Cannon stretched out unconscious.

A few minutes later, as he was riding along and beguiling the time with music from his tin flute, D'Arcy was joined by Don Carlos Montalvo, who invited the wanderer to be a guest at his rancho. There D'Arcy stayed for some time, and among other

things, learned of the discovery of gold early in that year of 1848, at Coloma. The news fired him with the determination to become a gold-seeker himself and wrest his fortune from the wilderness; but he must get more capital for the enterprise, and



Illustrations by



Empire

By
Peter B.
KYNE

whereupon D'Arcy became the possessor of \$500 more, together with Don José Guerrero's horse Kitty. But he had a more romantic adventure at the Espinosa hacienda; for there he met Don José's daughter, the dark-eyed Señorita Josepha, and fell impetuously in love with her.

Josepha, however, in accordance with the Spanish custom, was already half engaged by her father to young Tomas Espinosa; and furthermore D'Arcy reflected that, as a wandering adventurer with no roof but the stars, he was hardly in a position to offer the girl his love. So he gallantly presented Kitty to her and waved a gay farewell as he rode away for San Francisco. But in Josepha's heart, as in his own, a fire had been kindled which it seemed likely that absence would only fan the higher.

FOR two reasons Dermot D'Arcy had found it expedient to refrain from joining the early rush to the placer-diggings. One was the necessity for rest and recuperation for himself and his animals, following their long trek overland; the other was lack of capital.

His training as a soldier in the war between the United States and

Mexico had taught him that it is fatal to embark upon a campaign without taking into consideration the requirements of equipment, rations, bases of supply, transport and intelligence, and during the month he had been the guest of Carlos Montalvo he had been

W. Smithson Broadhead

he decided to race his horse Pathfinder at the horse-race and fandango to which Don Carlos invited him at the rancho of Don Emilio Espinosa.

He carried out his plan, and Pathfinder won by many lengths,



"Being jailer is what hangs the crops on B. Jabez Harmon. Here I am, Mr. D'Arcy, wild to pull out for the gold-fields—and I can't resign because there's nobody to resign to."

much impressed, in view of all he could learn of conditions in Alta California, with the necessity for proceeding cautiously in the campaign for gold upon which he had decided to embark.

Day after day men en route to the placers had rested for the night at the Montalvo rancho, and although D'Arcy had questioned these men closely, his inquiries elicited no information likely to be of much benefit to him. He discovered that of even the crudest methods of placer-mining one and all were ignorant. Nor did they have in mind a definite objective.

The report that gold had been found in the American River at Coloma appeared to be substantially authenticated, but beyond that pertinent fact no other information had seeped into the southern part of the territory. It was assumed, however, that if gold had been found in the bed of one stream it could be found in the beds of all streams.

As they progressed north the gold-seekers confidently expected to obtain definite information; also mining equipment, of which at present they had none. Food, picks, shovels, spades and other necessary tools they planned to purchase in San Francisco; the problem of transport was one which, seemingly, they were content to leave in the laps of the gods. Seemingly too the magic word *gold* had robbed them of reason; they were concerned

solely with getting on the ground; thereafter they would decide what to do and D'Arcy gathered that in some vague, inchoate manner Providence was expected to arrange all things pleasantly thereafter.

As he fared up El Camino Real D'Arcy resolutely retracted his thoughts from Josepha Guerrero and centered them upon the problem of his future.

Thanks to his pleasant sojourn at the Montalvo rancho he had gained in weight, he was rested; once more he felt himself fit to essay arduous enterprises. His stock, too, was fit.

In the horse-race run that morning he had staked his all upon Pathfinder, and because the noble animal had not failed him, he found himself now with a cash capital of one thousand dollars. In Pathfinder, Shawneen and Michael he had transport to the diggings, provided no untoward accident befell them. All that worried him was the problem of rations and mining equipment, and in anticipation of being able to purchase both in San Francisco, he was content to await the crossing of that bridge until he came to it.

Nevertheless, he was worried. His common sense told him that since hitherto no extraordinary demand for mining equipment, wagons, pack-animals and pack-saddles, boats and portable foodstuffs had developed in California, the recent sudden demand must have denuded the dealers of their stocks and in consequence the market would be bare until the arrival of new goods ordered from the East. Also, prices had



undoubtedly risen to unprecedented heights.

He pondered his predicament, and eventually decided that since a large majority of the adventurers en route to the placers had little capital, being adventurers all, a man with one thousand dollars might reasonably hope to secure what he sought, even in a bare market, provided he cared to pay the price. Indeed, it had been an earlier consideration of this problem that had decided him to take his time and condition Pathfinder for the race at San Juan Bautista, since in that

race lay his sole hope of augmenting his fortunes to the point where, with thrift and sound judgment, he might hope to survive in this helter-skelter rush.

Don Carlos, too, had given him much sound advice. The Don had reminded him that the wise gold-seeker would make careful preparations if he would winter in the Sierra foot-hills, and hazarded the guess that inadequate shelter, cold and starvation would be the portion of many a hair-brained hopeful.

"This adventure will be a great deal like that which confronted settlers from the Atlantic seaboard when they moved to Kentucky and Tennessee," D'Arcy soliloquized. "Their first consideration

was the erection of a habitation; their next the clearing of land whereupon to raise foodstuffs. Thereafter they tempted fortune. Food purchased in San Francisco and transported to the Sierras for resale will be extraordinarily dear, due to the lack of adequate transport and a demand far in excess of the supply. Dermot, my boy, what you require is six more pack-mules!"

He stopped that night at the ranch of John Gilroy, who had settled in California in 1814. From Gilroy he purchased six good mules, broken to pack, paying therefor fifteen dollars each. The ranch *fostera* or saddle-maker made him pack-saddles and kyacks of cowhide and D'Arcy waited a week for them. Here, also, he engaged a half-breed Indian to accompany him and help care for the stock, the native supplying his own mount. Then with a light heart he proceeded to the *pueblo* of San José.

Here his earlier apprehensions were found to have been justified. Dealers in foodstuffs and hardware had naught but empty shelves to show him. In San José, however, he was fortunate enough to secure definite information as to the best route to travel in order to reach Sutter's Fort at the junction of the Sacramento and American Rivers, this being the base of supplies and point of departure for all points in Alta California.

Two days later he was in San Francisco and camped for the night in a field near Mission Dolores. In the morning, leaving his servant, Francisco, in charge of the mules, he rode into town.

He found the hamlet of San Francisco—for it was little more—

almost deserted while those who remained were desirous of disposing of their inhibiting businesses as fast as possible and following the gold-rush. In the harbor a dozen ships swung at anchor, some entirely deserted but the majority with a loyal captain aboard, hoping against hope that the man-power of San Francisco would soon return from the gold-fields, hungry and disillusioned, and discharge the cargoes. D'Arcy learned too that fully fifty percent of the garrison at the Presidio had deserted, and that provost guards sent to bring back the deserters had themselves deserted. Food was purchasable, albeit at extravagant prices, but hardware of any kind was unobtainable.

In a *cantina* near Portsmouth Square D'Arcy met the saddest citizen of San Francisco. He was seated at a table in a corner moodily playing solitaire, when D'Arcy breasted the bar.

knows he gits to dippin' his nose in too deep." He leaned across the bar and surveyed the bartender with a morose eye. "A little cookin' whisky, Jim." Then turning to D'Arcy: "You're a recent arrival, ain't you? Well, you've sure come to a dead town."

"My name's D'Arcy," his host volunteered. Beneath the melancholy of the other he discerned a broad streak of homely, honest philosophy, good nature and whimsicality. Here, he reasoned, was a man who would talk—one who evidently had



"Hello there, friend," the latter saluted him. "Have a drink?"

"I suppose I ought to help you out," the sorrowful one replied without enthusiasm. "A feller can't drink alone, can he?"

"It isn't done in the best social circles," D'Arcy admitted.

"I shouldn't do this," the other complained. "When a feller's low in sperrits he'd ought to stay away from the danged stuff, or first thing he

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C"I shall find the
Rancho Arroyo Chico,
Señorita," said D'Arcy.
"Not soon, perhaps, but
some day—" "I shall
wait," murmured Josepha.

time to talk. It occurred to D'Arcy that this man might be able to lead him to some picks and shovels.

"I'm B. Jabez Harmon. I'm the jailer in the local calaboose," the melancholy one countered, not to be outdone in friendliness.

"Is that why you feel so downhearted, Mr. Harmon?"

"Call me Bejabbers. Most folks call me that. I'm the joke of the town. Yes, bein' jailer is what hangs the crape on B. Jabez Harmon. Here I am, wild to pull out for the gold-fields—and I can't go."

"Why? Lack of capital?" asked D'Arcy.

"No. Too much conscience. The sheriff, who's my superior officer, pulled out for the Sierra three weeks ago and left me in sole charge. The magistrate, the *alcalde* and most of the city council went with him, and I can't resign because there's nobody to resign to.

There's no city government functionin' and I have eight human jackdaws in my bird-cage and don't know what to do with them. I can't quit my post until properly relieved. Grub's runnin' short at my jail, prices are sky-high and I don't know where to get any more, even if I could afford to buy more—which I can't. I'll be danged if I'll put up my own money to feed those prisoners, and yet I ain't got the heart to let 'em starve to death. Besides, they've all been in jail close to two months now; they're entitled to a speedy trial and they can't get it. 'Tain't right."

"I should imagine that imprisonment without trial is unconstitutional. Have they been indicted?"

"Nary indictment. Three of 'em is (Continued on page 108)



This Was Thrilling in 1897

By *Homer* C

IT WAS a pleasant Sunday afternoon in August, 1897, that I saw my first ankle.

We were out on the lawn playing croquet, as we had innocently done many afternoons before. There rose the click of the croquet balls, punctuated now and then by innocent laughter. A lady—who shall be nameless for obvious reasons—hit my ball. This allowed, as we played the game, another shot.

Rolling the two balls together, the lady poised daintily on one foot and raised the other to place it on her ball. Her intentions were good, as I now know, but in the hurry and excitement of the game she lifted her skirts too high and in doing so exposed her ankle.

Never shall I forget the sensation that shot through me. My mind went whirling away. An ankle! A lady's ankle! And on Sunday afternoon!

I stumbled, somehow, through the rest of the game, now and then getting the croquet balls slightly mixed, and came out last in the game, shaking and trembling. But I don't think a soul suspected the tremendous experience I had been through.

That was, as I say, in 1897.

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mer Croy *author of*
"West of the
Water Tower"

IN 1907 I came to New York. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and a drizzle of rain was falling

which wrapped the skyscrapers in a veil of mystery, such as one sees at a theater when a thin, transparent curtain is dropped before some imaginative scene. A friend met me and soon we found ourselves at the famous Flatiron Building.

But instead of rushing and hurrying, as I expected New York to do, groups of men stood about in rain-coats, or under the black, dripping shelter of umbrellas.

"What are they looking at?" I asked my friend. Turning to me he gave a sly, mischievous wink. And then his eyes fell, for he was at heart not a bad boy.

And then I saw. Innocent women were forced to hold up their skirts as they crossed the muddy, sloppy street. One woman—later I learned she was an abandoned woman—had on a "rainy day" skirt, so held by large safety-pins that it was lifted fully to the tops of her shoes.

I could not move. For fully half an hour, I am ashamed to say, I stood there ogling the women as they fought their way across that morass of mud.

That night I found a room at the Y. M. C. A. and crept shamefully into bed, shaking and trembling. Tomorrow I must look for a job, but I knew if it was raining I would be at the Flatiron corner, waiting, watching, ogling.

But when I woke the next morning the sun was shining brightly; the streets were spotless. I was saved . . . That was in 1907.

And This
Astounding
in
1907



This Was
Sensational
in
1917

IN 1917 I saw my first calf. The terrible scourge of war held the world in its twisted and gnarled hand.

I had gone to see a parade up Fifth Avenue. I had edged my way to the curb and was standing there with my heart thump-thumping with patriotism when a woman waved excitedly to a car in the parade and pushed through the lines. The car stopped for a brief moment, and the woman lifted her skirt to get into the car. It was within ten feet of where I was standing and I could see her—well, I hate to tell you. It was her c-calf. Just for the fraction of a second I saw it and then she was whisked on up the street, smiling and talking to the officers in the car as if not a soul in the world knew of her disgrace.

The effect on me was tremendous; it shook me more than the Marne.

"It is the end," I said. "The skirt will begin to go down. After all, there is a limit." But little did I know what was written in the stars.

That was, as I said, in 1917.

Where Will We



I REMEMBER when I saw my first knee. It was at a little party. It was while waiting for dinner to be announced that the humiliating incident occurred. The lady—I shall not give her name for obvious reasons—sat down on a low couch and in a careless moment crossed her legs. There was a flash, a twinkle and I had seen her little dainty, round knee.

In a moment one of the other ladies present gave her a signal and soon her knees disappeared from sight.

That was a couple of years ago.

"It'll never get worse than that," I said, but snip-snip went the scissors as I spoke.

Suddenly the world became full of knees, knees everywhere, seas of knees.

Snip-snip went the scissors again.

A little more had come off, the skirts had grown a little higher. And thinner.

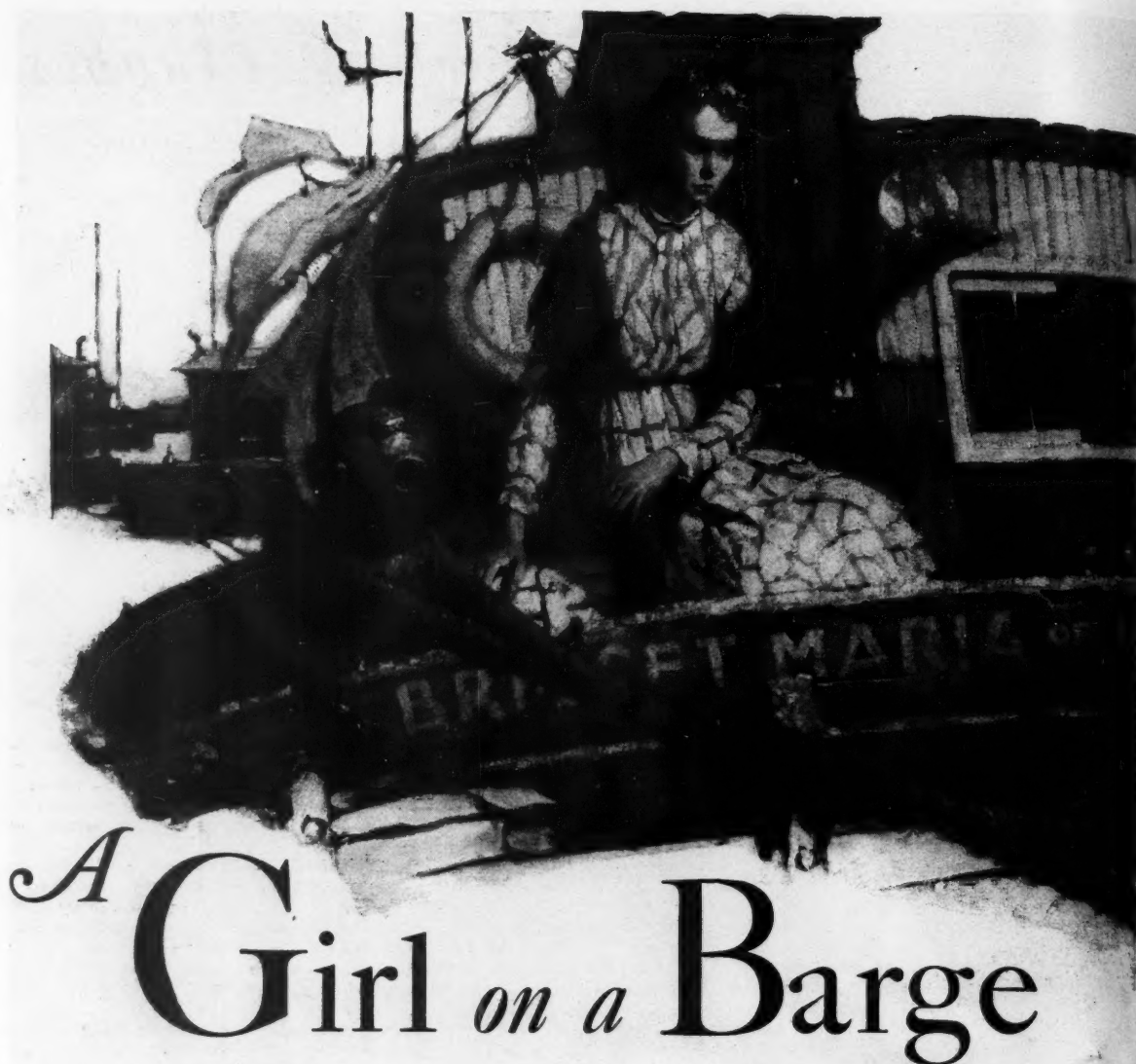
And the scissors are still snipping.

And 1937 is coming.

How I dread it!

Be in 1937?

And This
is only
Commonplace
in
1927



A Girl *on a* Barge

THE filthy little cabin of the filthy big barge where she had been born was still her home. It still dawdled back and forth between Buffalo and New York and New York and Buffalo.

In all her sixteen years, Miss Erie Kadden had hardly ever left the scow. It had grown so old that it was in peril of going to pieces, but she was just growing young for a woman.

Few people of her age had traveled farther, or traveled less. Always on the go, she never got anywhere. She had threaded life, running along thin streams of it like a white blood-corpuscule in the blood stream. She knew hardly more of land-life than a fish.

The speed of the scow's travel was so slow at best that being tied to a pier made little difference. She had seen much, and she had seen nothing. She stared at green hills and birch forests gliding by on the Northern waters. She stared at the stern palisades of the Hudson and the towers of New York. And they meant hardly more to her than a landscape means to a tired dog or a cow-eyed 'cow.

Heroic times for her were the ancient days her father and mother told lies about, when both were sober and the twilight drugged their tempers. The parents dated from the classic period when the Erie Canal was a canal, and the barges were towed by mules and the children rode them. Kadden had named the barge after the girl he was courting, Bridget Maria, and he still kept the name, though she had been his wife for years enough to rear the long family, which would have been longer but for losing one boy that was kicked into the canal by a mule, and Erie's elder sister who had caught the measles when left at a boarding-school—an experiment never repeated. It had cost twenty dollars a month.

In these degenerate days the barges were mere hulks pulled

by tugboats, and the Erie Canal was lost in wide rivers and lakes and deep channels.

But the change meant nothing to the girl. Her home was tied to a grimy wharf or tied to a tug by a rope, and she herself was still almost umbilically tied to her parents.

She could not leave the Bridget Maria when it was in motion, and when it was laid up at a town she was usually afraid to. Besides, there was always the work to do, helping her mother take care of the flock.

Skipper Kadden and his wife had named the children with unwitting grace after places important in the map of their eternal travel, the big beads in their rosary. The girl herself was named Erie; two younger sisters were named Oneida and Utica; her two brothers, Mohawk and Clyde. This last had a narrow escape from being labeled Schenectady. There was the babe in arms, a little girl named Saratoga—Sara for short.

TODAY as Erie paced the roof of the barge bound north, and hung out the clothes she had washed, she winced under the sleet of cinders blown back from the tug. When she realized that the smoke was destroying all the results of her hard scrubbing, her tough little heart swelled with rage.

She ran to the prow of the barge, shook her bony fist at the tug and shrieked: "Turn yer smoke the other way, or I'll—"

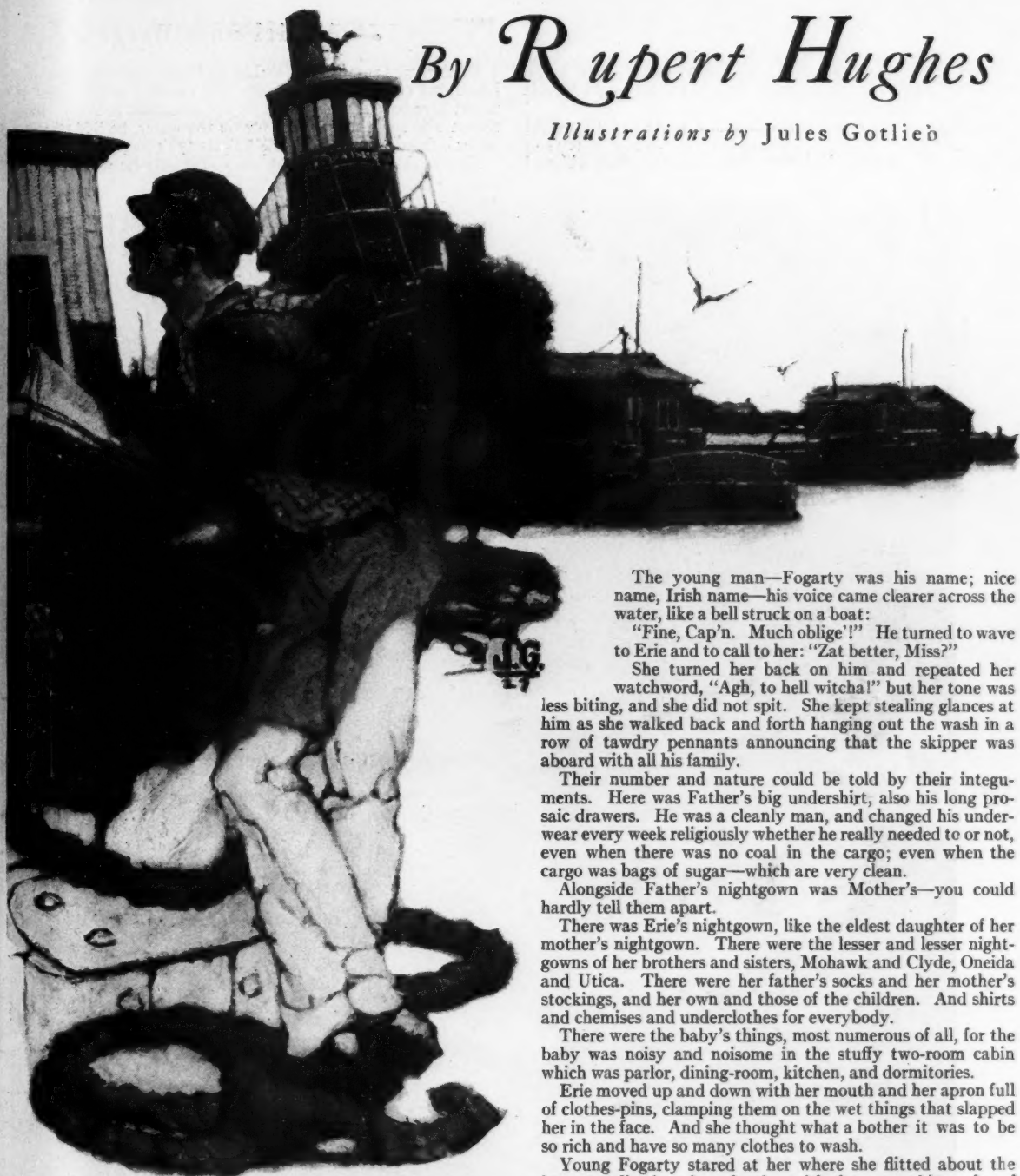
The tug had never answered these threats of hers until today, when a faint voice came back on the wind:

"Bridget Maria, ahoy! I'm sorry!"

She glared hard and made out a young man at the stern of the Martin Burson waving to her. She had caught him staring at her before. She had been taught that it is not virtuous or prudent for young ladies to accept even the stares of strange men. Her

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrations by Jules Gotlieb



To Fogarty it was like passing the Kid a bunch of orchids to give up his newspaper before he had really finished it. But he let Erie have it.

father had instilled the idea of modesty in her head by knocking her down once or twice for waving to passing males who had waved at her, and her mother had smacked her over for asking impertinent questions.

So now, being carefully bred to ignorance and circumspection, she made a face at the distant ogler, spat at him, flirted her back at him, and mumbled with ladylike disdain:

"Agh, to hell witchal!"

Then she went back to her chores.

Suddenly the smoke stream was mysteriously whisked from her clothes-lines, and blown aslant down-stream. A glance over-shoulder showed that the tug had shifted its course just enough to take the breeze to one side. Captain Burson was laughing from the deck-house at the young fellow who had been staring at Erie. The Captain's voice floated clear across the water:

"How's 'at, Fogarty?"

The young man—Fogarty was his name; nice name, Irish name—his voice came clearer across the water, like a bell struck on a boat:

"Fine, Cap'n. Much oblige!" He turned to wave to Erie and to call to her: "Zat better, Miss?"

She turned her back on him and repeated her watchword, "Agh, to hell witchal!" but her tone was less biting, and she did not spit. She kept stealing glances at him as she walked back and forth hanging out the wash in a row of tawdry pennants announcing that the skipper was aboard with all his family.

Their number and nature could be told by their integuments. Here was Father's big undershirt, also his long pro-saic drawers. He was a cleanly man, and changed his underwear every week religiously whether he really needed to or not, even when there was no coal in the cargo; even when the cargo was bags of sugar—which are very clean.

Alongside Father's nightgown was Mother's—you could hardly tell them apart.

There was Erie's nightgown, like the eldest daughter of her mother's nightgown. There were the lesser and lesser night-gowns of her brothers and sisters, Mohawk and Clyde, Oneida and Utica. There were her father's socks and her mother's stockings, and her own and those of the children. And shirts and chemises and underclothes for everybody.

There were the baby's things, most numerous of all, for the baby was noisy and noisome in the stuffy two-room cabin which was parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and dormitories.

Erie moved up and down with her mouth and her apron full of clothes-pins, clamping them on the wet things that slapped her in the face. And she thought what a bother it was to be so rich and have so many clothes to wash.

Young Fogarty stared at her where she flitted about the barge, outlined against the sky, with the sun making a fur of fire about her wind-blown body.

And he wished to heaven there was some way of knowing her and talking to her. He got mighty sick of the tugboat crew. He was a first deck-hand already with a pilot's license, and he did his trick at the wheel when the pilot slept. The pilot was the owner, Captain Martin Burson. He had named the tug after himself and he was no worse than the other captains. He had moments of being kind unexpectedly. You could ask a favor of him once in a while and not have it denied just to prove who was who. Hadn't he shifted the course a little to save the Kaddens' wash at Fogarty's prayer?

Erie would vanish now and then down into the cabin with an empty basket, and clamber up with it so full that she had to stagger.

Fogarty put out his hand to help her, but he could not reach all that long way. And of course her old man wouldn't lend her a lift, the lazy lump sitting and smoking. And the brats of brothers had strength for no end of skylarking, but never a thought of their sister.

When sunset turned the Hudson to a river of cherry wine, the

Kadden family disappeared. They were all eating down below there, no doubt. He felt so lonely that he almost forgot to bolt the swill the tug provided.

That night there was a moon, blinding white as an arc-light in the city. The Captain was still at the wheel, and Fogarty had nothing to do but mope and stare at the way the moon whipped

Fogarty was sure of this, and he had half a mind to dive overboard and come up by the barge and clamber to her side. He might have tried it, too, except for not being able to swim. Being a man who spent most of his life on the water, he had of course never learned to swim. But he was always going to.

He was that mad to call on the young lady he wondered if he



Ⓒ Skipper Kadden let out a roar like all of Daniel's lions

the wake of the tug and rained its soft powder on the old barge wallowing along like a whale on a rope, and after that, other barges wallowing along.

He had been there a short forever when he saw a ghost come out of the barge cabin and move slowly along to the bow and sit there. He had a notion that she was staring at him.

Perhaps she was, but she was staring also at nothing, and at everything. She had found it more than usually stupid down in the hold with the dishes to wash, and the baby squalling, and the four children fighting and quarreling, and Paw ugly drunk, and Maw ugly sober. So she finished her tasks and came up for air.

Ordinarily she would have flopped down anywhere, the nearer the cabin the better. But tonight she went forward to the prow. Perhaps the nearness of another lonely youth drew her like a tow-line.

could not go hand over hand along the rope. He laid hold of the big cable, but it was all prickly and he misdoubted he could make all that distance. Besides, the rope sagged so that it was in the water as much as out of it, and with his weight on it, it would lower him to drowning depth.

He would have called to her, but voices resounded so on the water he was sure he would wake her old man and have the other deck-hands, the cook, the engineer and the fireman about his ears. And the girl would probably snub him at that.

So he lingered and suffered the madness of youth for youth.

That may have been what saddened her, but she did not know it. She did not know much of anything.

She could not read. She knew a few words as she knew people's faces. The names of the great Hudson day liners, the names of some of the barges, and the names of towns in big letters on piers

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or in electric lights—she could recognize them as she could recognize certain patterns. But the solace of a book or a newspaper against the corrosive monotony of her life, she did not have.

Her father believed, with many of the most eminent benefactors of an earlier day, that it was not well to teach poor children, especially girls, to read and to write since it made

swam the skies before nightfall, or the mystic fish that she sometimes saw darkling in the deep water when she lay flat on her stomach and peered into the river. Yet there was growing inside her skimpy clothes a new body that was straining the seams. New flames sent brief fevers through her. She was pitiful for lack of a namelessness, but she hardly knew her hunger.



let loose: "Off the barge!" And Erie had to hold Fogarty from tearing the old man to pieces.

them discontented, disobedient and, worst of all, ambitious.

Skipper Kadden had saved his daughter from all these dangers, not so much from any settled plan as from the lack of it. He never knew where he would be when nor for how long. To send the children to a school was impossible, without casting them adrift on the world. So Erie had grown up with no more restlessness than a turtle, and no more ambition to be a fine lady than a turtle has to be an eagle—if an outsider may venture to guess what goes on inside a turtle.

Erie had seen well-dressed women and children on the steamers and on the streets of the towns they passed. But they were usually so far away that they were like pygmies of another breed. Now and then a gleaming yacht went by with swells lounging under canopies, but they were impossible, fantastic creatures. She envied them as little as she envied the clouds of crimson that

Through this long gloaming she sat musing upon nothing that was yet something. Ahead of her was a tugboat as almost always there was, and it was growing dimmer and dimmer, and the fellow named Fogarty was blurring away with the shadow. But she seemed to feel eyes there.

And they were there, smoldering eyes that fed upon her with a stubborn eagerness.

When Fogarty was called to the wheel, Erie was still sitting on the prow of the barge, kicking her heels in a drumming rhythm that he could not hear. The river was little frequented along this lonely stretch, and while he swung the wheel sleepily, this way and that, he kept twisting round to look back. Now and then he would start as he caught sight of the crooked wake and the barges out of line, and realize that he was (Continued on page 97)

By Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

Illustrations by
Harrison Fisher
and Paul Brown

Rich Man's Game



*C. Sybil,
who had nothing to
offer Tommy but love.*

TOMMY SHERDEL was one of the three best polo players in the world. And he was so poor that he had to work in a broker's office in Santa Barbara, during those hours he could spare from the game, for just enough to keep soul and body together.

If you know anything at all about high-class polo, you will realize that these two facts in juxtaposition were bound to be productive of something or other. Because polo is the most expensive game known to a sport-mad universe and a man must have good horses if he is to exercise his skill. Good polo-ponies cost money, have enormous appetites, require persona. valets and must have private cars when they travel.

You have heard of very few poor polo players. They exist, but they never get out of the minor leagues. Tommy's case was the exception. He was so good it had to be.

Now polo and poverty had existed side by side for Tommy ever since he could remember.

His very first memory had to do with a horse.

He had risen very early in the morning and gone to his mother's room. He could still remember the big bare room. He loved it because it had a bright, shiny look and smelled so sweet.

On this particular morning the early sun was very bright in that room, but his mother wasn't there, so he went in search of her, his little feet drifting naturally toward the stables. And sure enough when he was half-way across the practise-field that divided the big old brick house from the rambling brick barns, he saw her coming through the clover with old black Eb at her heels. She had a heavy overcoat over her flannel night-dress, and her pretty brown hair was blown every which way. Her face was white and drawn—it often was—but she was laughing, and Tommy immediately began to run, because he loved his mother excessively when she laughed.

"We pulled 'em through, Sonny-bunny," she said, catching him up and kissing him all over his rough curly head in the way he particularly liked. "It was touch and go, but Eb and I won. And I tell you we've got the finest colt out there ever was bred in the state of Kentucky. That colt ought to go considerable ways toward redeemin' our fallen fortunes, oughtn't he, Eb?"

54

Eb said, "Suttinly ought. No colt in these yere parts got any better blood fum bofe his daddy and his mammy 'an what that colt's got."

Tommy didn't know anything about fallen fortunes, but he did about colts and begged so hard to see this one that at last his mother took him back and allowed him to peep for a second at the unbelievably skinny, startled little thing, wrapped in an old blue and white cooler.

In time, Tommy became more familiar with fallen fortunes and the colts that were to remedy them and sometimes did—for a little while. There was only himself and his mother, and as he grew older Tommy helped Eb and little black Hector around the stables and when he was ten he could ride anything on the place and jump any fence or ditch in the county.

"Your father was the finest horseman in the South," his mother used to say, looking straight at the boy, straight through him, as though on the other side of him she saw the tall, handsome, reckless man she had loved and married and lost all in a brief six months when she was very young—"don't you ever forget that."

AND indeed, Tommy Sherdel's father had been a fine figure of a man on a horse. It was the best his friends could say for him and his worst enemy never denied it.

For the matter of that, his mother rode like a demon. Tommy remembered how once, when he was about eleven, a big bay gelding went on the rampage with her. The picture persisted in his mind, his mother in her old brown riding-habit on the back of the bright bay, who stood up on his hind legs squealing madly and striking in all directions with his forefeet.

They fought it out for half an hour, the bay with his ears back, his eyes gleaming and rolling, his teeth bared, but Tommy's mother never gave an inch. At last he stood still, sweating, foaming, but licked.

So you see it is but natural that Thomas Sherdel III should

grow up thinking that to be a fine horseman was the most important and magnificent thing on earth.

His mother clung to the horses above everything, when folks said she was a fool and that it was no business for a woman. Oddly enough, though, she would have done well if she could have stayed on the track and away from the books. If she had stuck to horses—breeding, selling, even racing—they might have won through, for she had a genius for breeding. She produced three great colts. With one of them, she actually won the Kentucky Derby. But every time the book-makers cleaned her out.

When racing became illegal in the United States, she went in for polo. Only the unfortunate accident of her sex kept Tommy's mother from being what Tommy was eventually to become—a ten-goal man.

The polo games that took place on the practise field at the Branches must have been a strange sight for neighbors passing on the country road—the sturdy boy, hardly big enough to hold a mallet, the old darky in overalls and the young one in white jockey pants, and the brown woman who laughed aloud in sheer delight as her pony tore down after the ball.

By the time Tommy was ready to go to college, his mother had lost all her prettiness; even the brown curls were cropped as short as his own.

The woman Tommy kissed good-by on the steps of the Branches when he left for Princeton—all the Sherdels went to Princeton—was a tiny, wiry, leather-skinned person who might conceivably have been any age or sex.

When he came back at the end of his junior year he took one look at her and knew instantly that something momentous had happened.

Across the breakfast table on the second morning he made her face it.

Everything was gone. His mother had kept on for the last three years in face of insurmountable odds, always

hoping with that gambler's optimism of hers for the break that would put everything right. The break had come, but in the wrong direction. They were wiped out. People from the North had taken over the Branches and were going to remodel it for a country home.

At that, Tommy winced as though a surgeon had suggested remodeling him.

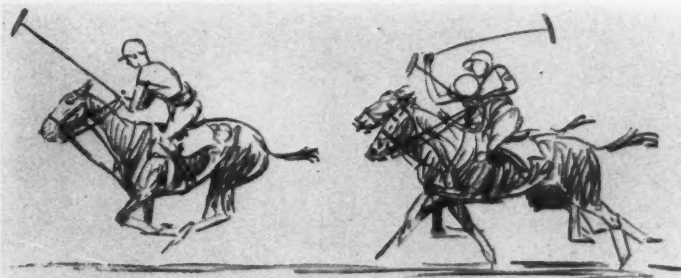
But the only thing that seemed desperately to concern his mother was Tommy's polo. She knew just how good he was going to be and she had planned to raise him ponies second to none. Now, her great dreams of him as an international polo star were ended. And over that, and that only, her eyes grew wet.

When he had fully absorbed all this, Tommy gave his mother a rare kiss—they were not demonstrative people—and went out to the stables to consider it. He held his head high, because that was the way a Sherdel always held his head.

But, within, his heart was quaking. He couldn't, just at first, see how he was going to survive pulling up his roots.

He did. But his mother didn't.

So Tommy Sherdel at twenty-two started life quite alone in Santa



Barbara with nothing to offer but a Southern drawl, six-foot-two of perfectly conditioned bone and muscle and a genius for polo.

The manner of his going West was this.

At Princeton he had known and tremendously liked a dark-eyed youth called—for no apparent reason—"Doc" Camberwell. Among other things, over the flowing bowl and the midnight oil, they had discussed polo. Doc played polo, but without enthusiasm. Doc had little enough enthusiasm for anything and least of all for polo.

He played it entirely because his father, to use his own phraseology, doted on it. Having seen Tommy play, Doc invited him to come out to Santa Barbara to spend the summer.

"Father," said Doc, "will dote on you, my lad. You are what I ought to be. And if he has you to pester, maybe he'll let me alone to follow more congenial pastimes, such as yachting and a lot of constructive drinking."

When the end of all existing things came for Tommy Sherdel, Doc renewed the invitation and reenforced it with the offer of a job in a broker's office. And since all places outside the Branches looked more or less alike to Tommy, he went.

Old Man Camberwell offered the young Southerner the

use of his polo-ponies, which were a fair lot, and after he had seen him play for an afternoon said bitterly to Doc, "That boy's a polo player. He's got to stand for the International. Never saw such horsemanship and his judgment's uncanny. By gad, he doesn't know the meaning of fear. And let me tell you something right now, my son. He loves the game. Doesn't matter what else you've got, if you don't love the game, you'll never make a great polo player."

"I expect you're right, Father," said Doc.

Certainly, as time went on, it was plain enough that only one thing stood between Tommy Sherdel and all the highest honors and all the greatest sport in the game he adored, and that one thing was money.

Oh, they mounted him. Somebody always had ponies for him. He was too good, too valuable to the team to go unmounted.

But that involved, as it always does involve, endless complications and petty jealousies and inconveniences and much wounded pride. It resulted, as it always does result, in only partial efficiency for Tommy, since he never had the same mounts and not always first-class ones. Half the time, just as he got a pony to its highest playing point, its owner decided to play that pony himself. It brought about friction on the team.

They were good sportsmen, of course. But there are few sportsmen anywhere in any game who will spend thousands of dollars to give another man a better chance than they have to win something they themselves want very much.

After all, outside of sheer impersonal love of the game, Tommy Sherdel was nothing at all in their lives.

Polo players all know that this is true, though most of them will deny it with their last breath.

Most of them will also deny that social standing and position have anything to do with goal ratings.

Perhaps they are right. But this much is certain. A man who can't buy his own polo-ponies is very much out of luck, and

at least ninety-nine percent of the famous polo players have more than average bank-accounts. Whereas Tommy Sherdel usually paid the fifty cents a month the bank charges you if your balance is regularly under a hundred dollars.

Thus there came a time when the West believed that Sherdel was the best polo player in America. And yet it looked as though he were going to give up the game because he couldn't afford it and because his hot young pride rebelled continually at the makeshifts and expedients to which he was put.

Which brings us without any further explanation to Mrs. Connie van Normand.

Sitting in her gorgeous car in the space reserved for members at the Midwick Country Club one bright Sunday afternoon watching the Midwick Big Four play a picked team from Santa Barbara, Mrs. van Normand said suddenly, "My dear, who in the world is that boy on the black pony? I haven't ever seen him before."

She hadn't. California never saw a great deal of Mrs. van Normand, in spite of all the oil-wells she owned there.

Somebody told her that the boy was one Tommy Sherdel, of much polo fame, and Mrs. van Normand shaded her eyes and stared at him.

A more eye-filling picture of a young man than Tommy Sherdel presented on a horse it would be difficult to imagine. He had magnificent shoulders and a slim, supple waist and he sat his horse as though he had been born in a saddle, which, to all intents and purposes, he had. His face was tanned to the color of mahogany and made an exciting background for his intensely blue eyes and his very white teeth. And he gave to the first bucks of his big black pony with a sort of delighted thrill.

The game was a hot one, for everybody knows how the Midwick Big Four plays polo, and the presence of Tommy Sherdel on the Santa Barbara team brought that otherwise inferior aggregation up to their level. No use talking, the boy played like a demon; he was everywhere at once, he made impossible strokes that caused even his ponies to blink in amazement. And once, toward the end of the game, when the score was eight all, he stood up in his stirrups and swiped the ball in the air, sending it straight between the goal-posts, which made even the most blasé spectator stand up and yell.

Now, one thing must be said for Connie van Normand. She was frank.

"What a perfectly gorgeous creature!" she said. "Why has no one ever told me about him before?"

And everybody laughed. People always laughed at Connie van Normand, and it wasn't altogether because her husband had left her ninety million dollars.

She was really frightfully amusing and she was always doing exciting things and she knew everybody worth knowing on two continents and some that weren't.

Connie was really one of those people you mean when you say, "What is the world coming to?"

It was Pell Ather-ton who once remarked that short skirts had made Connie van Normand what she was. And he was probably right. In the days of long skirts when faces mattered more, nobody would have paid much attention to little Constance Mesmer, least of all the fastidious Jack van Normand. But

nobody could help paying attention to Connie's feet and legs.

And now, what with having the most divine lipsticks straight from Paris and one of those figures you never expect to see except in the illustrations of fashion magazines, Connie van Normand had become a fascinating personality, much more important in our day than a mere beauty.

As soon as the polo game was over she said, "Pell, fetch me that adorable youth. It is a long time since I have had a real thrill, but I feel one coming on. I didn't think there was anything like that left outside the movies—and

one can hardly associate socially with those lovely young men in the movies. My own table manners are bad enough."

The last thing in the world anybody expected, including Connie herself, was that she would fall seriously in love with Tommy Sherdel. For the dashing and notorious and frightfully rich and important Mrs. van Normand never did anything seriously.

But she fell in love with Tommy Sherdel. So much in love that nothing else in the world mattered, not yachts, nor trips to Arabia, nor jewels, nor house-parties, nor famous and amusing people, nor the latest gowns, nor Paris in the spring, nor New York in the fall. Everything but love was as flat and insipid as bootlegger's champagne.

And Tommy Sherdel was twenty-four and the famous Mrs. van Normand was closer to forty than she had ever admitted to any living soul.

Tommy liked her awfully. He liked her better than any woman he had ever known. True, he hadn't known many. But while with some men women are a cultivated taste, like olives, others have a natural flair in that direction. Tommy had inherited more from his father, it appeared, than a genius for horsemanship.

Up to this time he had, to the amazement of his men friends and the annoyance of feminine Santa Barbara, fought shy of entangling alliances. He didn't like his riding interfered with, and as every spare hour of his time was spent in the saddle, it left little for women. At night he preferred to get his sleep so he could be out at daylight

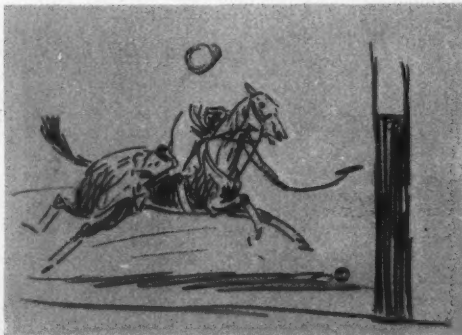
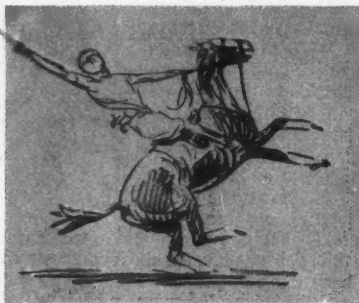
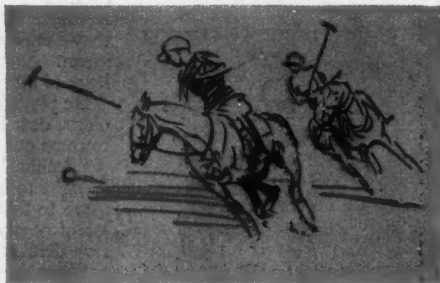
Mrs. van Normand dazzled and infinitely amused him. She had great social charm and much experience of life. She was, in a word, neither the crude flapper nor the sex-conscious married woman.

There was little she didn't know about men and how to please them.

She made a pal of Tommy. She made him laugh. She was terribly interested in everything he said and did. In the end, he overcame a certain shyness and poured into her ears the whole tale of his polo ambitions and his great handicap.

"After all," he said hotly, "a chap can't be forever under obligations to somebody else. Besides, there are plenty of other players just as good as I am that could expect the club to mount them if they mount me. Mr. Camberwell has been marvelous, but he can't really afford it. So I'm not going to let him any more. And I'm just no good at making money."

Mrs. van Normand put down her coffee-cup—they were having coffee on (Continued on page 122)



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ment of his greatest dream.



One of those Women

Illustrations by Sydney Seymour-Lucas

ASHENDEN was in the habit of asserting that he was never bored. It was one of his notions that only such persons were as had no resources in themselves, and it was but the stupid that depended solely on the outside world for their amusement.

Ashenden had no illusions about himself and such success in current literature as had come to him had left his head unturned.

And now he had everything that a reasonable man could want for his entertainment. He had pleasant rooms in a good hotel, and Geneva is one of the most agreeable cities in Europe to live in. And yet, like a little lonely cloud in the sky, he did see in the offing the possibility of boredom.

It might be, he mused as he rode along the lake on a dappled horse, that the great chiefs of the Secret Service in their London offices, their hands on the throttle of this great machine, led a life full of excitement; they moved their pieces here and there, they saw the pattern woven by the multitudinous threads—Ashenden rioted in various metaphors—they made a picture out of the various pieces of the jigsaw puzzle; but it must be confessed that for the small fry like himself, to be a member of the Secret Service was not as adventurous an affair as the public thought.

Ashenden's official existence was as orderly and monotonous as a city clerk's. He saw his spies at stated intervals and paid them their wages; when he could get hold of a new one he engaged him, gave him his instructions and sent him off; he waited for the information that came through and dispatched it; he went into France once a week to confer with his colleague over the frontier and to receive his orders from London; he visited the marketplace on market-day to get any message the old butter woman

had brought him from the other side of the lake; he kept his eyes and ears open, and he wrote long reports which he was convinced no one read till, having inadvertently slipped a jest into one of them, he received a sharp reproof for his levity.

The work he was doing was evidently necessary, but it could not be called anything but monotonous. At one moment, for something better to do, he had considered the possibility of having a flirtation with the Baroness von Higgins. He was confident now that she was an agent in the service of the Austrian Government and he looked forward to a certain entertainment in the duel he foresaw. It would be amusing to set his wits against hers and see what would be the result. He was quite aware that she would lay snares for him and to avoid them would give him something to keep his mind from rusting.

He found her not unwilling to play the game. She wrote him gushing little notes when he sent her flowers. She went for a row with him on the lake and letting her long white hand drag through the water she talked of love and hinted at a broken heart. They dined together and went to see a performance in French and in prose of "Romeo and Juliet."

Ashenden had not made up his mind how far he was prepared to go when he received a sharp note from R to ask him what he was playing at; information "had come to hand" that he, Ashenden, was much in the society of a woman calling herself the Baroness von Higgins—who was known to be an agent of the Central Powers, and it was most undesirable that he should be on any terms with her but those of frigid courtesy.

Ashenden shrugged his shoulders. R did not think him as clever as he thought himself. But he was intrigued to discover,



By W. Somerset Maugham

A Secret of the Secret Service

what he had not known before, that there was someone in Geneva part of whose duties at all events was to keep an eye on him. There was evidently someone there who had orders to see that he did not neglect his work or get into mischief. Ashenden was not a little amused. What a shrewd, unscrupulous old thing was R! He took no risks; he trusted nobody; he made use of his instruments, but high or low, had no opinion of them.

He turned his horse and trotted gently back to Geneva. A hostler from the riding stables was waiting at the hotel door, and slipping out of the saddle, Ashenden went into the hotel. At the desk the porter handed him a telegram. It was to the following effect:

Aunt Maggie not at all well. Staying at Hotel Lotti, Paris. If possible please go and see her. Raymond.

RAYMOND was one of R's facetious *noms de guerre*, and since Ashenden was not so fortunate as to possess an Aunt Maggie he concluded that this was an order to go to Paris. It had always seemed to Ashenden that R had spent much of his spare time in reading detective fiction of the cheaper sort, and especially when he was in a good humor he found a fantastic pleasure in aping the style of the shilling shocker. If R was in a good humor it meant that he was about to bring off a coup, for when he had brought one off he was filled with depression and then vented his spleen on his subordinates.

Ashenden, leaving his telegram with deliberate carelessness on the desk, asked at what time the express left for Paris. He glanced at the clock to see whether he had time to get to the consulate before it closed and secure his visé. When he went upstairs to fetch his passport the porter, just as the elevator doors were closed on him, called him.

"Monsieur has forgotten to take his telegram," he said. "How stupid of me!" said Ashenden.

Now Ashenden knew that if an Austrian baroness by any chance wondered why he had so suddenly gone to Paris she would discover that it was owing to the indisposition of a female relative. In those troublous times of war it was just as well that everything should be clear and aboveboard.

Ashenden was not a little excited at the prospect of this unexpected jaunt. He liked the journey. And at the end of the journey was the unknown.

When he arrived in Paris he telephoned from the station to R and inquired how Aunt Maggie was.

"I'm glad to see that your affection for her was great enough to allow you to waste no time in getting here," answered R, with the ghost of a chuckle in his voice. "She's very low, but I'm sure it'll do her good to see you."

"When would she like to see me, do you think?" Ashenden asked. "Give her my love, won't you?"

Now R quite distinctly chuckled.

"She'll want to titivate a little before you come, I expect. You know what she is, she likes to make the best of herself. Shall we say half-past ten, and then when you've had a talk with her we might go out and lunch together somewhere."

"All right," said Ashenden. "I'll come to the Lotti at ten-thirty."

When Ashenden reached the hotel an orderly whom he recognized met him in the hall and took him up to R's apartment. He opened the door and showed Ashenden in. R was standing with his back to a bright log fire dictating to his secretary.

"Sit down," said R and went on with his dictation.

It was a nicely furnished sitting-room and a bunch of roses in a

bowl gave the impression of a woman's hand. On a large table was a litter of papers. R looked older than when last Ashenden had seen him.

"That'll do," he said. "Take all this stuff away and get on with the typing. I'll sign before I go out to luncheon."

The secretary, a sub-lieutenant in the thirties, obviously a civilian with a temporary commission, gathered up a mass of papers and left the room.

When they were alone R turned to Ashenden with what for him was cordiality.

"Have a nice journey up?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What do you think of this?" R asked, looking round the room. "Not bad, is it? I never see why one shouldn't do what one can to mitigate the hardships of war."

While he was idly chatting R gazed at Ashenden with a singular fixity. The stare of those gray-green eyes of his, too closely set together, gave you the impression that he looked at your naked brain and had a very poor opinion of what he saw there. R in rare moments of expansion made no secret of the fact that he looked upon his fellow men as fools or knaves. On the whole he preferred them knaves; you knew then what you had to deal with and could take steps accordingly.

He was a professional soldier and had spent his career in India and the Colonies. At the outbreak of war he was stationed in Jamaica and someone in the War Office who had had dealings with him, remembering him, brought him over and put him in the Intelligence Department. His astuteness was so great that he very soon occupied an important post. He had an immense energy and a gift for organization, no scruples, but resource, courage and determination.

He had perhaps but one weakness. Throughout his life he had never come in contact with persons, especially women, of any social consequence; and when, coming to London at the beginning of the war, his work brought him into contact with brilliant, beautiful and distinguished women he was unduly dazzled. They made him feel shy, but he cultivated their society; he became quite a lady's man, and to Ashenden, who knew more about him than R suspected, that bowl of roses told a story.

Ashenden knew that R had not sent for him to talk about the weather and the crops, and wondered when he was coming to the point. He did not wonder long.

"You've been doing pretty well in Geneva," R said.

"I'm glad you think that, Sir," replied Ashenden.

Suddenly R's eyes looked very cold and stern. He had done with idle talk. "I've got a job for you," he said. Ashenden made no reply, but he felt a happy little flutter somewhere about the pit of his stomach. "Have you ever heard of Chandra Lal?"

"No, Sir."

A slight frown of impatience for an instant darkened the Colonel's brow. He expected his subordinates to know everything he wished them to know.

HE WENT over to the big table and opened a dispatch case that lay upon it. He took out a photograph and handed it to Ashenden.

"That's he."

To Ashenden, unused to Oriental faces, it looked like any of a hundred Indians that he had seen. It might have been the photograph of one or other of the rajas who come periodically to England and are portrayed in the illustrated papers. It showed a fat-faced, swarthy man, with full lips and a fleshy nose; his hair was black, thick and straight, and his very large eyes even in the photograph were liquid and cow-like. He looked ill at ease in his European clothes.

"Here he is in native dress," said R, giving Ashenden another photograph.

This was full-length, whereas the first had shown only the head and shoulders, and it had evidently been taken some years earlier. He was thinner and his great, serious eyes seemed to devour his face. It was done by a native photographer in Calcutta and the surroundings were naively grotesque.

"What d'you think of him?" asked R.

"It may be only my fancy—I should have said he was not a man without personality. There is a certain force there."

"Here's his dossier. Read it."

R handed Ashenden a couple of typewritten pages and Ashenden sat down. R put on his spectacles and began to read the letters that awaited his signature. Ashenden skimmed the report and then read it a second time more attentively.

It appeared that Chandra Lal was a dangerous agitator. He was a lawyer by profession but had lately taken up politics, which

with him meant conspiracy against the British rule in India. He was a partisan of armed force and had been on more than one occasion responsible for riots in which life had been lost. He was at one time arrested, tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He was at liberty at the beginning of the war, and seizing his opportunity he began to foment active rebellion.

He was at the heart of attempts to embarrass the British in India and so prevent them from transferring troops to the seat of war, and with the help of immense sums given to him by German agents he was able to do a great deal of harm. He was actively concerned in two or three bomb outrages which, though they did no more harm than kill a few innocent bystanders, yet shook the nerves of the public and so damaged its morale.

For a considerable time he evaded all attempts to arrest him. At last a high reward was offered for his arrest on a charge of murder, but he escaped the country, got to America, from there went to Sweden and eventually reached Berlin. Here he busied himself with schemes to kindle revolt in India and to create disaffection among the native troops that had been brought to the seat of war.

ALL this was narrated very dryly, without comment or explanation, but from the coldness and impartiality there emerged a sense of mystery and adventure, of hair-breadth escapes and dangers dangerously encountered. The report ended as follows:

"C. has a wife in India and two children. He is not known to have any connection with women. He neither drinks nor smokes. He is said to be honest. Considerable sums of money have passed through his hands and there has never been any question as to his not having made a proper (!) use of them. He has undoubted courage and is a hard worker. He is said to pride himself on keeping his word."

Ashenden returned the document to R.

"Well?"

"I suppose he's a fanatic." Ashenden thought there was about the man something rather romantic and attractive, but he knew that R did not want any nonsense of that sort from him. "He looks like a very dangerous fellow."

"He is the most dangerous conspirator in or out of India. He's done more harm than all the rest of them put together. You know that there's a band of these Indians in Berlin; well, he's the brains of the whole gang. If he could be got out of the way I could afford to ignore the others; he's the only one who has any guts. I've been trying to catch him for a year. I thought there wasn't a hope; but now at last I've got a chance, and by the Lord, I'm going to take it."

"And what'll you do then?"

R chuckled grimly. "Shoot him and shoot him quick."

Ashenden did not answer. R walked once or twice across the small room and then, again with his back to the fire, faced Ashenden. His thin mouth was twisted by a sarcastic smile.

"Did you notice at the end of that report I gave you, it said he wasn't known to have any connection with women? Well, that was true, but it isn't any longer. The fool has fallen in love." R stepped over to his dispatch case and took out a bundle tied up with pale blue ribbon. "Look, here are his love letters. You're a novelist—it might amuse you to read them. In fact you should read them—it will help you to deal with the situation. Take them away with you." R flung the neat little bundle back into the dispatch case. "One wonders how an able man like that can allow himself to be besotted by a woman. It was the last thing I ever expected of him. Anyhow, that's neither here nor there. Chandra has fallen madly in love with a woman called Giulia Lazzari. He's absolutely crazy about her. She's got him body and soul."

"Do you know how he picked her up?"

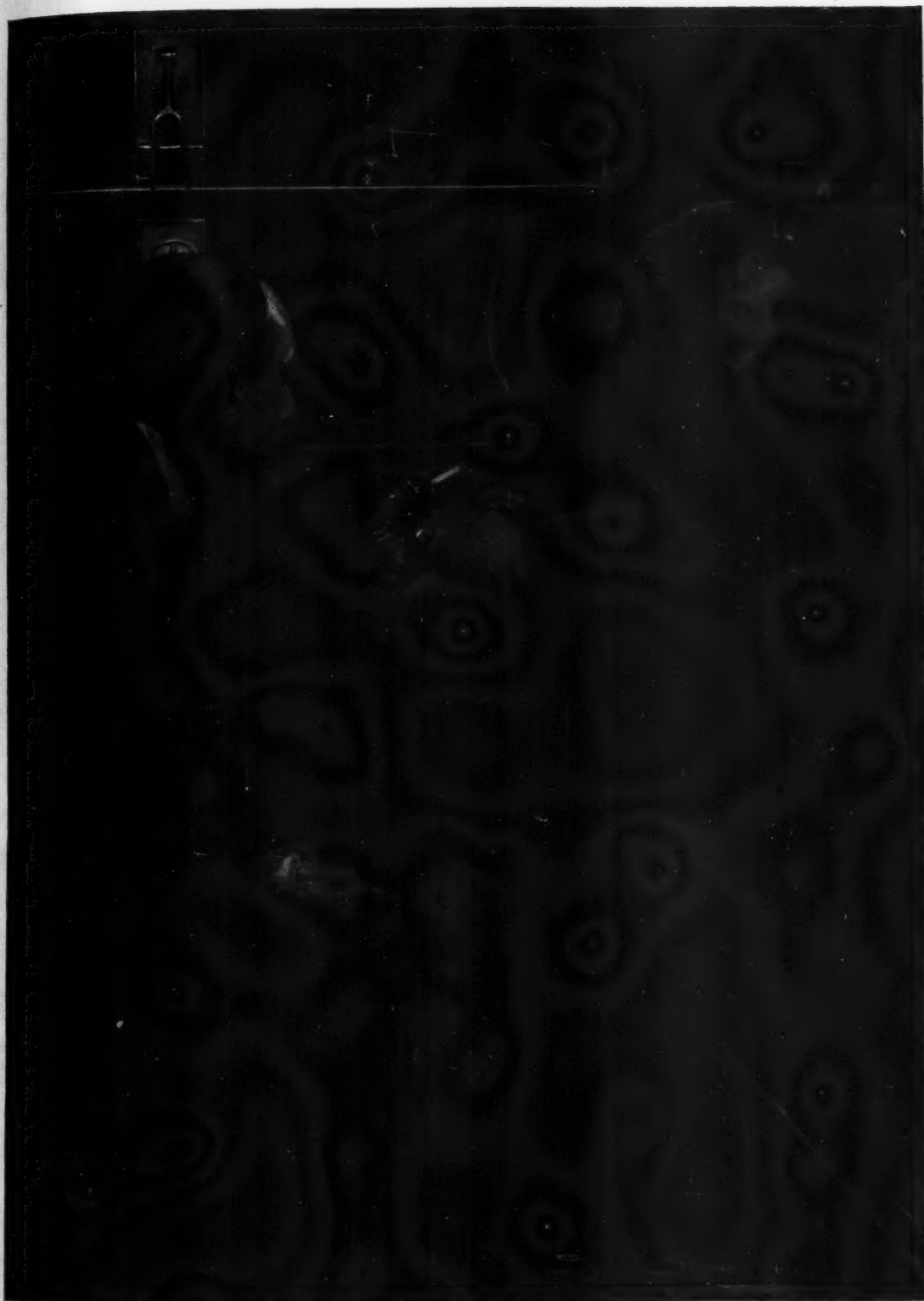
"Of course I do. She's a dancer, and she does Spanish dances, but she happens to be an Italian. For stage purposes she calls herself La Malagueña. You know the kind of thing. Popular Spanish music and a mantilla, a fan and a high comb. She's been dancing all over Europe for the last ten years."

"Is she any good?"

"No, she's quite second-rate. She's been in the provinces in England and she's had a few engagements in London. She never got more than ten pounds a week. Chandra met her in Berlin in a *Tingeltangel*—you know what that is, a cheap sort of music-hall."

"How did she get to Berlin during the war?"

"She'd been married to a Spaniard at one time—I think she still is though they don't live together—and she traveled on a Spanish passport. It appears Chandra made a dead set for her." R took up the Indian's photograph again and looked at it thoughtfully. "You wouldn't have thought there was anything very



C "Do you really love Chandra?" asked Ashenden. "He's the only man who's ever been kind to me . . . But I can't go to prison, I can't," cried Giulia.

attractive in that greasy little negro. Lord, how they run to fat! The fact remains that she fell very nearly as much in love with him as he did with her. I've got her letters too—only copies, of course; he's got the originals and I dare say he keeps them tied up in pink ribbon. She's mad about him.

"I'm not a literary man, but I think I know when a thing rings true; anyhow, you read them, and tell me what you think. And then people say there's no such thing as love at first sight."

R smiled with faint irony. He was certainly in a good humor this morning.

"But how did you get hold of all these letters?" Ashenden asked him.

"How did I get hold of them? How do you imagine? Owing to her Italian nationality, Giulia Lazzari was eventually expelled from Germany. She was put over the Dutch frontier. Having an engagement to dance in England, (Continued on page 126)

By MAURINE WATKINS



BUTTERFLY Goes Home

The Story of
ANOTHER Small-Town
Girl on Broadway

IT'S STILL on the books "unsolved." Another added to New York's list of mystery murders. But I have my own ideas.

It hit me hard, the death of Lila Innis. Not that I knew the girl—in fact, I'd never even seen her; but because—however, we'll come to that later.

You remember it, of course. For it held front page for weeks not only in all the New York papers but in every small-town daily from Boston to Hollywood. The tiniest new detail, the wildest hint of a clue, was excuse for an extra. Person after person was lifted into three-minute fame because he had seen, or thought he had seen, "a tall, dark man" or "a lone taxi." As for those who had ever known Lila—their pictures with Q. and A. interviews were flashed all over the world. And Sunday sheets were rampant with photographs, personal history, her "friends," her tragic death and the lesson thereof.

The story "broke" one October morning. Noon editions carried head-lines on the murder and the scant information phoned in by hurried reporters: a girl had been found dead—killed—in a luxurious apartment on the Drive, somewhere near the late Eighties.

A colored maid, who worked by the day, had come at her usual time and found the body, in a rose-colored negligée, kneeling on the floor, strapped back to back with a chair, in the bedroom; the arms crushed back and the hands bound together, and the throat tied with a golden chiffon stocking—even the first editions got that right: a golden chiffon stocking. A strap lay on the floor beside her and a pearl-handled revolver, loaded, was on the dressing-table, but there were no bullet wounds or slashes, no bruises or marks on the delicate flesh. A coroner's physician was performing an autopsy for the inquest set for two P. M. Thursday.

Disorder showed she had struggled with her assailant and the police suspected robbery. Her name was Lila Innis and the family were abroad.

Next editions corrected that: she lived alone in the three-room apartment with only this maid, Martha Jean, who came in each day from ten till six. They also exploded the theory of robbery:

her jewel-case with its pearls and emeralds was in the dresser drawer, with a thick roll of bills in plain view.

Then new facts tumbled out, dozens at once. She was young, barely twenty. She was beautiful. Newspapermen swore to the tawny gold of her hair and the delicate pink of her flesh even in death. And soon there were pages of photographs to prove the slim form, the wistful eyes, the arched lips, the firm little chin, and the pre-Raphaelite profile. Lila mounted on horseback riding through the Park; Lila smilingly wrapped in furs that set off her golden beauty; Lila in a chiffon dancing costume that revealed much.

For Lila was a dancer. That is, two seasons ago she had been a ballad singer in a super-smart night club and a few weeks later leader of the Peach-Blossom chorus in Joe Lane's revue. They snatched the phrase: "Well-known to Broadway."

NEW YORK had grimly smiled when one blue-eyed baby "got hers," and shrugged its shoulders when another "met death at hands of unknown assailant." But a third—well, there should be a closed season even for lilies of the field.

For Lila Innis was one of these. At least at the time of her death she decidedly toiled not, neither did she spin. Yet her closet was hung with dozens of dresses, most of them models. Smart little sport suits, trotteurs with fur, soft velvets and chiffons, jeweled evening gowns, with rows of slippers to match. There was one photograph, I remember, just of that row of slippers. Mannish little brogues, bizarre combinations of reptile and kid, satin with rhinestones, velvet and gold and silver with jeweled heels.

The tiny apartment itself was a jewel-box. The dignified foyer that opened into a rose and taupe room that invited with its soft lights, its deep rugs, its really good etchings. The little serving-pantry with its shelves of caviar, anchovy paste and *pâté de foie gras*; and the trim cellarette minus lock.

The rose room where they found her. The French bed with its canopy of lace and silken covers in tangled confusion. The antique chair she was strapped to, pulled close by the side of the bed. The dressing-table covered with gold and crystal. The

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

chaise-longue with its rose-petaled cover, the deep chairs with their soft pillows.

You knew where they stood: one by the window that looked out over the Hudson, one by the closet door. You knew, in fact, the exact position of each piece of furniture, for every paper carried diagrams that showed just how the murderer had crept over the soft rugs, passed her tiny desk to the dressing-table where she sat brushing her hair. She could see him over her shoulder in the mirror—why didn't she reach for the revolver? A tiny thing, mother-of-pearl, all loaded and unshot.

He had seized her, probably gagged her, forced her to her knees, and swiftly swathed her, like a bambino, in silken garments and bound her to the back of a chair. He had tied the hands, stripped of their rings, together with a loosely-tied chiffon scarf—she must have been very weak, for a baby could have broken its hold. And he had wrapped the soft throat with a golden gossamer stocking and then—

"Poison" was the verdict of the coroner's physician.

Everyone at the inquest jumped.

The jury blinked at each other blankly and straightened their spines, and reporters slipped out to make a dead-line. The curious and morbid stared stupidly. Everyone, in fact, in that dark, shabby undertaking room, except the placid little man who peered out over his glasses as he made the announcement.

Poison! After all that struggle! Furniture knocked about, gin bottles broken, bedclothes torn . . . Poison! Why had he bound her for that? For a man could have strangled her with one hand, or forced poison down her throat in a second—she was such a slim, frail thing!

"Cyanide of potassium," the physician went on evenly in explanation for the staring crowd; "she died instantly and suffered no pain whatsoever."

A sob of relief broke from the colored maid, who had cried throughout the entire testimony. Gaspingly she had told of entering the apartment that morning, of finding two letters and a package on the table in the foyer, of going out again to mail them before waking her mistress.

"And all the time the poor lamb was in there—" she choked.



CPeople had warned her of the dangers of the city. But she didn't believe. If someone could only make them know—girls like her . . .

No, she hadn't looked to see the addresses on the envelopes; she never pried into Miss Lila's affairs.

Then when she came back and opened the bedroom door—"There she was—kneelin' with a smile on her lips and her head back like she was prayin'!"

That caught their fancy: "Café baby killed at prayer!"

The maid had rushed out screaming and the couple in the adjoining apartment had called the police.

Officers told of finding the body, and a heavy Irishman knelt to show the exact position. Then came the neighbors, who "knew the young lady only by sight," who knew that she came and went at irregular hours, entertained prosperous-looking gentlemen whose chauffeurs waited around the corner, and had a phonograph that often played till dawn. A good-natured old couple on the same floor, who had retired at ten and slept through the night. An irate gentleman from the floor below, who testified to noises that lasted till long after one o'clock. The elevator boy, who had carried Miss Innis up at nine that evening, alone, and "some gennelmen" later. He wasn't sure how many; maybe two, maybe three.

"When did they leave?"

"I quits at midnight."

The inquest was ordered continued pending further investigation.

The papers buzzed with the query: "Who was at Lila's jazz party?"

And one yellow tabloid whose ambitious reporter had copped the hand-tooled address book from her antique console desk, started in to give the answer.

"Could it be —?" they asked in bold headlines, then followed with a long list of names known to New York financial, sporting, and theatrical circles. For the little book

held the names of bankers and lawyers, prize-fighters and backers, college boys and even ministers. Names, with pet diminutives, telephone numbers and mystic symbols.

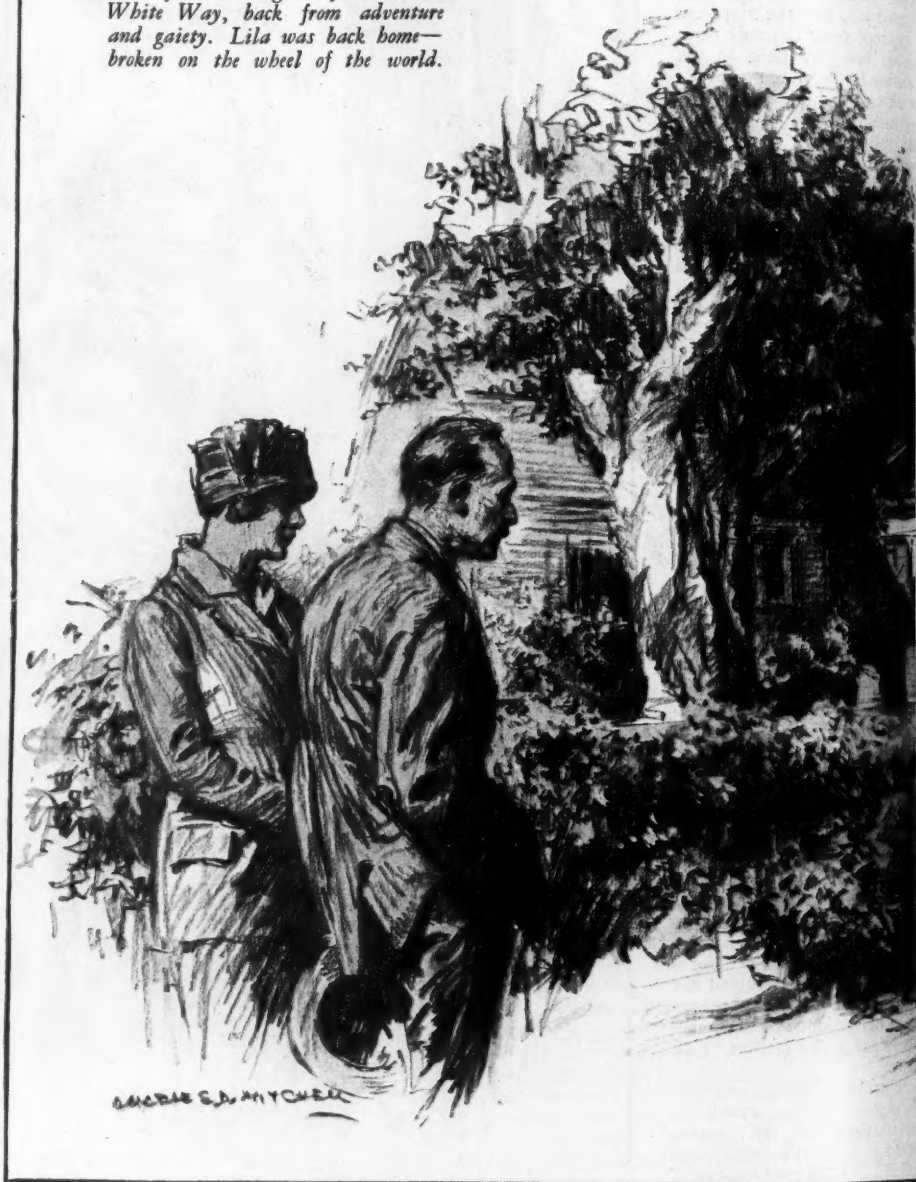
Harrison Andrews (Hal), owner of the night club where she had sung for a few weeks. He hadn't seen her since, he swore, except when she dropped in as a guest with some friends. And who were they? Oh—he grew vague and couldn't recall exactly—different ones.

Philip Stewart (Philly), son of J. Field Stewart. He had met her once at an after-theater supper and later had taken her to luncheon a few times. That was all really. A nice little girl—

terrible shock! No, he hadn't seen her in—oh, in several months.

Jack Fleece, the wealthy Westerner whose money had financed dozens of Broadway flops, including "The Primrose Path." Yes, he knew Lila—mighty fine kid! Had intended calling her for a supper-party that very week—in fact, that very night!—and

Back from the lights of the Great White Way, back from adventure and gaiety. Lila was back home—broken on the wheel of the world.



ANDREW S. MITCHELL

talking over a new part with her. But he hadn't done it.

"Ducky" Caldwell, the poor impetuous, addle-brained millionaire, whose fatuous admiration was hung on whatever girl could endure his ogling eyes and fish mouth. Yes, he knew Lila well, very well indeed. No, he'd never been in her apartment—in that apartment, that is. For there had been another on one of the cross-streets, back when Jack Fleece was her "angel."

And who was the "angel" now? The rent was paid in cash, the landlord said, and naturally he had inquired no further. Naturally.

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Down the list they lied and alibied. They barely knew her now, these men who had besieged for her smiles and favors. They had lunched with her once, in a party, or had met her through a friend—long ago! Men who had sent her flowers and drunk her wine; men who had stalked her till death and scandal came—and then took to cover. They had boasted once of lunching with "the

back to the little country town she had left two years before.

Back home! Back from the lights of the Great White Way, back from adventure and gaiety, back from the desire of men to those who had loved her. Back home . . . And with each mile of the way we forgot somehow that she was "a Broadway baby," a tinselled dancer, and she became more and more the symbol of

girlhood broken on the wheel of the world, betrayed by its own dreams.

Page after page of pictures told the story.

There was the little white church, with its bell and steeple, where she had sung in the choir. There was the chunky brick school where she had played leading lady. There was the courthouse square in the quiet, poky town that remembered her as a happy little girl with laughing eyes and the clear, sweet voice of a bird.

There was the little green house where she was born, with the lilac bush in the dooryard. And the father—a carpenter, I believe—with drooping mouth, and the mother with sad and patient eyes. They had skimped and saved and sent her to New York to go on with her voice when a Chautauqua singer had prophesied a future, and they had sent her money till she got a job singing at some church—they pay for church singing in cities, though it doesn't seem quite right. And of late she'd done so well that she'd sent them money.

Her father's hand had clenched as he looked down at the white face with its faint, lovely smile: "She was allus such a good girl!"

"A good girl!" echoed Mom as she touched the golden hair with the tip of one finger.

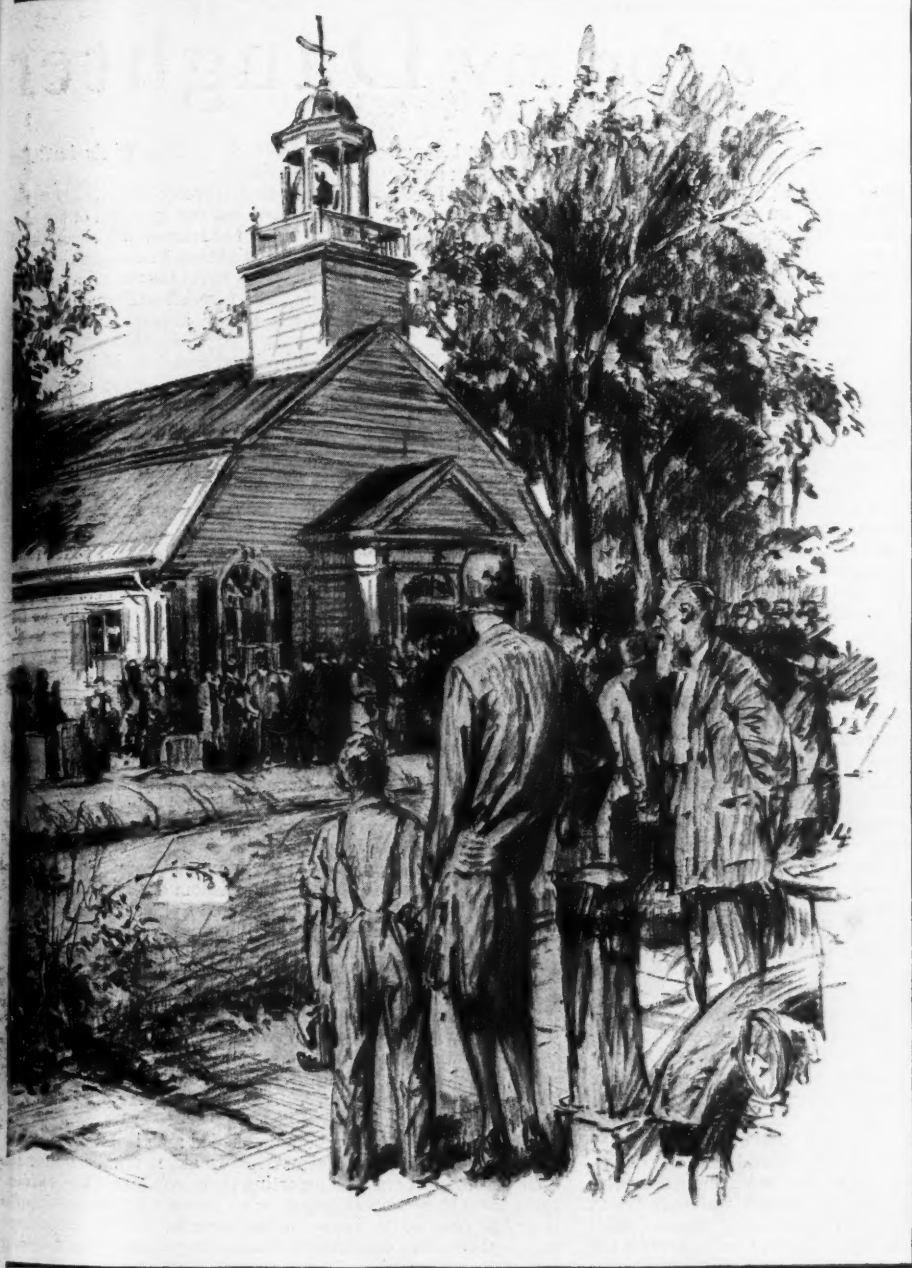
"I don't understand!" He broke into horrible dry sobs and Mom stood patting his arm awkwardly while tears filled her own tired eyes.

"I don't see why . . . I don't understand!" The cry of the ages.

(For they were reading, along with the rest of the world, bits of her diary that told them of Dinty—Dinty the unknown married man whose money . . .)

Special correspondents wired back stories of her childhood and sent back quaint, round-eyed pictures. Lila as a baby, fat and dimpled, with her feet stuck out to show her new kid booties. Lila at six, with wide, solemn eyes and a funny little plaid dress. Lila as May-Queen, with a lace-curtain train and a crown of paper roses.

The services were held in the little white church where she used to sing. The organ wheezed out (Continued on page 156)



prettiest blonde on Broadway" but now . . . "Rats desert a sinking ship."

There were editorials lashing the cowards and cads who had forsaken her, and sob sisters did their worst in picturing the Broadway butterfly who had companions enough in gay fluttering, but when death folded her wings . . .

For she lay there alone in the dingy undertaking parlors on Broadway—upper Broadway—in a plain black casket, quite, quite flowerless.

Then a sheaf of lilies came with a card: "I shall not forget." And with these on her bosom, Lila Innis started her long journey

By Adelaide Humphries

I Believe in Companionate Marriage for my Daughter

MY DAUGHTER Joyce will be nine years old September eighteenth.

If she should come to me, eight or ten years from now, and say: "Mother, I am going to try out a companionate marriage," I would give my consent.

This no doubt today is unconventional, and my view-point may give a jolt to many conventional-minded mothers, but I say frankly and unequivocally that not only would I give my consent, but I would *urge* Joyce to try it.

For I believe, from the experiences of my own marriage and from the observation of the adventures and misadventures of my friends and acquaintances, that a companionate marriage would give her a greater chance of happiness—and what mother if she had but one wish would not choose happiness for her child?

There are two interpretations of the phrase "companionate marriage." The first is free love, trial marriage—a man and a woman agreeing to live together without a legal ceremony. This I would not choose for Joyce as I would not want her to face the social ostracism that such an extra-marital union would bring upon her, or the tragic consequences that would be apt to follow.

The second definition, that suggested by Judge Ben Lindsey among others, is far removed from "free love." He suggests a legalized preliminary marriage, in which each shares the economic and moral responsibility, the union to be entered into with the intent of not having children until the marriage has proved workable. So long as there are no children, this union could be simply and quietly terminated by the wish of either one or both parties. Should children come, the companionate marriage would be converted into a permanent "family" marriage.

Not feasible? Surely everyone will acknowledge that with a broadening familiarity with contraceptives modern parents intelligently plan the coming of children today.

This form of companionate marriage is being widely discussed by a great many thinking persons. Among others H. G. Wells, in an article entitled "Modern Experiments in Marriage," writes (in regard to companionate marriage): "People would not be constrained; there would be less shame and less persecution through it all. There would be easier readjustments after mistakes, earlier mating in most cases and a great diminution of prostitution and the quasi-criminal underworld . . . People are needlessly afraid . . . of freedom in the unions of men and women . . ."

If people were completely free to do anything they pleased in sexual matters, they would do, only more easily and happily, much the same things that we compel them to do now. As many would pair as pair now, and perhaps more; and the unfortunate and unpairable would not be made to suffer."

The Reverend Henry Lewis, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Ann Arbor, Michigan, in a much quoted—and even misquoted—speech delivered in San Francisco recently, said that the intelligent use of birth control was one of the "scientific discoveries which the Church should concede and urge," and that "if to sanctify unmarried unions would do away, as some urge it would, with promiscuity and the double standard, and better protect the children of legal marriage, then to keep on fussing with rules about divorce and the idea that all marriages are made in heaven is utter folly."

Companionate marriage, as I see it now and in the future, is an entirely different thing from the practise of "free love." It does not in any way reflect upon the sanctity of marriage but would aim to be institutional in improving and encouraging a more lasting marriage contract. The relationship of marriage is the only way in which persons may get to know thoroughly each other's characters.

But why a companionate marriage for my daughter? Would I not prefer her to enter into marriage as it is now practised? Would she not have as much chance for happiness? Would it not be more binding? Would it not be more monogamous?

I do not believe so. I have no fault to find with the *institution* of marriage; but much with marriages.

Certainly I would prefer to have Joyce come frankly to me, to take me into her confidence and ask my approval of her companionate marriage, than to suffer the tremendous shock that I imposed upon my parents when, at eighteen, I informed them that I had married a man whom they had never seen or even heard of. I rushed into marriage during the feverish excitement of war. I was about as prepared for it as the average two-weeks-old kitten.

I firmly believe that if my husband and I could have tried a companionate marriage first, we both would have been spared numerous misunderstandings, a great deal of real suffering and many hardships—this despite the fact that now, after ten years, our marriage may be termed a happy one. Neither one of us was educated to face the responsibilities of marriage and of an immediate family. I did not even know what marriage meant. I do know that I don't intend to let my daughter face life so unprepared.

What of the experiences of my friends? One sweet young thing of seventeen eloped with a handsome, irresponsible artist. She was a rather delicate girl, had graduated from a "young ladies' finishing school," could play several pieces, rather badly, on the piano, knew the proper rules of etiquette, and that it was better to say "isn't" than "ain't." This artist chap was the kind to capture any young girl's heart, and my friend really loved him. She loved him so deeply that she kept hoping that he would come back to her, even after he had deserted her with one, then with two, three, four babies, as he did come back occasionally!

However, four babies proved too much for him. He deserted his family, leaving this girl, her youth gone, her health wrecked, absolutely untrained and unfit for any kind of work, to face the problem of rearing four growing kiddies.

I don't want Joyce left in that position. They need not have eloped; they could have tried a companionate marriage—if their parents had been educated to the wisdom of this intermediate stage. This girl would have been fitted to meet the problem of providing for four babies—in fact, there might not have been so many babies until she found that her handsome artist husband was ready and willing to help her take care of them!

How can an impressionable girl of eighteen judge a man's character, or know that he will be the kind of man she would choose at twenty-five or thirty? And yet many girls of eighteen are as emotionally awakened as women of thirty. Psychiatrists and doctors will confirm the fact that they are frequently as emotionally matured.

Why should this girl and boy be denied marriage? If they are not yet able to support themselves, would it not be better for their parents to keep on supporting them until they are, encouraging them to remain at college or to undertake whatever course they had planned to follow, rather than have them elope anyway—rather than have them endure the misery of a too-long engagement?

Would this not be one of the best ways to curb an overindulgence in promiscuous petting? "Petting," as the modern flapper phrases it, "is all in the day's work." We parents may not like it, we may strongly object to it, but it is ridiculous to close our eyes to it. Observe the amazing number of cars parked along every dark roadway, the free and easy behavior at public amusement centers, the frank conversations, the letters of these youngsters printed in the "Advice to the Love-lorn" columns, in which the larger percentage admit that they "neck" and "pet."

Childish nonsense and air-bubble troubles? Pathos and tragedy, I call it. I think anyone would, if he could remember the seriousness and importance of his own adolescent period.

I do not expect for one moment that Joyce will be any different

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Adelaide Humphries, who herself made a runaway war marriage at eighteen, and her daughter Joyce. Mrs. Humphries, whose home is in Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, is a writer of short stories and special articles, and has had experience as an advertising copy-writer and advertising executive.

from these young people. I want her to be warm-hearted, normal and loving. But so far as I am able, I want to help her to direct her emotions sanely, and to protect herself. I believe that if at

eighteen she is ready for marriage it will be far safer, far more stabilizing and far wiser, for her to enter into a companionate marriage than for her to fling herself (Continued on page 203)

A Novel of a
New
Jean Valjean
by
A. E. W.
Mason

The Story So Far:

THE most harrowing experience in the life of Lieutenant-Colonel John Strickland came on the night he sat alone in a tree in the Burmese jungle waiting to kill a man-eating tiger—and, in place of the tiger, a man leaped out in the moonlight, a man who looked evil to the point of majesty, like Lucifer after his fall. Some tingle in Strickland's nerves warned him that the tiger man meant danger to the girl he loved in distant England—the beautiful and daring Lady Ariadne Ferne.

In a strange series of events, that warning was soon confirmed. For the tiger man appeared in the village, and thereupon a certain native servant named Maung H'la ran away in terror. Now Maung H'la, Strickland was informed by the local police captain, was suspected of having had some connection with the death of his former employer, Mrs. Elizabeth Clutter, in England; and it was furthermore suspected that the famous dancer Corinne was Maung H'la's accomplice.

These things were no more than suspicions. What made them sinister to Strickland was that Lady Ariadne, in her unconventional fashion, had recently become a warm friend of Corinne's. If the tiger man threatened Maung H'la, he threatened Corinne, and through her, Ariadne.

Strickland hurried back to England, after buying for Ariadne a most gorgeous ruby. And there his dream of being her knight-errant as well as her husband vanished. For Ariadne had impetuously got herself engaged to the rising young barrister and politician, Julian Ransome.

Nevertheless, Strickland soon saw that he would have to remain her protector, since Ransome was the overbearing, egotistical sort who would drive a high-spirited girl into danger instead of keeping her from it.

A letter from Burma informing him that Maung H'la had been found in the jungle with his neck broken, probably by the tiger man, spurred Strickland's fears. He found next, from the reporter on the Clutter case, that Mrs. Clutter had been a wealthy, neurotic woman who had made Corinne her closest confidante. She died from an apparently accidental dose of poison—and left Corinne her entire fortune. But Corinne had a perfect alibi; she was miles away at the time of the death; only Maung H'la was at home; and nothing had been proved against him. Had Mrs. Clutter a living husband? Strickland could not find out.

And now the tiger man himself appeared in London. Strickland was startled to see him serving as a waiter at a charity banquet, and engaged at the moment in carefully reading the name on the place card of Mr. Leon Battchilena—Corinne's Spanish lover.

Forthwith Strickland told Battchilena of the tiger man's curiosity, and of Maung H'la's death in Burma; and Battchilena crumpled up in an exhibition of abject terror. And later that night, when Corinne had listened to Battchilena's story, she too was in terror.

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"I should be glad if this terror could pass away," said Corinne wistfully. "I shall help you," Strickland said.

Did the tiger man mean to them some monstrous vengeance for a past misdeed?

Of all this Ariadne was innocent. She knew only that her friend Corinne was in trouble, and she asked Strickland's help. A Mr. Ricardo, at the charity banquet, had remembered seeing the mysterious waiter somewhere ten years before. Would Strickland see Ricardo and get all the information he could? This, as the three sat at dawn in Corinne's gorgeously furnished little house, he promised to do—but not for Corinne's sake.

THERE was another personage concerned in this story who sat up late that night. Upon reaching his home in Grosvenor Square, Mr. Ricardo went into his library and took down from a book-shelf a volume of folio size. There was a long row of such volumes, and on the back of each the date of a year was printed in gold letters, but no other title. The particular volume which Mr. Ricardo laid upon his writing-table bore a date just a decade old. He drew up his chair and opened the book. It was filled with newspaper clippings pasted on the white leaves, most methodically arranged.

"Let me see! It was in March—and at Grenoble."

Mr. Ricardo turned over the leaves and lighted quickly on the cheap paper and ignoble print of a French provincial newspaper. "*Le Courier de Grenoble*. Yes," he said.

There the whole grim story was set out from the first guarded article, entitled "*Une Affaire Mystérieuse*," to the last dreadful scene in the Assize Court.

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The Stripes of the Tiger

Illustrations by
G. Patrick Nelson



late in the afternoon, dined early, and after a little conversation upon the most harmless topics, went early to bed, since they were to start upon their expedition before daybreak. The whole of that first evening, in a word, was so much camouflage. The expedition for the next day also had been mapped out in detail. It was intended to take place. There was to be no opportunity given for the knowing to hint that the party was arranged less to shoot chamois than to shear a sheep.

During the night, however, the weather conspired with Mr. Eleutheros. The early start by lantern-light was out of the question, and when the morning broke, the snow was falling as it can fall in those high regions—a white, thick, fleecy shawl against a background of impenetrable black. Thus the little game which was meant to be played at the earliest that night, and probably not until the next day, did actually begin at eleven o'clock on the first morning.

The snow continued to fall for thirty-six hours without any intermission. So did the cards, almost. There were certain fragments of time during which meals were gobbled. But no one retired to bed; and in accordance with the usual procedure of such affairs, Archie Clutter won a handsome sum of money—or, to speak more exactly, a handsome quantity of counters—at the beginning of the engagement, and then lost as steadily as the snow fell.

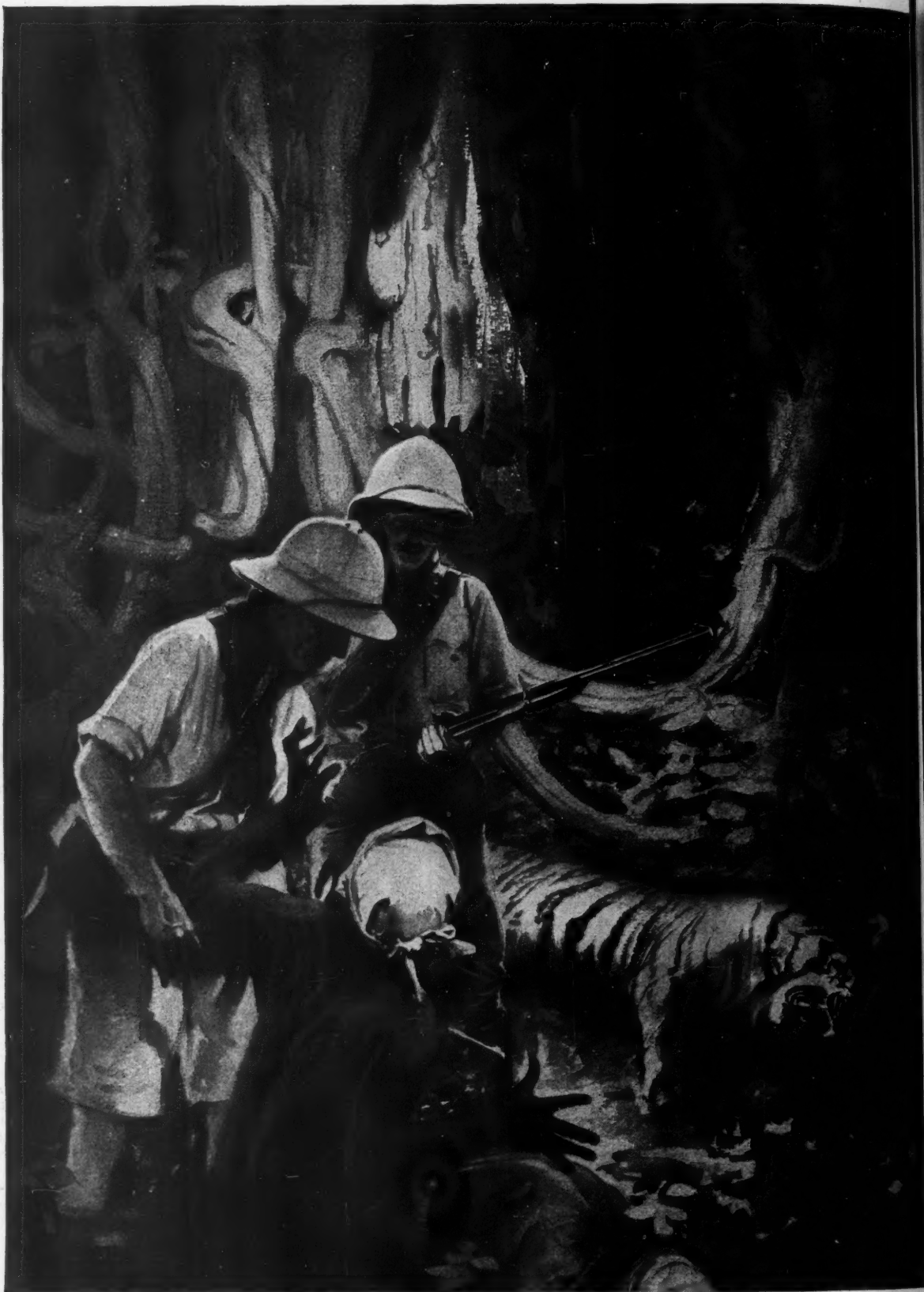
At eleven o'clock on the second night Archie Clutter leaped to his feet with a roar of fury, flung the card-table aside as though it were no heavier than a paper-weight, and drove his fist into the face of one of the players, with a shout of "Cheat! Cheat!"

According to Mr. Eleutheros, Comte de Rozart, the player in question, was a gentleman of unsmirched reputation. The accusation was baseless, and the only explanation possible was that Archie Clutter, exasperated by his very serious losses—for they were playing stud-poker with an unlimited raise—and by the length of the sitting, had been suddenly mastered by his passionate temper. Mr. Eleutheros, indeed, reproached himself in the handsomest fashion for having allowed the game to go on for so many hours and the stakes to rise so high.

Opinion began to sympathize with the loyal Mr. Eleutheros, who would take upon his shoulders the blame for the crime committed by his guest.

For a crime had been committed. There was no possibility of doubt about that. Moreover, the crime committed had been the irreparable one. As soon as the blow was struck, Mr. Eleutheros, being eminently a man of peace, had sought safety behind a

The story began in Paris with a dinner-party of five men, which took place at the restaurant of La Rue during the first week of the preceding October. A Greek, named Andreas Eleutheros, who owned a small string of third-rate race-horses, and a rather spotted reputation besides, was the host, and the principal guest was a young Englishman, Archie Clutter, who was blessed with a rich wife and cursed with an ungoverned temper. The Greek's finances were, at this date, undoubtedly shaky, and no one who followed the course of the events could help suspecting that the dinner had been arranged in order to restore them. Certainly, before they separated, the five men had agreed to meet at Grenoble on a date early in November, and go up for a few days' sport to a shooting-box which Eleutheros rented in the Dauphiné Alps. Amid the snows of those high mountains the second phase of the tragedy was enacted. The men arrived at the shooting-box



Archie Clutter had struck once in the jungle, killing Maung H'la, who had later been mauled by a tiger . . . And now, somewhere in the darkness, Archie Clutter was forging a new weapon.

writing-table in the corner of the room. From that vantage he exhorted his two remaining guests, of whom one managed his horses, and the other was his handy man and jackal.

"Clutter's mad. Hold him, Kettler! Hold him, Paton." Kettler and Paton flung themselves at once upon Archie Clutter, seizing his arms, and there the brawl might have ended,

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er, at all events, have been adjourned until the nerves of the party, frayed by excitement and want of sleep, had recovered their calm. Unfortunately the Comte de Rozart, after picking himself up from the floor with a bleeding forehead, sprang lightly forward and slapped the struggling and helpless Clutter again and again upon the cheeks with his open hand.

"There is for you!" he cried. "And there! And there, pig that you are!"

A moment of confusion and whirlwind ended all. Archie Clutter possessed naturally a strength which the slenderness of his figure belied. A berserk rage doubled it. He flung his two custodians from him, and seizing by the neck an empty champagne-bottle, he in his turn struck and struck again.

The bottle burst into fragments, the Comte de Rozart crumpled and slid down the wall to the floor, and even then Archie Clutter was not content with his work. He must dash the jagged fragment of glass, which his hand still grasped, down upon the face of the dead man, already masked in blood.

THUS far, the facts of the case. Mr. Ricardo turned now to the description of the concluding scene. By the offices of his good friend Hanaud, he had secured a seat among the law-students in the well of the court; and through the smudged and dingy lines of foreign print he looked now as through some magic window opening upon ancient days.

Mr. Ricardo listened once more to the scathing savagery of the President of the Court, who seemed to wield a cudgel rather than pronounce a judgment. He heard the very tones of the resonant voice as clearly as through the ear-pieces of a wireless set; and the appalling sentence: Twenty-one years of servitude in one of the penal colonies of France. And, as they had done on that day ten years ago, his eyes turned towards the prisoner in the dock standing between his *gendarmes*.

Mr. Ricardo was what the French euphemistically call an *amatuer*. It is truer to say that he had become so in his later years. He had developed a passion for the horrible and the bizarre. His favorite walk in Paris was taken under the colonnades of the Palais Royal. Were a crime committed, he must hasten to the spot, bribe his way into the very room, and reconstruct with a delicious shiver of fear the horrors which had there taken place.

Thus every detail of Archie Clutter's appearance during those terrible moments had been so greedily observed that it needed but a glance at these clippings to restore the portrait. Clutter was a young man of twenty-nine, and looked even younger than his years. He was noticeable for the quiet perfection of his dress, and for the scrupulous care which he devoted to his body. From the fineness of his linen to the tips of his fingers his fastidiousness was written upon him. Thus he had stood, comely, even elegant, and then had wilted and dropped like a log upon the floor of the dock.

Mr. Ricardo closed his book of clippings and put it away on its shelf.

"Archie Clutter escaped, then," he reflected. "Escapes are not so rare from those convict stations. The French look to the sharks as their best jailers. But every now and then one or two get through."

He went up-stairs to bed. He could have no shadow of doubt. The slim elegant youth who had dropped like a man shot through the heart ten years ago at Grenoble was the waiter whom he had seen at the Semiramis Hotel tonight; his body thickened, coarsened and hardened, his face disfigured and gross with a baleful look, which told that the ungovernable rage that once from time to time had mastered him, now burned steadily and fiercely within him, a disciplined servant on a chain.

In the morning Mr. Ricardo was still splashing in his bath when his valet announced through the panels of the door that a man urgently insisted upon seeing him at once.

"A man! Nonsense!" cried Mr. Ricardo fretfully—for he had not slept very well. "My habits are well known. Tell him to return at a more gentlemanly hour," and he continued to splash.

But only for a very little time. For an uneasiness gained upon him. He dressed more quickly than he had dressed for years, and it was little more than half past nine when he descended into his dining-room. On the table by his plate lay a soiled cheap envelop with his name upon it, but no stamp. Mr. Ricardo turned the envelop over. It was gummed down. Mr. Ricardo rang the bell, and upon his valet's appearance he asked:

"That man who called here?"

"He has gone, Sir. He refused to wait and he left that letter."

"Did he write it here?"

"No, Sir, he produced it from his pocket. He said that it was most important that you should have it at once."

Mr. Ricardo picked up the envelop and slit it open at the edge. He shook out a folded sheet.

Please to meet me at ten o'clock in Duke Street Garden, and please to come alone, if you value your good.—Hospel Roussencq.

Now, Mr. Ricardo valued his good extremely—no one more so. He recognized, holding himself as it were for trial, that he had been unduly talkative last night, and people who were unduly this, that or the other, must pay for their unduliness. It was only just and right that they should. Therefore he would keep this appointment in the Duke Street Garden—merely as an act of reparation and penance.

He stood up and looked at the clock. The hands marked the time as twenty minutes to ten and the meeting-place was barely five minutes from his door. Yes, in ten minutes, so that he might be punctual, he would set out—and suddenly Mr. Ricardo felt very cold. He filled a wine-glass to the brim with a much-prized liqueur, and drank it slowly. A little color returned to his faded cheeks; he stood upright; he walked.

In Duke Street Garden sat the little waiter of the Semiramis, but there was not a trace of obsequious servitor about him now.

"You are punctual, old one," said Roussencq. "How wise you are! For there are bad marks against your name, you know."

"Bad marks!" Mr. Ricardo retorted, with a fine show of spirit. "Nonsense! I am not a schoolboy to receive bad marks, and if I were, you would not be my master."

"There are other places than schools where bad marks are given," said Roussencq unpleasantly.

Mr. Ricardo took him up instantly.

"Prisons?" he replied. "Yes, no doubt prisons. But then I am not a convict, and if I were, you would not be my jailer."

"So it is like that!" said Roussencq softly. "We take the high hand. Then some words must speak themselves. To make the importance, you meddle in things which do not concern you. Very, very well. But they must not be big things. For big things have danger in them. Last night when I stopped you, you were meddling in big things."

"I am not to be frightened," said Mr. Ricardo. But he was beginning to be a little troubled.

"A wise man would be very frightened, old one," Roussencq retorted. "Yes, even here, in this garden with all the windows looking at us. For you know where we come from, my friend and I. Yes! I make no hidings with you. We come from Cayenne. Listen whilst I tell you! Then you will sit very quiet in your fine house and give no trouble to my friend and me."

EIGHT years Archie Clutter had had of it; six years Hospel Roussencq. Roussencq gave Mr. Ricardo a sketch of that appalling inferno in the tropics. Sometimes they worked stark naked clearing the ground; sometimes in canvas trousers and jackets, with their numbers on their breasts, they manned the boats of the service. At night they were locked in cages, a platoon of them for each cage, and chained by the ankle to their plank beds. But here a man would slip his foot through a ring, there another would pick the lock with a nail. Lamps made out of a sardine tin, some oil and a wick would be lighted; cards would be produced, and money. For everybody had money.

"It was forbidden—yes. But everyone had it concealed—where it could not be found. It is all revolting—yes."

No warder ever dared to enter those cages when they were locked for the night. So the forbidden lamps burned and the forbidden money was won and lost; and when those eleven hours of horror and abomination were over, a convict stabbed to death, strangled, beaten to a red pulp, was no very unusual spectacle. For no one slept; and all lived on the edge of insanity, slaves of wild paroxysms, bitten by morbid delusions. And for punishments, six months, a year, two years of the dungeons on the Isle St. Joseph, half the time in twilight, half in the pitch-dark, not a chair, not a rag for covering, not even a stretcher to sleep upon. A pail and a jug of water the whole furniture of the cell.

"And you think we go back there, my friend and I," continued Roussencq in his smooth voice, "because one old man wishes to make the importance? No! We are dead people, do you see? We escaped on the mortuary table for a raft. Some friends, the brothers of the coast—it is their profession—picked us up at sea and landed us in Dutch Guiana, and in the end we came to Venezuela. So! But for the French we are dead. The sharks have eaten us . . ."

"I have no wish to send you (Continued on page 180)



Wild as a Hawk

C "Ob, la, la! What do I care for marriage!" cried Annette. That blow was the worst of all for her mother and father.

I MET them on the Riviera. A short distance down the beach from the throng of bathers, I noticed a small low blue and white tent, open in front and at the top.

An elderly little Frenchwoman sat knitting very quietly there, while in the enclosure behind, flat on his back and clad in a towel about the size of a fig leaf, lay a perfectly enormous man, bathed in the serene soft light pouring down from the April skies. His eyes were closed, his face wore a look of majestic deep despair.

What terrible crisis had landed him there? One day without warning, the *mistral*, that cold north wind, swept down the beach; and as the little woman struggled vainly with her tent, I ran to her assistance. She grew friendly after that, and it ended in her telling me what had laid this giant low.

"The cause, Monsieur, is our daughter Annette, for she is wild as a young hawk," the anxious little woman said. "She was not wild at all at first. In the most desirable town where we lived, and my husband conducted well the good shop established by his ancestors, our small Annette grew up like a lamb. We sent her to a convent school, and she came back at seventeen a gay and charming young brunette.

"But then began the war, Monsieur. She learned to drive an ambulance. Soon off she went; and our spirits were torn; for in that first year of the war, half the girls of the Paris streets had followed our armies.

"When she came home for a brief rest, with her she brought an American girl, from whom she had learned to speak a French by which she passed for American; and so she had not been annoyed. But she was hardened and so grown—more like a little soldier now, with her gay rough voice and her cigarets. Her father besought her to stay home, but off she went with her

comrade-in-arms, and once more a year went by.

"Then back she came one afternoon, driving a little automobile, and with her came that American girl and a young American officer. Monsieur R-r-roogan was his name—but Annette said, 'Call him Mike.' And ah, *mon Dieu*, that terrible Mike! He was captain of a company which had to do with mules, we

learned, in the same town with our Annette. And although perhaps his intentions were good toward our little soldier—Monsieur, in one word, he chewed the gum! And he had taught her to chew like himself! And they were chewing all the time!

"Ah, his laugh—like a mule's, one might say! Which one of the girls did he care for? we asked. It was quite impossible to tell. For his great bony arm would go first around the shoulders of one, and then of the other—always in so friendly a manner that one could not quite speak out and forbid it.

"When at last they drove away, all on one seat in that small car, and the terrible Mike, with his great arm around both girls, cried, '*Oh ravoir!*' my husband whispered, '*Sacrebleu!*'

"He staggered back into our house, and there for weeks in nightmares he saw that arm around Annette—till at last from our daughter a letter came announcing to us the happy news that a mule had kicked Mike and broken that arm, and that he had been sent to a hospital. Ah, *mon Dieu*, the blessed relief! Slowly my poor husband recovered from his *crise de nerfs*." The little woman paused. "And that," she added quietly, "was the first time that I brought him down here.

"When our daughter came home at the end of the war, her poor father's happiness was something good to look upon. She played cards with him each night. Like a kitten she would creep into his arms and ask him to sing old cradle songs; and she would smile, that weary one, and presently her eyes would close.

"But it was too good to last, Monsieur. She grew restless soon and decided to be 'an independent working girl.' So she entered a large factory. There she met Marcel Guyère.

"He was not like the terrible Mike; he was small, dark and subtle, and ah, so French! How amusing he was in his accounts of the politicians up in Paris. Oh, the brigands, *imbéciles!* My husband quite agreed with him there. For it was not enough, it seemed, to give one's daughter to one's country. Now they must have our money, too. Heavier the taxes grew, the cost of living rose each year, while our deputies in Paris grew fat and rich upon us all. Marcel knew all about their tricks, and his accounts could be so droll that my husband would laugh till tears came in his eyes. In a thundering voice he would cry: "The boy is right! We must turn them all out! We must have a new government in France!"

"And then our small daughter, with a laugh, would run to her father, embrace him and cry: '*Bravo, bravo, mon père!*'

"But one evening while Marcel and Annette talked gaily against the government, and my husband, smoking his pipe, nodded and smiled, quite well amused—the *gendarmes* rushed into our house! Up leaped Marcel, and small though he was, he flew with such force at a *gendarme's* nose that at once blood streamed upon the floor!

"He is a Communist!" they cried. And they seized him and dragged him out of the door.

"Our wild little hawk had fought for her lover, but now her father pulled her back. 'Unhappy little one,' he cried, 'why

By
Ernest
Poole



Illustration by
Corinne Dillon

"Did you bring a Communist here. a Bolshevik, deceiving us?" "Did we deceive you? Oh, la, la! Did we not talk of revolution?" our daughter demanded, with sparkling eyes.

"What is revolution against our politicians?" thundered her poor father. "But against my property—no! Unhappy girl, you have brought to my house a criminal! You shall never see this man again! You shall never marry him!"

"Oh, la la! What do I care for marriage? I do not believe in it!" she replied.

"That blow was the worst of all, Monsieur! My poor husband could not speak, but only wave his hand to the door. Out she rushed, that wild young hawk.

"Stop her!" he cried.

"We ran from the house, but she had already flown away. And that, Monsieur, was the second time that I brought my husband down to this spot.

"For nearly three years she stayed away, living a life that one trembles to think of, in Lyons, Paris and Marseilles. 'An independent working girl.' Oh, la, la! A scatter-brain! Once, Monsieur, she even wrote she was driving a taxi in Marseilles! But back she came to us at last.

"I am through with all Communists," she declared. "*Mon père*, forgive me. I was wrong."

"She came to his arms, more like a kitten than a hawk, and once more she rested there. Again she played cards with him at night, and listened to his cradle songs. Now, too, she went often with me to the church. 'I have finished my life,' she informed me. 'I think that I shall take the veil.'

"But soon she was working in the shop of our most expensive *couturière*. And the chic little hats and suits she wore! Monsieur, for a girl who had 'finished her life' to dress as did our little Annette would have been a crime against all young men! But she spoke no more of a convent now—for a new young man came to our house.

"EXACTLY the opposite of Marcel—Eugène was tall and strongly built, and with such gay easy *politesse*! He came of a family as good as any family can be without belonging to the noblesse; their small château was not far from our town. Eugène had soared high above the war, fighting from an airplane; and now, when he came to our home, our little hawk soared with him, in talk of a great and glorious future for France.

"What did it mean? we asked ourselves. More and more often he came to us, and more and more pleased my husband grew. Only one thing he did not like. Eugène would arrive in a small racing car. Gaily he would call to Annette. She would run out to meet him—and *pouf!* they were gone. My husband detested such automobiles. He owned a nice old horse instead, a well-bred, gently moving beast. To drive behind our *Mélanide* was indeed a rest, Monsieur. Driving so, one never dreamed of alarms.

"And yet it was through *Mélanide* that we made a dark discovery. Her stable was close by our house, and my husband himself took care of her. Her hay must always be of the best. He noticed now that many mice were making homes in it, so one day he resolved on a thorough cleaning there. And far down beneath the hay, he discovered a machine gun! Back he

rushed into the house; in a terrible whisper he gave me the news. A machine gun in our barn! Marcel, that frightful Bolshevik, undoubtedly had left it there!

"But no!" declared my husband, striding courageously to the door. "I shall not permit this outrage! I shall act in time!"

"I implored him to be calm. If he informed the police of this, our daughter might be compromised. And then, Monsieur, with her tall young lover, radiant both, they came bursting into the house.

"Unhappy girl," her father cried, "you have left a machine gun in the barn!" But when he explained what he had found, Eugène only laughed and answered:

"What is one little machine gun, *mon père*, compared with our happiness this day? Annette has just married me! She is my wife, and I am your son! Embrace me, *mon vieux*!"

"My husband and I were rejoiced at the news. A splendid match for our small Annette—and if she had married in haste, one might say, 'Still, where is the harm? That is always her way.' Yet mixed with her father's happiness was the thought of that poor *Mélanide*, standing defenseless in the barn.

"And so he asked of our son-in-law: 'But now, my son, what shall be done with this infamous *machine de guerre*?'"

"And then, Monsieur, we received the news which once more has laid him low. For with that easy gaiety seen only in our best families, Eugène said: 'Oh, just leave it there. What is one little gun beneath the hay? It is one of hundreds of such guns hidden in barns all over France!'

"For he was a Fascist, this Eugène, and so, too, now was our little Annette! Gaily they explained to us that in this one *arrondissement* were over a thousand fine young men preparing to strike for the honor of France! The Communists would never be allowed to seize the government.

"When that day comes," Eugene declared, "we shall know just what to do. We shall take your gun from your barn—"

"My gun?" my poor husband cried.

"Yes, yours, *mon père*. We entrust it to you. Is it too much to ask for France, to keep one small gun beneath the hay? Would you befriend the Communists? Would you deliver me to the police?"

"Annette then rushed to her father's breast. '*Mon père*, be good, be kind!' she implored. 'Do not betray him to the police! Just keep this little gun of ours!'

"How could my poor husband decline? Within one hour they were gone, off in that thundering racing car, upon a brief *voyage de noces*—leaving behind them that weapon of war. My husband covered it well with hay, then staggered back into the house. And so, Monsieur, you see him here.

"That we are unhappy, I will not say. Our daughter has married, and married well. But oh, what a foolish, wild young hawk! As for me, I do not believe in their talk. Nothing will come of their revolutions. But all the same," she added, frowning, "it is too bad of that little Annette. It is neither pleasant nor *comme il faut* to have a machine gun in one's barn!"

H.R.H.

*A Story of a Prince
Who Wanted What Princes
Never Get*

By Robert Hichens



*Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger*

First I rowed to the left, passing the gardens of Villa Volpi, but soon I crossed the lake, attracted by the tree-covered tall hills of the opposite shore where the only road is hidden in the hillside far away from the lake. When I had reached the shadow I let the oars lie in the rowlocks and lay down in the bottom of the boat with my back against the cushioned seat in the stern. I had a volume of Browning's poems with me and presently I opened it by chance at the section called "Dramatic Romances," and saw the well-known lines:

What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip,
Chose land travel or seafaring,
Boots and chest or staff and scrip,
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London town?

How I understood Waring, the man who couldn't stand it, vanished because he couldn't stand it—that monotony of people, that monotony of the clubs, that horrible monotony of doing always the regular thing that all the other men were doing! The strange life with its chances rather than the known life with its appalling regularities, the away life rather than the here life—here, here with the abominably familiar.

—Oh, never star
Was lost here but it rose afar!
Look East, where whole new thousands are!
In Vishnu-land what Avatar?

THE huge hotel with its many rust-colored awnings seemed sleeping by Lake Como in its shady park. Boats lay at the steps very still on the silky water. In one of them a bronze-brown Italian was asleep with a crumpled white hat pulled low over his eyes. Bells sounded in the distance and ceased. The hills opposite looked as if they were covered with moss-green velvet.

The peace between seasons in Villa d'Este, that place of gay fashion, was profound and had a peculiar savor. Everything that appeals to the taste of the luxurious was at hand, but for the moment the luxurious were mercifully elsewhere.

Towards the evening of that day of arrival I hired a light boat and rowed away vaguely into fairyland.



C. "The critical moment for me had arrived. The Prince was furious. 'Go, Norton,' he said. 'I'll take care of Donna Teresa.'"

"What's become of Waring?" Better than "I saw old Waring in his usual seat at the club yesterday!"

"Browning caught the true romance of life, the romance that most men miss, in that poem!" I said to myself as I read of the man half hidden under the furlled lateen sail, with his great grass hat and his kingly throat, and the boat cutting her sparkling path into the rosy and golden half of the sky. Away—away into the unknown, into the land of adventure!

A steamer from Cadenabbia went by while I was reading. My boat must have drifted some distance towards Como town, for when I looked up and laid my book down my eyes rested on a house that I hadn't seen till that moment.

This house—I was close to it—was tiny, a mere doll's house tucked away all alone in a nook of the lake. Built over the water on foundations of stone, it was overhung by trees growing on the cliff which rose sharply above it. A wooden balcony ran along the front. Behind it were three French windows giving on to it. Above them, under the peaked roof, were three more windows. Just beyond the house there was a narrow path winding up into the densely growing chestnut woods. Under the house a boat lay in dark water that looked surreptitious.

How often, when wandering, doesn't one look at some peculiar, characteristic, or perhaps very charming house and say to oneself, "And what sort of human being lives there?" I looked, on that evening, and that question lay unuttered on my lips. So tiny, so hidden, so closely held by nature was this lake-dwelling that I had a feeling that its owner was one who had a passion for

privacy. And the extreme simplicity of its aspect made me suppose that he—or perhaps she—was very far from rich. A poor person with good taste and a great love of peace and of woods and water must surely live there.

I heard the rattle of a chain. The boat under the cottage drew farther in to the shadow, stopped with a jerk, then swayed as a man stepped into it, sat down and took the light oars. An instant later the boat slid close to mine and I looked right into the eyes of the owner of *Piccola Casa*.

Large, sad, dark gray eyes they were, set in a brown, bony face crowned by a broad wrinkled forehead and a bald head, well shaped, striking, an intellectual head. No mustache or beard hid any part of the face. It offered itself nude to my eyes. And the head was hatless. The body below was fairly tall, very lean, even gaunt in its flannels and open shirt. The hands that gripped the oars were sinewy and brown. An Englishman, I decided at once. Yes, an elderly Englishman, for some reason melancholy, thoughtful, intellectual, possibly conventional, but quite certainly capable of being interesting if he chose. And how very tall for that house!

"Good evening!" he said, to my surprise, speaking in a typically English voice, the sort of voice that "places" a man.

"He's been through Oxford!" I said to myself as I answered his greeting.

He lay on his oars. Apparently, in spite of his rather hard appearance, he was a friendly soul. "My house amuses you?" he said.

"That's hardly the word I should use to express my feeling about it. It's a wonderful little place. I'd just been saying to myself 'What kind of human being lives there?'"

"Had you? Well, I'm the kind. If you feel like seeing the inside come over any time tomorrow. I suppose you're at Villa d'Este?" He had looked at the words painted on my boat.

"Yes," I said. "Thank you very much."

"I'm off to Como now for some aspirin."

And then, pulling a long steady stroke, he drove the light boat through the water and was soon far away.

On the next morning I rowed over to see *Piccola Casa*, and incidentally to make the acquaintance of a very lonely man, a man on whom Fate had played a cruel trick. He was dreadfully sensitive and Fate ought to have left him quiet. But it's nearly always the sensitive people who get the worst blows from Fate. I suppose the sight of their shivering pain pleases some goblin who sits up aloft. At any rate I know that Boyd Norton thought so.

That was the name he gave me—Boyd Norton, a Rugby and Balliol man, who had had a distinguished career at school and college, who had been "expected to do great things" by his contemporaries, and who was now living alone in the tiny house with the brown balcony on a very small amount of money, and doing nothing particular—reading, rowing, fetching aspirin from Como.

He'd been sleeping badly, he explained. Insomnia was in his family and bothered him a good deal.

"Why?" was a word perpetually in my mind after I got to know Boyd Norton.

Why was he living at *Piccola Casa* in such extreme solitude? He was alone in the house with an elderly Italian *bonne à tout faire* called, of course, Maria. Why wasn't he doing something

definite with his evidently quite excellent brain? There were certainly lots of serious books in the cottage, but he told me that though he was a great reader he wasn't a writer.

When I got to know him better—I stayed on and on at Villa d'Este, lured by the beauty and quiet—I asked him what he had done when he left Balliol, what had been his ambition.

"You must have been a man of strong intentions," I said.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, apparently rather startled by my remark.

"Your eyes tell me that and the look of your whole face. You are the hawk type, not the dove type."

"Hawk!" he said. "I never searched for prey. No. The fact is, life made a prey of me. That was partly my fault, perhaps. I hadn't the ultimate strength, the strength that makes a man always react against misfortune. What I did when I left Balliol? I traveled. I had a chance to travel and unfortunately I took it."

"Unfortunately?"

"The whole thing was ruinous for me. Some day perhaps I'll tell you about it."

Often I was out on the lake with a book and would call in at *Piccola Casa* for a talk with Norton before going home. One day I again took my Browning and he happened to see the volume.



“His Majesty began by saying that his heir apparent was a hypocrite, but added that it was almost impossible for a youth in his position to be anything else.”

"What have you there?" he said. "It looks like the Bible."
"It's Browning," I said. "I was reading it on the day we first met."

"You had a rather absorbed look. I noticed that and wondered what the book was. I saw you from a window."

"I was reading one of the dramatic romances—'Waring,'" I said. And I quoted the opening lines, "'What's become of Waring since he gave us all the slip—'"

"'Waring!'" he said, as if astonished. "You were reading 'Waring!'"

And he fixed his melancholy gray eyes upon me and wrinkled his broad intellectual forehead. There was something almost sternly questioning in his gaze, something profound and full of a meaning that escaped me.

"Aren't you fond of it?" I said. I could see of course that he knew the poem. Then it struck me that in spite of his cleverness he was perhaps too "Oxfordy," too intellectually conventional, to be caught by the wildness of "Waring."

"Perhaps you think it fantastic," I added. "Can you understand a fellow like Waring? I can."

"There are such people," he said. "People who can't live as they ought."

think that conventional rules of conduct work Hades more often than not on the individual."

His rejoinder surprised me. "Lucky for you you weren't born a royalty," he said.

"A royalty! What made you think of that?"

"Put a Waring into royalty and how would the amalgam fare?"

The question interested me, partly because it suggested at once to my imagination an odd chain of potentialities, partly because of Norton's voice and expression as he put it.

"You haven't—have you ever known a royal Waring?" I asked him, after a moment of silence.

"Stay and eat macaroni *alla* Milanese with me tonight," he said. "Perhaps after dinner I'll tell you."

After dinner that day Norton and I sat out in two basket chairs which Maria placed on the little path winding up into the chestnut wood. "Waring," he said. "We were talking about the Warrings today, the men who, I said, can't do what they ought. You were angry—"

"No!"

"In quite a reasonable way. You thought me conventional. But I was thinking very personally at that moment. And when we are most personal we are most limited. I was thinking that if one special human being had done what he ought—

by what he ought I mean what was universally expected of him—my life would have been very different from what it has been and is."

"Was he a royalty?" I asked.

"Ah, you haven't forgotten!"

I smiled. "How could I—so soon?"

"Well, now, have you ever had much to do with royalties?"

"I have known one or two fairly well—I think I may say that. I have stayed once as a guest in a royal house, dined now and then with a royal personage. I can't say more than that. Not very much, is it?"

"It's quite enough. You have been in the peculiar atmosphere royalty moves in; still moves in despite the prevalence of what is called democracy."

"Yes, occasionally."

"I never had been until I left Balliol. Till then I had never had any intercourse with royalty. But very soon after I went down a surprising thing happened." He paused and seemed considering something. His forehead wrinkled and he looked slightly embarrassed.

"Yes?" I said.

"I must tell you that I took rather high honors at Oxford. In fact—well, I took high honors, and on that account perhaps was singled out in the opinion of certain men of influence from the ordinary student. I

tell you this to account for the fact that when a certain royalty of very exalted rank was seeking for an English tutor for his only son, his heir to a—a kingdom it was, in fact, I was suggested to him as eminently suitable for the position. I hope you—I hope you won't take this as boasting."

He looked at me with a curious sideways glance of searching embarrassment.

"Of course not!" I said, with hearty (Continued on page 149)



I felt irritated by that remark. I chafed against that "ought."
"Why shouldn't a man live as his nature tells him to live? I'm all against the everlasting *verboten* that communities plaster up all over the place. Would you have had Waring stick to Piccadilly, eat his heart out in, say, the Bachelors' Club? Don't you realize there are lives a strong man *can't* go on living?"

"Don't be angry," he said.

"I'm not," I said, feeling rather foolish. "But I do really



Elsa felt the breath gather cruelly in her throat at sight of Zenka Brazell and Bayliss.

The Story So Far:

WHEN Elsa Bowers, of Elder's Hollow, married Bayliss Carew, whom she did not love, it was to escape from the monotony and poverty of farm life, as she frankly told him. For years Elsa had resented the arrogance of the wealthy Carews and their unfair dealings with their less fortunate neighbors. Bayliss, in particular, she had hated from their first childhood encounter when he had pinched her bare foot under the table, knowing she would not dare to cry out.

Bayliss had been entirely willing to marry Elsa and wait for her love, but after three months he found the waiting increasingly difficult. It was only by turning his attention to the building of their home on land overlooking the Hollow which Elsa's father had given her for a wedding present that he was able to go on with the ludicrous mockery of their married life.

And day by day Elsa fought her growing love for Bayliss, since she had determined not to become a "Carew woman" like Grace and Hildreth and the rest, who spent their lives in loving the Carew men and in shielding them.

But one day she encountered Nate Brazell, the husband of Zenka Wolf, an attractive Bohemian girl. Nate warned Elsa to keep Bayliss away from his house—and his wife. And Elsa left him with a sick fear stirring within her, a fear that later seemed justified.

For one night when Elsa was at home alone Zenka knocked at her door.

Had she hoped to find Bayliss? Elsa wondered. And then she set her lips and thrust the ugly thought back in her mind.

The Carews

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

WHATEVER the possibilities inherent in the romantic Carews, Elsa was not going to permit her feelings to become so grossly involved as to think that Bayliss still thought of Zenka Wolf—the girl from south of Hurley! And yet—had she not sat and listened to Nate Brazell's threats? She lifted her head proudly, with a wave of anger at herself for permitting such a fear to weigh upon her.

Back in the living-room, Elsa found Zenka seated where she had left her, her head thrown back against the chair, her feet curled beneath her. As Elsa entered, the girl made a quick movement and took a posture that was stiffly decorous. The act was so obvious that Elsa could scarcely restrain a smile, although it annoyed her in spite of herself. She set down the tray with the cocoa and frosted cakes beside Zenka on a small table, then went and seated herself on the couch.

"Aren't you afraid to come out alone—so far, Zenka?" Elsa asked the girl.

"Me—I am not 'fraid. I am 'fraid of one thing—I am 'fraid of heem. I am running away from heem!" She indicated with a flutter of her expressive fingers the direction of Nate Brazell's farm. "I cannot stand heem—any longer!" She gave a spasmodic jerk to her body. "I go to my father again—or some place—away from heem." Both hands flew out aimlessly and her vermilion and sapphire and yellow shawl fell down about her waist. Beneath it she had on a thin cotton dress, faded and threadbare. "So I come to ask you—will you give me a coat—old coat that you don't wear now—for my shawl? This, people will see from far away—and maybe they will tell Nate if they meet heem."

"You mean—you are going away tonight?" Elsa asked. "You are not going back?"

"Tonight—why not? He is not home now. He would not know. Tomorrow he would stop me."

Elsa looked at the shawl, at Zenka's rapt, wide-eyed face. "But—why do you want to go away, Zenka?" she asked. "Has he been unkind to you?"

The girl made a grimace. "Ugh! He makes me s-sick!" Her breath came in a sharp hiss, her hands clenched at her breast. "You do not know heem. He is like a dog—just like a dog. He goes down on his knees—and look up at me—so! Tch! He is a pig! Every day I wash myself—clean—all over. But he—he is like a pig. He is no man. Tch! Yesterday I throw a kettle on heem. Then he cry—ugh! He makes me s-sick! I go away from heem."

"Then—he doesn't abuse you—he doesn't hurt you, Zenka?"

"Heem! I guess not! He would not dare to hurt me." Her eyes flashed and she set her lips in a proud pout.

In the next moment she was looking about the room in a side-long glance of admiration and envy. Her eyes came back at last and moved in a similar way over Elsa's body. Elsa had the disquieting feeling of being close to something strange and elemental and violent. She felt a faint warmth flow over her at the girl's gaze.

"What will your father say if you go back to live at home?" Elsa asked.

For a moment Zenka did not reply. She stared about her as if she had not heard the question. Finally she spoke, almost in a whisper. "My father—I guess he nearly kill me."

"And your friends?"

Zenka laughed suddenly. "Ha! My friends will laugh at me—call me the big fool! But maybe I don't go back there—to my father and my people. They do not know heem! I have not told them."

"Where will you go, then?" Elsa argued. "At least Nate does

MAD

A New Novel by
Martha Ostenso

who wrote

"Dark Dawn"



"I was very lonely,"
the girl said,
I come here again."

not hurt you. So many husbands would not treat you kindly at all."

"I do not care for that. If I had a husband I love—if he beat me—well, anyhow I love him, eh? Now I have a husband—he gives me a pain—he makes me sick—I never love heem—well, I go away."

For nearly an hour they talked together, at the end of which time Elsa found herself almost pleading with Zenka to go back and try to be a good wife to Nate Brazell. To all her entreaties, however, Zenka responded with an elemental logic, sometimes violent, sometimes cool and detached, but always stubbornly wilful. She did not love Nate Brazell—she could not live with him and be his wife. She would return to his house tonight, but on another night she would go away forever.

When Zenka left at last, Elsa went with her as far as the road. A moon had risen and in the soft glow Zenka was a charmed figure out of extravagant romance. She swept the vivid shawl about her sinuous body with all the grace of a gipsy dancing-girl. Elsa, regarding her obliquely as they made their way toward the road-way, saw in her a contradicting restiveness and placidity. She

was like a suave, half-domesticated animal. In her misty, dark look, Elsa felt that there lurked a subtle contempt for her, who was the wife of Bayliss Carew. It almost seemed as though Zenka, with some instinct uncommon and obscure, responsive to the very essence of existence, sensed the nature of her relationship with Bayliss—perhaps despised her for it. Elsa hated herself for the thought.

For "good-by" Zenka spoke some lilting word in her own tongue, which Elsa only half heard. Then she was gone, a strange figure at once shy and bold, slipping through the moonlight down into the Hollow.

Elsa stood in the roadway watching her until she was out of sight. She was about to turn back to the house again when she saw in the distance the gleaming headlights of Bayliss's car bobbing over the uneven ground on the farther side of the Hollow. She took an involuntary step or two forward, a sharp thrill racing over her body. She would run down the road and meet him before he came up out of the Hollow.

A little way along the road she halted abruptly. What was Bayliss doing? The car had stopped. Now it was backing up—turning around. Zenka, of course. He had met the girl and was taking her back to Nate Brazell's. It was only natural that he should do so. Why—of course—he would have to take her back. And yet . . .

Elsa caught at her heart. She had been running, without any control of her limbs, and now her knees were shaking under her, her arms were lifeless at her sides, her breath sobbed out dryly. What was happening to her? She caught herself up, like someone mad returning suddenly to sanity . . . Gertie Schwartz, of long ago in Iowa . . . She turned and walked back steadily up the hill, her stiff fingers pressed together, one hand within the other. A cascade of moonlight glided down over the Mountain and everything about her looked like dim spray—the whitening grass, the brushwood in the ravine, the white birches.

In the air now was the wine of Indian summer, golden, heady, lavishly spilled.

From the top of the Mountain, Elsa could look down across the Hollow and beyond, to where Axel Fosberg was building his new house, a mere shack that would take the place of the modestly comfortable frame house he had built there for Lily only a few

months ago. Axel was toiling alone down there, toiling day after day, from the first show of dawn until the last hour of twilight, the pathetic scapegoat of an evil fate. He was working frantically, they said, against the setting in of winter.

Elsa had gone down there only yesterday and had spoken to him, protesting that he was overworking, but Axel had laughed, his red face growing redder with bashful pride.

"Na-ow, it's not'ing! When a fella got somet'ing to look forward till—he likes vork! You know how it is vit'—” He inclined his head toward the house a mile away on the Fletcher farm, where Lily was staying with her mother.

"Yes, I know, Axel," Elsa had said. "I wish you every joy. I do!"

And then he had rubbed the back of his neck with his large, freckled hand, and looked at her with a wistfulness that had wrung her heart. She had turned Fleta into the road then and had ridden abruptly away, her tears blurring the landscape before her.

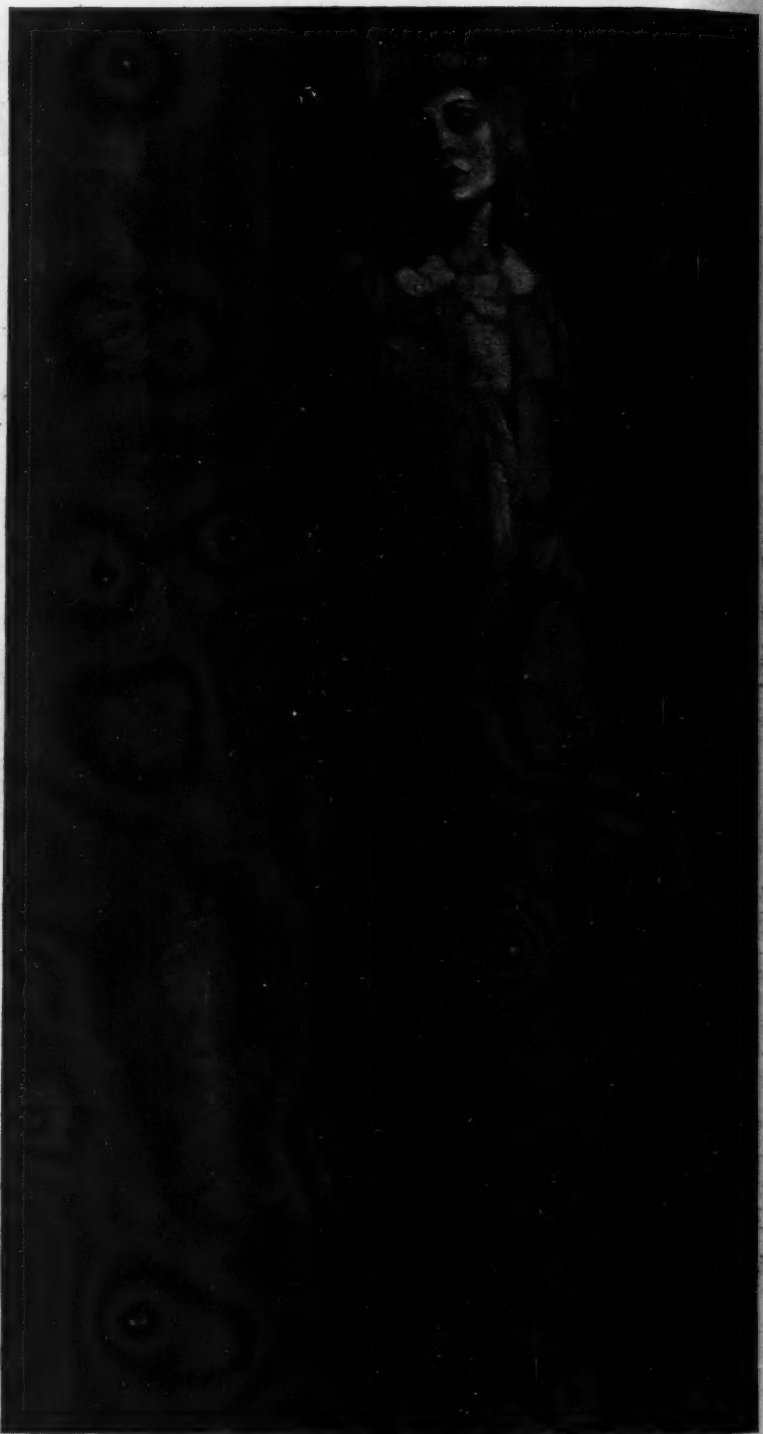
FROM the top of the Mountain, too, Elsa could see Fanny Ipsmiller striding about the Lundquist yard, hanging patchwork quilts and bright red woolen blankets on the line to be aired. Through the still, warm pause of the air came the sharp yapping of Nate Brazell's dogs, and yonder in the pasture, a little to the eastward, the form of a girl moved behind a small herd of cattle, with a sway to her body like the motion of tawny wheat. That was Zenka!

Elsa watched her, beating down a new madness that had writhed within her for days, every time she returned to the dark memory of that night of Zenka's visit. What was becoming of her, where was the pride and integrity of her mind, that she could wallow like this in the very mire of jealousy? She had argued with herself, hoping, despairing, but to no purpose. The feeling was there, a livid torch in her heart.

Westward, and a little to the north, the naked cottonwood grove on the Bowers farm made a gray latticework against the charmed blue of the sky. There it was that romance had come on an evening in June, ages ago it seemed to Elsa, come and tarried until she had fled from it afraid. There had been moments since then, brief, secret moments, in which the memory of that June night had come back to her with a disturbing warmth. But even that was dead within her now. Reef had called her on the telephone only an hour ago and told her that Joe Tracy was coming back to visit them on his way to South America. She had smiled at the news—Joe Tracy wandering the earth again, singing his songs under other skies, telling tales and making love for other ears to hear. The only thought that came to her mind was that she would have to tell Bayliss that Joe was coming to spend a few days with Reef and Leon.

In the evening Elsa walked among the slight young birches half-way up the slope. Bayliss had told her he would join her as soon as he had spoken to Gorham about going up to Sundower, first thing in the morning, for the load of feed he had ordered that day over the telephone.

Elsa was leaning against one of the young trees when she saw Bayliss making his way up the path toward her. He came at last and threw himself down on the grassy ground at her feet. She glanced down at him there, at the strong shoulders and the bronzed neck and the unruly ridge of his hair. A sharp



C "I married you, Bayliss—because I was afraid,"

excitement stirred within her. "Joe Tracy is coming back, Bay," she told him abruptly.

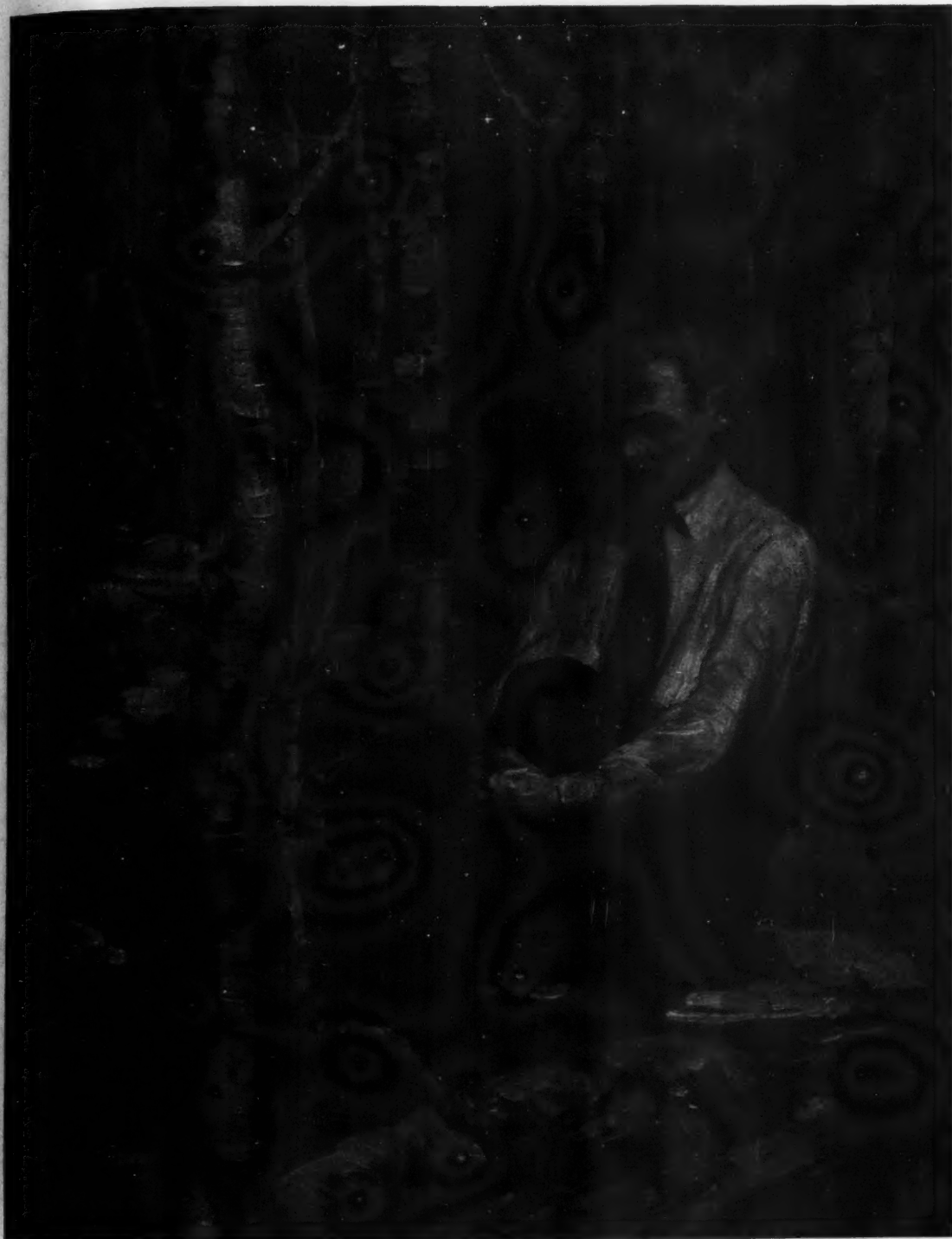
He did not look up at her, but she saw his slow smile lift one corner of his mouth, arrogantly.

"So Dale Whitney was telling me this afternoon," he observed quietly.

Elsa was silent for a moment. "Why didn't you speak of it at supper?" she asked finally.

He glanced up at her with a bantering smile that brought the warmth into her cheeks. "I didn't know it made so much difference," he said.

Her head fell back and her hands met and clenched behind the slender bole of the tree. Her lashes fringed together in a narrow



said Elsa. "I thought a marriage without love would be better than becoming a farm drab."

line as she fought for possession of herself. How easy it would be to tell him now that Joe Tracy's name was scarcely more than a memory to her! The impulse seized her suddenly to lose herself forever to him, to become on the instant another Carew woman, taking hungrily what a Carew man chose to give her, asking nothing more.

And then, like a small, bright image, the face of Zenka Brazell drifted before her eyes against the blue dusk. A Carew woman, accepting all the Zenkas through a lifetime of heartache and broken pride!

She strove to keep her voice steady as she replied, "No, Bayliss. Joe Tracy doesn't mean anything to me now. I just wondered why you had not told me, that was all."

Bayliss sat with his shoulders hunched forward, his hands clasped about his knees, his eyes fixed in the distance. "I've been thinking about that, too," he said presently. "It wasn't that I didn't think of telling you at supper—it was on my mind most of the time and I almost mentioned it a half-dozen times." He was silent again, gazing off across the dusk-enfolded prairie. "The truth is, Elsa, we're simply closing up toward each other. One of these days we'll turn the key in the lock and there'll be an end to it. That's a side of this little game of ours that we didn't see when we started out."

"It seems to me there are a number of sides to it that we didn't see when we started out," Elsa suggested, a little bitterly.

But Bayliss appeared not to have (Continued on page 162)

Love in Provence

MONSIEUR TOMBAREL was dying and prayed Monsieur Fontenay to visit him before he passed away. On receipt of this message, I abandoned my day's painting and started off.

Now lest you fear that I should harrow you by the tragic story of the demise of my dear friend Alcide Tombarel, Mayor of Creille, I must tell you at once that Tombarel was not dying at all. He thought he was; which, from his point of view, was all that mattered.

But during my journey on that December morning through the winding, sunlit slopes of the Alpes Maritimes behind Nice, I suffered pangs of sincere sorrow. We had, now, been close friends for some years. Tombarel and his little mountain affairs occupied a definite place in my life. He was my link between the cosmopolitan crowd with which my long residence in Cannes and my profession as a portrait painter forced me to associate, and the simple mountain folk of this land of Provence, land of stern wind and sunshine, which has always tugged at my heart.

Tombarel was getting on in years—past seventy—but yet, when last I had seen him, a man of rude health and vigor. Tombarel dying! As well say that the slopes covered with their dark olive trees heavy with fruit were withering into decay.

When we turned the corner of the gorge and there burst upon my view the old earth-colored town pinnacled on its hill, and the white marble trumpeter of the war memorial standing on his jut of rock that overhung the abyss and sending his message down the valley, the tears came into my eyes. For you must know that it was I who, coming as a stranger to Creille some years before, on a wine-seeking errand, and then falling so much in love with the picturesque old-world gentleman, its Mayor, as to paint his portrait, suggested the site of this war memorial.

I painted a replica of Tombarel's portrait which I presented to the town; wherefore I was made with municipal ceremony an honorary citizen of Creille. Tombarel became my friend, the tiny townlet at the back of beyond, a spot idiotically dear. The thought of severance of such ties was heart-rending.

Just as I drew up in front of the low red Provencal *mas* or farmhouse, the door opened and an aged nun emerged, her eyes on the ground, her rosary and dependent cross swinging wide of her shrunken chest. She got into a dusty carriage and drove off.

My spirits sank still lower. The visit of so holy and austere a person could only signify that my friend was *in extremis*. I turned my head and found Angélique, Tombarel's old servant, in the doorway.

"Ah, Monsieur, quel malheur!"



Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland

What, I asked, was the nature of the illness of Monsieur le Maire? It was a *congestion*. She wiped the tears from her eyes with the back of her gnarled hand. What kind of a congestion? She didn't know. The doctor said it was a congestion. *Ah, le pauvre homme!*

"Can I see him?"

Why, of course I could see him. He was anxiously awaiting me. Would I follow? Monsieur knew the lower part of the house, of course, but not the sleeping apartment of Monsieur le Maire. I cast a backward glance to the straggling cypress beneath which I had so often listened, at luncheon or dinner, to Tombarel's fascinating talk, and, with a deep sigh, followed the old woman up the narrow and winding stair.

IN a great room flooded by the December sunshine, with windows looking out over the mountains on the other side of the valley, I saw Tombarel, sitting up in bed, reading the *Éclairneur de Nice*. It was a spotless room, furnished in chaste comfort. Tombarel's white nightshirt was open at the neck, showing a glimpse of his muscular chest when he raised his leonine head and white pointed beard. He took off his gold spectacles as I entered and held out both hands.

"*Mon cher ami!* How good of you to come at a moment's summons. That's a friend."

"But," said I, rather taken aback by this robust welcome, "I thought you were at the point of death."

"That's true," said he. "I am."

As I had never seen a dying man so alert, I naturally asked from what malady he was dying.

"*Une congestion*"—he put his hands about his middle. "*C'est très grave.*"

The Story Behind the Mayoralty of Creille

By
William J.
LOCKE



*It was a perilous business
to get married in France
without parental consent. But Froi-
sette and Tombarel found opportu-
nities for all sorts of silly things.*

He went into details. Evidently he was having a bad time. The doctor from Nice said it was a congestion, a magic word explaining to the unscientific in the Midi the greater number of unpleasant bodily afflictions.

"He says it's a congestion of the liver, the spleen, the pancreas, the Lord knows what, and was for taking me off to his clinic to keep me under observation, with nurses and all the ante-funereal pomps. But no. Not for Tombarel. The old lion of the mountains dies in his mountains. Nice! *J'en ai soupe.*" He declared himself fed up with Nice. "I never pass through that town," he continued, "without thinking of the horrible years I passed there in the disgusting practise of land-surveying. And I an artist. No, my friend, here I am and here I remain."

Angélique entered bearing a bowl of soup and retired after delivering it into his hands. On its surface floated a quarter of an inch of oil.

"*Soupe aux légumes,*" said Tombarel in answer to my mute inquiry.

"Angélique must be off her head," said I, "to give you such unskimmed stuff. That layer of oil," I explained.

"The oil? But that's prescribed, *mon ami*. It is to grease the stomach."

And Tombarel put the bowl to his lips and drank off at a draft the oleaginous mixture, which on an Anglo-Saxon stomach would have had far direr effects than those of harmless lubrication. He wiped his white mustache with the napkin accompanying the bowl.

"I do that to please the doctor and Angélique. It is not a congestion of the liver, lungs, kidneys, spleen, pancreas from which I am dying. It is something far more serious and I can't tell the good Doctor Boucard. That's why I sent for you—to ask your advice. I am a lonely old man, without any ties in the world, and you're an Englishman with no prejudices and my dear friend. I can confide in you." He paused. "But sit down near me. Draw that chair." I obeyed him. He stretched out a long forefinger and held me with his dark eyes. "I believe I am dying of arsenical poisoning."

With a "Good Lord!" I held up horrified hands. "That's absurd!"

"By no means. Listen."

Again he described the unhappy symptoms of his illness, which,



“Monsieur Monriot,” said Tombarel, “this Fête of Saint Go-Go is a day

as far as my casual knowledge of criminology went, seemed to correspond with those in the recorded cases of murder by arsenic.

“But who would want to poison you, my poor Tombarel?”

He wagged his finger. “There are people who think I have lived too long and desire themselves to be Mayor of Creille.”

After considerable talk I pinned him down to a name. It was Monsieur Guiol, his *adjoint*, or deputy; Guiol, next to Tombarel the most respected man in the town; Guiol, the proprietor of the one general store, *Aux Arcades de Creille*.

Guiol had been peculiarly friendly of late, especially since Tombarel had first proclaimed himself to be slightly indisposed—a little bilious attack, nothing at all—and had not taken his chair at a meeting of the municipal council. Guiol had sent him grapes, partridges, cheeses—all sorts of delicacies. Guiol had a reputation for such generosity. Some years before, he had comforted Tombarel during an attack of influenza.

They were old friends and colleagues. But ever since the day that Tombarel had put the fear of God into the soul of his son, Ferdinand Guiol, over some affair connected with Madeleine Capenas, Tombarel had been conscious of a dull, lurking enmity. And Guiol had openly declared his intention of becoming Mayor of Creille.

“I’m going to be,” he had said with malignant wit, “*le tombeau de Tombarel*.”

Suddenly Tombarel grew white, the horrible white of an old man. “*Oh, que je souffre!*”

Would I summon Angélique?

I did what he bade me and wandered about the ragged garden and stared at the gleaming trumpeter down below on his rock commanding the gorge.

Presently Angélique came to me. The poor man was very ill and weak. He was in a syncope. Meanwhile he had given orders



of special privilege. I profit by it to demand from you the hand of your daughter in marriage."

for my luncheon. She had already prepared it; and he had prescribed a bottle of Château Lafitte 1878 which he had been saving for some great occasion in his old age; but now that he would never live to drink it, there was no one—so ran his message—more qualified to appreciate it than myself. Whereupon Angélique, already holding the dusty and venerable bottle, placed it in the sun to warm.

"It comes from the sun," said Angélique, obviously parroting Tombarel, "and it has lain in cold and darkness for nearly half a century and it needs the sun to warm its old blood."

"You are a poet, Angélique," said I.

What warmth and poetry, I thought mournfully, would be gone from my life if Tombarel were to die! But somehow I felt that Tombarel wouldn't die. The white-maned and white-bearded patriarch with bright dark eyes, sitting up and gesticulating in his fine artistic way, was no more dying than I was. As for the

hideously respectable linen-draper, Guiol, sending him poisoned meats, that was absurd. So comforting myself with these reflections, I sat down to such a meal as not all the millionaire chefs of all the millionaire hotels and restaurants of the Côte d'Azur could provide.


"Listen, my friend," I said an hour or two later, when I was again admitted to his bedroom. "May I speak plainly? It isn't your stomach that is dislocated, it's your brain. Our good Guiol——"

"If you would offer me one of your excellent cigarettes——" said Tombarel.

I sprang forward with open case. I may have said before that Tombarel had a childish liking for my particular brand.

"Now I see you're getting better," said I.

"Not at all. Since I am to die, I (Continued on page 138)



They Didn't **Believe** *in* *MARRIAGE*

EYE met eye across the crowded, smoke-clouded studio and it was as if the man—to Dorinda unknown—had put a question involuntarily, and been as involuntarily answered. All the matter of a second, but an electric, swiftly reminiscent second Dorinda found it, and for all her practised ease of manner, felt curiously shaken.

A young woman who has once married and who, after three years of gathering disillusion, has regained her freedom through divorce does not, if she be a Dorinda, welcome any such reminiscent emotional stirrings within her. Especially if she—like Dorinda—is bending all her energy to the reestablishment of herself in the manless career that marriage had interrupted.

This, however, was but the reaction of a moment. Cecilia Cravath, whose studio and shindig this was, came undulating toward her, hands outstretched. Cecilia, who did impressionistic portraits, looked like one—of a lady Borgia, with jade earrings and a sea-green robe.

"Dearest heart!" cooed Cecilia. "Where *have* you been keeping yourself all these months?"

Dorinda smiled sweetly. "Away from Tony's usual haunts," she retorted smoothly. "But I hear he has gone to Chicago for a month and so decided I might venture forth."

"Oh!" echoed Cecilia and looked a little at a loss—as well she might, inasmuch as Tony, who had been Dorinda's husband once, had been coming to her for tea and sympathy ever since his divorce. If not longer. But she recovered herself and cooed anew. "Tony is a dear—but he should never have married. Anyone, I mean."

"Tony," acquiesced Dorinda serenely, "should have been a Turk—if that is what you mean. He has an Oriental eye for women."

Strange to be discussing Tony this way! And with Cecilia! But then Dorinda did not doubt Tony had discussed her with Cecilia. As he had discussed Cecilia with her. Amusingly, because Tony could be amusing. It was not until later that one discovered that Tony, who could be so charmingly, intimately personal when he was with one and seem so impersonal about all other women, was—well, Tony.

To be so easily catalogued as that, now. But five years ago of another April afternoon such as this—tantalizing, disturbing, nebulously quickening—he had had the power to beglamour her.

Illustrations by
John La Gatta

They had met at just such an affair as this with Tony's swiftly focused, eager eyes seeking hers as she came in.

"I fell for you hard, all in a second," Tony had assured her afterwards, with his irresistible impetuosity doing strange things to the heart.

One did not realize then that Tony was forever falling for somebody. Hard! Or that his interest in women was as cosmic as Pan's. Tony *was* Pan. For

all that he sold bonds in Bond Street clothes, he was born to play on his pipes of Pan, pour out his heart to this woman and that. He couldn't help it. She had told him as much at the end.

He, being Tony, hadn't tried to argue it. Instead: "At times it strikes me as funny too," he had confessed. "I don't know what it is that gets me."

Dorinda could have told him. He was like a spoiled child who wants every toy he sees, reaches out greedily for it. Then, when

By Royal Brown

cadences in his voice once more. But she no longer had to armor herself against him, try to escape or elude. She was older, disillusioned. Through with Tony and—thank heaven!—with men.

"You can't just toss me aside like an old hat," he had flamed. "I've been too

much to you for that. You simply can't!"

But astonishingly she could.

Love? Romance? Marriage? Never again for Dorinda, thank you.

And yet as she sipped her studio tea, she knew that, in her own phrase, she was being page!

"Who are you—and what are you doing here?" masculine eyes had asked of her as she had come in. Involuntarily, impetuously.

"None of your business," Dorinda felt that her eyes should have answered—but had they?

Now, casually, she let her eyes traverse the crowded studio. She knew many of those present, for Tony, though a seller of bonds, had been bohemian in his tastes.

"Or rather," amended Dorinda, "bohemians permitted him to indulge his tastes rather more than the conventional set he belonged in would."

This was all in her mind as her eyes came coolly to the man they sought. His attention had been momentarily recaptured by the woman who talked to him, and so Dorinda had a chance to survey him, casually and deliberately. He was tanned so deeply that, save for his hair, he might have been Desdemona's Moor. Something feminine in her approved his width of shoulder tapering into lean liteness, and for all he stood so entirely in repose, she had an impression that he could move swiftly, handle himself with cool efficiency in a crisis. Yet:

"The strong, silent sort," gibed Dorinda who detested strong, silent men. And who, in truth, preferred to remain armored against all men. Yet the next second she all but caught her breath. Someone had opened a window to let the April breeze in and his head had gone up. Not answering April's challenge but drinking in its freshness as a man drinks cold water.

Then, abruptly, his eyes found hers again. But Dorinda let hers slip swiftly to greet Cecilia, who had rejoined her, ready—she knew Cecilia!—to coo a too artless cross-examination.

Did she, Dorinda, ever see Tony? Didn't she think he was looking well? And of course she understood why Tony came to see her, Cecilia, so much. It was just that he wanted a sympathetic shoulder to weep on and—

"I only dropped in for a minute," announced Dorinda, forestalling all this. "Thanks for nourishment—I must run."

And run she did. Not that she didn't trust herself. But she had learned from experience that a man whose eyes started saying things to her even before they were introduced could prove anything but an asset. And she knew too that any man would simply clutter up her days now.

"Did you ever own a dog?" the man demanded. "Do you always rush after strange women to ask them about the dogs they may have owned?" Dorinda retorted.

he has it, his interest diminishes, vanishes. But take a toy away from him!

"You haven't any idea what I'm going through," he had assured her tempestuously after the divorce had been secured, with Tony acting the rôle of perfect gentleman. "If I'd known for a second how much you meant to me—"

No one could question his sincerity. The imperfect husband had become the perfect lover once more. He wanted her tremendously. All the old hunger in his eyes, the impetuous



C "Mr. Burton builds railways in Africa and hunts lions," said Dorinda. "Isn't lion hunting fairly tame, really?" Tony suggested, with a note of challenge.

The April sunshine, brilliant yet with all harshness removed from it by the mysterious alchemy of spring, engulfed her as she reached the street and pointed her charming nose toward Washington Square.

Twenty swift paces and then a voice at her shoulder.

"Did you ever own a dog?" it demanded.

Dorinda, eyes wide with surprise, glanced up. Was the man

utterly mad? "I owned a dog—once," she retorted. "Do you own a hat?"

"Yes—but I didn't stop for it," he replied. And added, "What kind of dog did you own?"

His eyes held hers. Cool eyes, humorous. The sort of eyes that smile before the lips do. Dorinda felt hers answering treacherously before she realized what they were about.

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"He was supposed to be a pointer—but I think there was more than that to him," she replied. "Do you always rush after strange women to ask them the pedigrees of the dogs they may have owned?"

"Very seldom," he assured her gravely. "Only when it seems as if they must have owned the right kind of dog."

"What would the wrong kind be?" she couldn't help asking.

"Any kind of lap-dog," he explained. "Pekingese or Pom—I would have wept had you confessed to either. But of course you wouldn't."

Dorinda, who had turned her eyes back where they belonged—straight ahead—let one corner of the nearer survey him. And warned to him as she shouldn't. But then it was April. The time when you—

"Stop, look and listen," Dorinda reminded herself abruptly.

So, coming to a full stop, she said, "It's very good of you to take such interest in my childhood pets but now that you have satisfied it—hadn't you better return for your hat?"

"Oh, I can buy a hat as we walk up the Avenue," he replied.

"As we walk up the Avenue," she echoed. "What makes you think we are going to?"

"Because," he answered, "you look like the sort of girl who would rather walk than taxi. And of course you remember how your dog looked when you started out without him."

Dorinda did.

"Well," said he, "that's the way I felt when I saw you go out."

"My dog," commented Dorinda, dimpling in spite of herself—"It was that dimple of yours that got me first," Tony had told her—

"never walked at heel. Or even by my side. He used to roam about. If it would give you any pleasure to walk up Fifth Avenue with me that way—"

"I can think of a better way," he assured her. And added impulsively, "Please don't think me mad. I'm just out of Africa and—"

He drew a deep breath while his eager eyes pleaded with her. "I'm not a Sentimental Tommy," he went on swiftly. "And yet there were moonlit nights out there when I simply ached for chit-chat with crêpe de Chined femininity. Can't you—understand that?"

At the moment Dorinda was not crêpe de Chined and might have so reminded him. But she knew that her hat merited the tribute his eyes offered it. Or was it what he saw under the hat? It didn't matter.

"Well," she commented practically, "there's no reason why you should lack chit-chat with crêpe de Chined femininity now—not in New York."

"Really?" The smile that flashed in his eyes before his lips followed suit was attractive. "Then—let's walk!"

Dorinda hesitated. "I'm only going as far as Eleventh Street," she remarked.

"A starving man never yet refused a crust," he replied.

And so they walked. In silence for a second while Dorinda considered: The man obviously needed to be properly keyed.

"How does New York seem—after your years in the jungle?" she asked politely.

"Great for a change," he replied. "But in the long run give me the jungle. This would stifle me. I could never live in New York—or any city."

AND that was understandable. It was in his eyes—the eyes of a man born to wear seven-league boots. Yet:

"Really?" she asked. And being feminine, for all that she was off men for life, found herself adding, "You seemed to be getting along famously at Cecilia's this afternoon."

He grimaced expressively if unconsciously. "My publisher suggested I might like a glimpse of that sort of thing," he explained.

"Your publisher?" echoed Dorinda. "Do you mean to say that—"

"I fell into the habit of jotting down impressions—killing time," he explained boyishly, engagingly embarrassed. "About Africa. I had no idea it would ever be published—I'm an engineer, not a writer—but I let a man read it, and incredibly it has been."

"And is selling?" she suggested swiftly.

"Did you ever buy such a book?" he countered. "Of course not. Who would—or does? Yet amazingly enough some people have. Nothing staggering as to total. But the publisher seems to think that if I'd lecture a bit the book would go better. I'm in New York arguing that. I'd rather face a lion any day—or night, rather—"

"You have faced lions then?" she broke in quickly.

"A few—they're in the book. I'll send you a copy if you'd care

for it. But don't ask me to talk about Africa now. Tell me instead what you were doing there this afternoon."

"Me? Why not? Cecilia is what—well, what we women call an old friend. Not that that means anything."

"You don't belong with that crew," was his surprising suggestion. "You do something—what?"

She glanced up at him and as their eyes met felt the desire to try a touchstone on him. "I dropped in in search of inspiration—looking for a Gothic nose or eyebrow," she said, and supplemented that with, "I'm trying very hard to be an architect. Just now I'm at work on a little Gothic church, you see."

Of course he would not understand the Gothic nose part. Few people did. They had no idea from what queer sources ideas came. And yet:

"Did you find it?" he asked.

"No," she confessed. "My attention was distracted and—"

Gracious—was she about to tell him how her attention had been distracted? She checked herself hastily.

"Too bad," he commiserated. "If it were only a Christopher Wren church I might help. I have an aunt in Boston who looks as if Christopher Wren himself designed her. Perhaps you'd like her address."

A QUEER little thrill ran through Dorinda. The man understood. Amazing that. So amazing that it was a full second before she realized that her homing feet, having carried her automatically into West Eleventh Street, had now halted as automatically before the apartment-house in which she had her Lares and Penates.

"Thanks. I wish I could offer you the address of crêpe de Chined femininity," she smiled up at him, and then by way of dismissal offered him a slim competent hand.

He clasped it in his. A strongly molded man's hand, hard, brown and calloused, yet flexible and sensitive too.

"I wonder—would you feel that you could show me some of your plans sometime?" he asked.

"I'd be glad to," replied Dorinda politely.

"When?" he demanded instantly—and altogether too eagerly.

Dorinda had had experience with these eager men. They traveled altogether too fast. Sooner or later one used the curb. Better let it be sooner.

"Oh, not until they are much more shaped than they are so far," she replied coolly. And added deliberately, "If then. You have come to New York, remember, for frivolous chit-chat with crêpe de Chined femininity—not the inspection of blueprints prepared by a desperately driven woman architect."

The man had the wit to know when he was snubbed, any way. She saw his instant withdrawal and was a bit conscience-stricken. He was sensitive.

"Well, all the more reason why he should be curbed at once," she might have reminded herself. Yet, lest he be too badly hurt, she added quickly: "Don't forget that you promised to send me your book—and please autograph it too."

"He liked that," Dorinda informed Dorinda.

And he was obviously uplifted. "I will—but to whom shall I autograph it?" he asked. "Name, please?"

"Dorinda Dunn," supplied Dorinda. Then, confused at that ever-occurring slip of the tongue—after eleven months of divorce too—corrected herself swiftly to "Dorinda West, I mean."

"It's surprising," he commented slowly, "that I never thought of that. I might have known—"

"Known what?" demanded Dorinda as he paused.

"That you had a husband in the offing," he supplied steadily.

"Have I—made an awful ass of myself?"

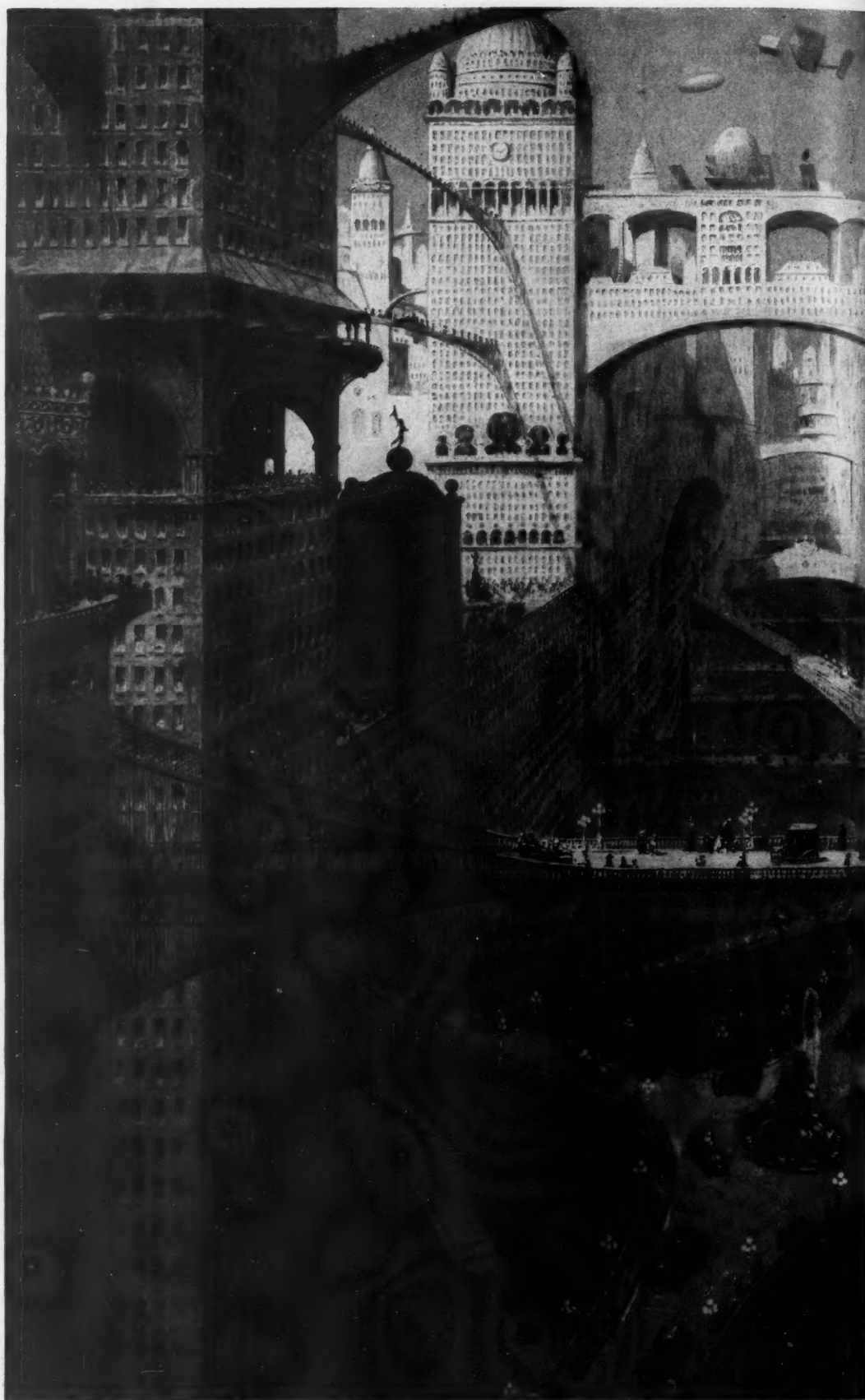
For a second Dorinda all but gaped. Then she realized that he thought she had started to give him her maiden name and then supplied her married name, instead of the other way around. Her immediate impulse was to set him right. Instead, after second thought:

"In the offing is quite right," she assured him coolly. "At the moment he's in Chicago—else you might have met him at Cecilia's this afternoon."

And though that was literally true her intent was to deceive. Because, everything considered, it was well that this man—tinder after so many months in the jungle—should get no false notions about her availability as a playmate. A husband in the offing would check him at once. Even a divorced husband—provided she did not mention that he was divorced.

Checked he certainly was. "Is he as devoted as all that?" he suggested, his voice and manner subtly but unmistakably changed.

"You'd be surprised how devoted (Continued on page 210)



In cities such as this, in the Day after Tomorrow, telephone, telegraph and wireless may be relics of the past; for a man may sit in his office and see and communicate with others, regardless of distance, by mental telepathy.

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By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

First, Mail—Next, the Telephone—Now, Wireless
Is the Next Step

Mind Reading?

THE future city man sitting in his office may call in his secretary and say: "Miss Jones, I wish to give some instructions to our representative in Persia. Kindly do not let me be interrupted until I have finished my conversation with him. And you might pull down those blinds. I find I can concentrate better in darkness."

In his darkened room he may "go into the silence," as it is called by Oriental philosophers, and concentrate his thought upon Mr. Brown in Persia . . .

"Is that you, Brown? . . . Yes, Silas K. Smith speaking . . . About those consignments . . . What's your idea? I don't quite get it . . . Oh, yes! The camel caravan hasn't arrived from Teheran? Well, now, what do you think of that? . . ."

It sounds comical, put that way. Too ordinary and commonplace. And yet very serious scientists, not believing at all in spiritualism or other forms of supernatural agency, believe that by developing the normal and natural powers of the human mind it may be possible to communicate directly with other minds, regardless of distance.

They may be miracle workers, those children of ours in the Day after Tomorrow, not in the sense that they will defy the laws of nature, but in the sense that they will control and use these laws with a power that now seems to us marvelous and incredible.

It will be possible, they say, to see every detail of the life and actions of living people thousands of miles away, by no supernatural agency, by purely natural though incomprehensible laws within the minds of men and women. It is possible—it will soon become a commonplace, they suggest—for living people to project some image of themselves to other minds far away, to call to them for help, to warn them of impending danger.

Other gifts even more marvelous may be ours. We may get outside time and see and know of things in the "before" and the "now" and the "future," which are only terms of time-bound minds.

By "going into the silence" our minds may travel, as it were, a little faster than our bodies and see things with which we shall catch up later with our physical beings. We may be able to see our own future lives, the future of history, the happenings that are to come, though it is by our free will and decision that they shall happen. Here again this gift may come to us not by any supernatural agency, not by any communication with spirits, not by any magic, but by developing natural faculties of the human mind which all of us have but few of us use.

If these things are true they open up new vistas of knowledge and power which await men and women of the future.

Is there any evidence which makes them credible? Is a new science of mind being developed or are we being duped by a hark-back to old superstitions belonging to the dark ages of history? Is it possible that ancient modes of magic had some foundation in truth and that they were practised by people who had some dim and debased recollections of a knowledge of natural powers once known to previous civilizations and lost in the wreckage of ancient races, or overlaid by other interests and conditions of life?

It is the study of autosuggestion which has put science on the track of many strange things which will be familiar to and widely used by the children of tomorrow. And it must not be forgotten that this knowledge of certain powers of the mind over the body is directly due to hypnotism, or "mesmerism" as it was first called, which was regarded as a diabolical act of sorcery when it was exploited by charlatans in the eighteenth century.

Merely by self-suggestion, or by the suggestion of others acting powerfully on our minds, it is possible, as we now know, to cause or cure many diseases which are not merely nervous but have a physical reality.

At the French clinic at Nancy established by the late Emile Coué, blind men recovered their sight, the deaf were made to hear, the paralyzed were able to walk, sometimes instantaneously as though by a divine miracle, sometimes after a long course of treatment.

It was not done by faith healing in the ordinary sense of the words. It was done quietly by a very simple and rather child-like man with a little white beard and blue, honest eyes and a charming smile, who told his patients that they could cure themselves by powers within themselves—by suggesting to their own imaginations that they could see or walk or hear when they were blind or lame or deaf, and by letting this suggestion work in their subconscious minds without any effort of will.

I myself saw Coué cure several people from stammering. I was at the Albert Hall in London where he was not demonstrating his cures by suggestion but giving a lecture on his theories. Good-humoredly, however, he consented to deal with several lifelong stammerers who clambered onto the platform.

Smiling at them, he made each man repeat very slowly after him, "I will never stammer again." They did so with great difficulty and hesitation for the first time, and with greater ease the second time, and with perfect ease the third time.

"Now," said Coué, laughing heartily, "say 'I am cured!' Say it as loudly as you can."

Each man shouted out "I am cured!" and afterwards I heard them chattering to their friends with great fluency and every sign of joy.

IT is perfectly true to say that most of the diseases which may be cured by suggestion are due to nervous disorder, but that disorder actually produces organic effects, owing to the intimate relation between mind and body.

In many cases illness is entirely imaginary in its cause, but it is illness nevertheless, profoundly affecting the bodily health. It follows, or at least it is proved that an intense act of imagination may cure as well as cause a malady.

The most amusing instance of this recorded by Baudoin is that of a man who suffered from asthma and was awakened in a country inn with a violent paroxysm.

Greatly distressed for breath, he got out of bed and hunted for the matches, which he could not find. He groped about for the window and fumbled against a pane of glass. Confound it all, where's the window bolt? He could not find it, and gasping for breath smashed the pane with his fist. Again and again he filled his lungs with air. The throbbing at his temples passed. His gasps and spasms ceased. He returned to bed feeling enormously relieved . . . Next morning one of the items on his bill was "Broken clock case, 4.35 francs."

That is a comical case, but it illustrates the force of imagination really and truly acting upon the physical organs, and to quote the tremendous words of Doctor William Brown: "*We cannot set any fixed limit to the power of the mind over the body.*"

Modern scientists are finding out many secrets about the human mind, but it is all rather new knowledge and as yet unexplained. It is only recently that men like Freud and Jung have explored the life of the subconscious mind, that secret and hidden life which stores up every sensation, (Continued on page 173)

By Arthur Somers
Roche

Silk



C. "For Today Only
—\$2 a Pair."
Mary Jane abstracted
a two-dollar bill.

SOME say the heart of the city is at 26 Broadway, where they make the dimes that John D. gives away. But those who say this are all bankers, and what does a banker know about the heart? Others say that it's at Times Square, right by Georgie Cohan's flag factory. But you buy your mirth and your grief in the emotion foundries that skirt the Rialto, and the heart of the city is not for sale.

No, the heart of the city is somewhere else. Take hold of my hand, try not to jay-walk, and I'll take you for a stroll.

And, goodness me, whom do we stumble over but Mary Jane Carter! Look her over. Height five feet four, weight one-sixteen, chest a round of applause, waist an encore, hips a curtain call, and ankles three ringing cheers. And when she smiles, there's a dimple exactly seven-sixteenths of an inch from the left corner

of her mouth. They grow these dimples only down in Virginia.

Oh, yes, Mary Jane Carter is from the Old Dominion. But hold your breath, for here comes your first surprise. She isn't one of the Carters, the old plantation wasn't lost during the Civil War, and the Emancipation Proclamation didn't free a single one of Mary Jane's grandparents' slaves.

There is no aristocracy about Mary Jane. Didn't I tell you that she was a good-looker? Well, I've served you the *hors d'oeuvres*, the soup, the fish, the entrée, the salad and the roast, so here's dessert; black eyes that always seem to smile through tears, like sunshine through a mist, and black bobbed hair that curls at the ends. And if you let it twine around your finger, you'll find it has enmeshed your heart.

"Excuse me, Miss Carter, but the letter *l* occurs twice in 'analyze,'" said Thayer Roderick.

The dimple seven-sixteenths from the left hand corner of Mary Jane's mouth showed for seven-sixteenths of a second.

"Why, of course, Mr. Roderick," replied Mary Jane.

She carefully applied an eraser to the sheet of paper and made two *l*'s bloom where only one had grown before.

And she knew that her employer was wrong. Boys, what a woman, what a wife!

Thayer Roderick smiled graciously. "Don't worry about it, Miss Carter; anyone as efficient as you are must make an occasional mistake, or you wouldn't be human."

The dimple showed again. Twenty-eight dollars a week he paid Mary Jane and she told him he was right and unveiled the dimple. The man who bought Manhattan Island for thirteen dollars purchased building sites, but Thayer Roderick rented a kissing site. The buyer of the island didn't know what he was getting? Well, neither did Thayer Roderick.

Mary Jane's employer was so rich that he could afford to underpay his employees. It takes a mighty rich man to get away with that.

Not that Roderick was mean. But Roderick had inherited his money from a Scotch father whose proudest boast was that he paid less for everything than anyone else. Roderick *père* was a most unhappy man. I never saw a smiling miser.

Young Roderick was brought up with the idea that ninety-two cents make a dollar. Six percent discount and two percent bonus.

It's great for the purse-strings but not so good for the heart-strings, and this is a story about hearts, isn't it?

He thought he was a very hard-working man. As a matter of fact, all he did was to collect the rents on leases which astute attorneys had negotiated. An office-boy could have performed competently all of Thayer Roderick's labors. He might have traveled the world.

His income was a half-million a year. And he spent about a thousand a month. He was thirty-four years old, inclined to baldness and dyspepsia, wore thick glasses and unpressed clothes, and had about as much charm as an apple orchard in the winter. A little too thin, a little too ungainly, a little too shy and a little too homely to be the hero of this or any other story, except for one thing—Mary Jane loved him!

Perhaps she saw beneath the mountain of money that had crushed Roderick, and realized that his heart was hungry for happiness, that his eyes could sparkle and his lips smile. Don't ask me why a woman loves a man.

But she loved him. Be sure that a secretary-stenographer as competent as Mary Jane would never have worked for twenty-eight dollars a week unless she loved her employer. Hadn't Renegan of the Marvelous Motion Picture Company offered her a place in his office at forty? And hadn't young Thomas,

Illustrations by
Leslie L. Benson

Stockings

of Thomas & Ryan, attorneys, tried to engage her at fifty? Of course they had. And nice decent young fellows had asked her to dinner and the theater, and many of them had shown openly that they were ready to go the full distance right up to the minister's decision.

And she'd never gone with any of them. Not that she loved Roderick so much that she was incapable of having a good time with anyone else, but her salary was twenty-eight dollars a week. You see, you can't go out with a boy if you haven't anything decent to wear.

Why, Mary Jane didn't even wear silk stockings. Don't curl your lip; don't say that this is impossible. I'm telling you the truth. Read the figures. She paid eight dollars a week for a room on West Sixteenth Street. Breakfast cost thirty cents, luncheon forty-five and dinner sixty-five. That's one-forty a day, or ninety-eight a week. Ten cents a meal for tips added two-ten to the budget. Carfare was sixty cents a week. Altogether that comes to twenty dollars and a half, leaving seven dollars and a half, out of which Mary Jane sent ten dollars a week to pay for the board of her mother back home in Richmond.

Now don't ask me how she did it. I don't want to tell you that a pretty, charming, well-bred girl went without her breakfast, skimmed on her luncheons, did her own laundry. You might believe me, a couple of million of you, and then the government would blame me because you all went Bolshevik.

How could Mary Jane Carter love a man who underpaid her? Well, I don't know many overpaid wives, but the marriage business seems flourishing.

Bending over her, watching her put the extra letter in "analyze," Thayer Roderick became conscious that there was something more than efficiency seated at the typewriter. All of the charms which I have feebly tried to convey to you became suddenly visible to Mary Jane's employer. The stenographer, looking up, brushed her hair against the employer's thick glasses. Tinder and spark. Thayer Roderick's arms went about the girl. If you had asked him, at this moment, how much he wanted for the five-story building on West Fifty-third Street, he wouldn't have been able to answer you.

For he was tasting lips of pre-Volstead quality, and his head swam, and his heart beat against his shirt as it had not done since the day when the Inter-state Bank had offered three million for the Broad Street property.

Finally he released her. "I—hardly know what to say, Miss Carter," he stammered.

Mary Jane smiled. "So long as you don't apologize, anything you say will be all right."

"Will you do me the honor to become my wife?" he asked stiltedly.

You see, this was the first girl that Roderick had ever kissed. All his life he had been obsessed with the idea that he would be married for his money. Valuing money as highly as he did, he assumed that everyone else held it in the same estimation. He was painfully conscious of his lack of attraction. An inferiority complex had made him avoid the society of others.

Scheming mamas had long ago given up hope of making a son-in-law of the Roderick millions. Society, in which he might have cut considerable dash, had forgotten his very existence. And easily atrophied are the emotions. If one everlastingly quells them, they harden.

Yet here was a thrill that was greater than balancing the bank-book. Trembling, he awaited Mary Jane's reply.

"Why, you darling man, you know I will," said Mary Jane. Kisses, embraces. The fragrance of a woman's hair. The murmured silliness that seems so profound.

"And I'm going out to buy you the biggest diamond in New York," declared Roderick. He threw out his chest. After all, he was worth millions. There might be more stalwart and



Thayer saw her enraptured face—and
that her legs were encased in cotton.

handsome lovers, but few of them could buy what he could buy.

And his love had been very wise. He might have married a girl who, accustomed to luxury, would not be impressed by his gifts. To marry a poor girl who would find gratitude fuel for her love was a very canny act.

"The biggest diamond in New York," gasped Mary Jane. Roderick's eyes hardened. Subtle doubt crept into his mind. Mary Jane was so impressed by his promise that perhaps she had weighed these matters in advance. But he must dismiss

such thoughts. Look at her curling lashes; look at the dimple; remember the feeling of the lips upon his own.

"And I'm going out to get it right now," he declared.

El Cid announcing that he would bring home the Saracen's head upon his lance; Scott stating simply that he'd get the Pole; St. George broadcasting that he'd trim the dragon. Along with these place Roderick's statement. For those others had been prepared merely to part with their lives, while Thayer Roderick was going out to spend his dough.

Mary Jane, whose love had not rendered her completely blind, paled as she heard the reiteration of Roderick's gallant intention. Love ought not to demand the adored one's very heart's blood, so she lifted a restraining hand.

"A little stone would do," she said.

The office boy in the next room dropped the sporting-page. He tiptoed to the door. For a strange sound had come from the private office. It was a deep-chested laugh, and Thayer Roderick had never been heard to chuckle before. Then the boy stepped aside as Roderick burst through the door.

There was confidence in his manner, decision in his stride, and a great light of pride in his eyes. The boy stared surprisedly after him. Then he walked into the inner office.

"The old man must have raised the rents all over town," he said. "I never saw him happy like this."

Mary Jane looked up at him. Indignant words trembled upon her tongue but were not uttered.

"Multi marries stenog," he grinned. "Put it there, Miss Carter. Congrats. And when the boss comes back believe me, I'll tell him that he certainly filled a straight flush when he grabbed himself an ace like you."

Mary Jane colored violently. "Why, Micky, what makes you—how dare you—"

"When a cough loosens up it means the end of a cold, don't it?" he jeered. "Well, when the boss leaves the office without warning me not to use the telephone at his expense, he's either dying or just beginning to live."

Mary Jane flamed in defense of her adored one. "Mr. Roderick isn't stingy."

"Certainly not. His pocketbook has a low blood-pressure, that's all," said Micky. "But he's a right guy even if he does coddle his quarters. Luck and everything, Miss Carter. Gee, I can see you in a rope of pearls with about a thousand diamonds on your hands—I wish I worked for some handsome old lady of about twenty-two."

Mary Jane laughed; then she shushed Micky from the room while she sat before her typewriter and composed a letter to her widowed mother in Richmond. Alas for habit, a fig for efficiency, and gol-darn anything that preserves us as we were! Photographs showing us before we were bald and had a silly curl across our foreheads, and carbon copies of yesterday's letters. For Mary Jane made a copy of her letter to her mother.

THE diamond that Thayer Roderick brought back to his fiancée was not the largest in New York, but it was perhaps the most beautiful solitaire that had ever graced a girl's finger. Pear-shaped, bluish white, it sparkled almost as beautifully as the eyes of Mary Jane. But the money it cost was cheaply expended if it brought such a kiss of gratitude from Mary Jane.

So Thayer Roderick thought, which goes to show how much in love he was. His whole valuation of money underwent a sudden change; money was only valuable for the smiles it could bring to the lips of the beloved. Thayer Roderick went on a regular jag of spending thoughts.

"And the yacht will meet us at Cannes, and we'll cruise through the Mediterranean. We'll have a small apartment in town but a big place in the country—an opera box—your own town car—horses—" But oh, the gifts that Mary Jane exchanged for these were of the lovely heart of her, and Roderick knew that, as always, he had made a bargain.

They dined together that evening in a quiet restaurant, where no one notices if you squeeze your girl's hand beneath the tablecloth. They went to the theater, and afterwards they danced.

Neither of them slept much that night, and Roderick was so anxious not to miss a moment with the girl of his heart that he arrived at the office before nine o'clock the following morning. The chair where she sat, the desk on which reposed her typewriter, the eraser she used, the pencils with which she took notes—all these were invested with charm. He touched them all lovingly.

And then he opened a drawer in the desk.

Mind you, Thayer Roderick was a gentleman. But the letters in the drawer were part of the business routine of the office.

And so he had read the last paragraph of the top one before he realized that this was not for his eyes.

"And, Mother darling, you will no longer live in a shabby boarding-house. I will send you more money than you can spend. Your loving daughter, Mary Jane."

Mary Jane Carter arrived ten minutes later. Thayer Roderick met her with a sneer.

"So you are marrying me in order that your mother may have more money," he began.

Don't blame him; remember that he had always considered himself the prey of every money-hungry Manhattanite. But he never finished what he began. Mary Jane, her eyes blazing with scorn, stripped the diamond from her finger, placed it on the desk, and walked out of the office.

Of course, Roderick could have cut his own heart out ten minutes later. Why shouldn't a girl think of her mother and want to share her prosperity? Then the devil of doubt told him that no woman would love him for himself alone. And the devil, unfortunately, nearly always wins.

Thayer Roderick crawled back into the shell from which love for Mary Jane had temporarily dragged him. He raised rents right and left; he foreclosed mortgages like a Shylock. He seemed to become more near-sighted than ever, because he never looked up or to either side as he moved along the street.

SO IT was that, six months later, he didn't see the girl in the shabby coat who stood before the window of the Emerald Stocking Company. That is, he didn't see her until he was two feet from her. Then he stopped short; forgotten were all his resolutions that he would never speak to her again, and that he would hate her if he did see her.

She was staring at the display of silk stockings. Fill me things, so sheer that they resembled spider-webs, shrieked to every passing woman. "Unprecedented Bargains," the placard said. "For Today Only—\$2 a Pair."

He glanced at Mary Jane's pretty legs; they were encased in cotton. He glanced at her enraptured face. Then he watched her hands as they opened her cheap purse and abstracted a two-dollar bill. She made an impulsive start toward the store; then she hesitated. Then her head went back, determination ruled her; she reached the door of the shop.

A whining beggar, blind, selling pencils, thrust himself forward. Mary Jane looked at him; she looked at the display of stockings; she looked at her two-dollar bill. Then, impulsively, she thrust the bill into the beggar's hand.

And this was the girl who loved money so much that she would marry a man she didn't love in order to share his wealth!

Thayer Roderick leaped forward. Before three hundred people he kissed his best beloved on the mouth.

Mary Jane's hands went up to his chest. But before she could push him away he had already released her. Because her lips had not returned his kiss.

"If my husband should happen to see you—" she began.

She never finished the sentence. With a gasp of dismay he fled. Heart-broken, he went to his office.

"And would you believe it, Miss Carter," said Micky an hour later, "he reduced every rent a flat twenty percent, and wrote checks for half a million for different charities."

Micky frequently met Mary Jane and shyly cavaliered her home.

An un-handsome man loitered next day outside Mary Jane's place of employment. He accosted her brusquely.

"I just want to tell you, Mary Jane, that if I'd known you were married I'd not have done what I did yesterday."

"And if I'd known what you did yesterday I'd not have told you I was married," said Mary Jane.

He knew what she meant. "I hadn't given the money away when I kissed you," he said.

"But now that you have?" suggested Mary Jane.

He kissed her, and the pre-Volsstead kick was in those sweet ripe lips.

"And it doesn't matter what you say, Mary Jane," he shouted, "we're going somewhere where we can get the license and be married the same day."

Mary Jane glanced at her shabby dress; she looked down at her cotton stockings. Roderick laughed masterfully.

"Then we're coming back to town," he said, "and buy all the stockings in the world."

What's that? I promised to show you the heart of the city? Listen, the heart of the city beats beneath the shabby dresses of such as Mary Jane.

A Girl on a Barge by Rupert Hughes (Continued from page 53)

steering away. He would correct his course and gaze straight ahead until his eyes were pulled round, and he would be studying anew the little figure so vague at last in the gathering dusk that he could not be quite sure whether she had gone in or not.

He almost ran down a rowboat crossing the broad river. The howl of the oarsmen fetched him back to attention just in time. When the danger was over, and he could look round, the whole river was smoking with mist and the barge was hardly to be seen.

It was grand there on the water, but lonely. The engine chugged away like a big heart. It was hard work dragging those great bulks through the stout current, but tugs were glutinous for work. Tugs could shove or lug ocean liners into place. And Fogarty could make the tug obey the least twist of his wrist. But he could not talk to that girl. He would stare back at the barge, sound asleep and dark except for the signal-light. And he imagined the young lady where she slept. And he wished to heaven she might be standing alongside him and letting him learn her how to steer a boat, and he staring at the moonlight on her instead of the black barge bumming along off there so near and so far.

The long night brooded over the river and he kept his watch till early morning released him from his task. The world blazed with a gaudy dawn but no one was astir on the Bridget Maria, and he turned into his bunk to sleep.

When he was up again, he was only a deck-hand once more. He must help polish the bits of brass, wash down the decks and touch up the woodwork with a paint-brush. He kept glancing across the gap of water to the barge, and when the girl was visible the world seemed to be inhabited.

Evidently her home was one of those old-fashioned barges that had no comforts aboard. The crazy stovepipe sticking out of the cabin and smoking like an old broken pipe showed that, not to mention the rotten paintless planks and the gaping uncalked seams between them.

She came up by and by with a baby in her arms, and it stuck a knife in him to wonder if it could be hers. Such things happened.

She had the heart of a mother in her. She dandled the baby, sang to it, tossed it in air, poked her finger at it, showed it the world and the river. She even pointed its hand at the tug and flopped the little, mit. So Fogarty waved a response to the salute.

The girl turned away again, but very slowly now. She paced up and down, singing, likely, to the brat. Then the old woman waddled out and sat on a broken-backed chair and took the baby and put it to nurse. And that took a great strain off Fogarty's mind.

At last they turned out of the Hudson westward into the state Barge Canal, and now the sunset was in their faces as they came to a lock. Here the tug and the barges were all huddled together while they rode on the water-elevator to the next level.

Fogarty had a chance now to speak to the girl, but he wasted a lot of precious time plucking up the courage. Which was funny, since he had never been afraid of a start.

Fogarty knew people. He could dance. He had had girls, some wild ones, some wise ones, and some who were very much both.

But he felt strangely shy of this little scrawn. He walked back and forth along the lock walls half a dozen times without quite coming to the point even of passing the time of day.

At last he had a grand idea. He hustled to the tug and found a newspaper that he had kept to read over again, having read it only twice to the last advertisement, and the sporting news three times.

Fogarty was a scholar. He could read. He always had his nose in an extra. The other deck-hands called him a book louse.

It was something of a sacrifice to give up the newspaper before he had really finished it. It

was like passing the kid a bunch of orchids. But let her have it.

He went past her once or twice where she sat hunched up under a shawl, with her face screwed into a misery that probably indicated meditation. At length he stopped opposite her and murmured:

"It's colder, nights, up north here."

She looked at him as if he had frightened her almost to death with some terrible saying.

Her fright scared him a little too, but he braced himself for another try. He took the newspaper from his jacket pocket, and said:

"I see by the paper that the Wint'rop moor-trile is in the hands of the jury."

She looked up at him as if had accused her of committing the crime and then looked down as if she were guilty of it.

He smiled a little. He liked to have his women afraid of him. With the condescension of a raja tossing a string of moonstones to a pet slave, he flipped the paper across to her and said: "You'd like to read about it belike."

In a panic she stared at the wind-whipped paper, then at him. The paper began to blow along the deck. She ran after the priceless thing, and had a battle with its frantically flapping sheets. It was like trying to quiet an eight-winged angel.

At last she got it together and folded it up and proffered it to him. He waved it aside.

"Aw, I'm t'rough wit' it."

She was so horribly bewildered that she stammered her dreadful secret: "But I can't read."

He stared at her: "My Gawd! Can't read?"

She shook her head.

He thought of all the blessings of learning, the luxury of literature, the jokes, the short stories, the murders, the baseball games. He had it in his power to spill a bushel of diamonds at her feet. He leaped across the crevice, squatted, bunted her along the cracker box and sat himself down beside the most frightened Miss Muffet in the world.

"Here, lea' me learn you your letters, anyway. See this kind of a step-ladder with one rung? That's *Ah*." He had come over from Ireland as a child and still kept a bit of his Irish teaching. So he called a "Ah." He pointed out the letter with a nobly grimy forefinger, and commanded, "Say it!"

"Ah!" she said.

"That's fine and don't be forgettin' it. Next cooms—here's wan—this funny feller with the straight back and the curlicues—that's *Bay*."

"*Bay!* Bay with the straight back and the curlicues! *Bay!*"

And so he picked out the letters and made her repeat their names and find others for herself. It was the most fascinating game she had ever played, and the close contact with her teacher and tormentor kept her throbbing with confusion.

They had reached what he described as "Haitch—you'll be knowin' it fer bein' like two posts with a cross-bar."

Suddenly she saw stars and felt her ear being lifted sky-high. She followed it to a tiptoe posture. Her mother had come up and caught her. Being yanked about was too familiar a thing to have distressed Erie greatly but she almost perished with the shame of hearing her mother abuse her first caller:

"Off the barge, you greasy roustabout, or I'll call her father to throw you off. And if he sees your dirty face around here again, he'll bust it off."

Fogarty protested, "Aw, I was on'y—"

"Don't give me any of your on'ies, or—"

She turned to call her husband.

Fogarty threw at Erie a glance of wretched helplessness, and she answered it with a look of woe. Then he hopped across to the lock wall and shuffled away.

Erie went below, still clutching the newspaper. She hid it in her bunk as if it were

filled with the "Lives of the Saints" instead of their opposites. Since it was too bulky to carry with her, she tore off the front page with the glorious head-lines and stuffed it into the bosom of her dress. Whenever she had a chance she would take it out and hunt for the letters she knew.

The letters beyond H were maddening. She got to know them by their outlines, but their names were a torment of mystery. She tried to think up things to call their unknown symbols, but this was beyond her. She was like an early scholar trying to fathom hieroglyphics.

She took delight, however, in picking out the letters she knew on the boats and barges that passed or on the sign-boards of the big factories in the towns along her way.

Such study was a kind of prayer in which she communed with the young god who had descended into her life bringing wisdom in his teachings, and had been reviled and driven away as young gods have always been.

And Fogarty thought of her with an equal gratitude, for she was the first girl he had ever encountered who looked up to him with awe and meekly accepted instruction from him. The other rags he met up with treated him like he was dirt and you couldn't tell 'em nothing. They were a bunch of wise-crackers who read too much of the wrong stuff that no lady hadn't ought to be allowed to read, or if she did she'd ought to lie out of it.

The incompleteness of Erie's alphabet tormented the teacher as much as the pupil, for of all things information and advice are pleasanter to give than to receive; and he was frantic to be quit of his undelivered lore.

Fogarty plotted so desperately to meet Erie again that he did nothing right. Pilotry through the Barge Canal was far more complex than drawing a straight line through the wide Hudson. The channel was tortuous. It ran across lakes and ponds, through rows of buoys that must be watched for. It meandered along meandering streams. There was no time to think of both a girl and the course.

Along about twelve o'clock Fogarty ran the tug aground, and jarred Captain Burson out of bed in the first sweet sleep of night, and a spirit in the feet of Burson wafted Fogarty out of the pilot's cabin. The barges came lurching forward on their own impetus, taking up their slack and banging together, knocking Kadden and the other barge-masters out of their bunks.

An eastbound tug was held up with its convoy, and the peaceful reaches of the stream were resonant with blasphemy.

With bitter eyes Fogarty noted that the Kadden barge was covered with a family of nightgowns dancing about like a week's wash in a high wind or a meeting of the fairies in Ireland. He knew which one of the wraiths was Erie, and his heart grew more and more bitter. Fogarty was tempted to jump in the canal and thank heaven for never learning to swim.

At last the tug was backed off and sent forward, the barges were yanked slithering out of the mud and the reeds, and the procession moved on, saluted with the mocking toots of the passing tug, whose master called out to Fogarty's master: "Who let you loose at night without a license?"

To a veteran like Burson this was a hard quip to endure.

He was too near apoplexy to think up an answer ribald enough, until the other tug was out of sight and hearing. He made up for it when he called Fogarty to him.

Erie, shivering in her nightgown, could hear the bawling-out her angel was receiving and she cowered under it, but not because of the unladylike language of the Captain. She was used to all the worst words; it was the best words that she had never heard.

The thing that crushed her was the humiliation of her hero. Tears poured down her cheeks with sorrow for him, the while her little mouth

repeated all the Captain's obscenities with a change of names. She substituted the Captain's for Fogarty's.

If she had known how to reach the tug, she would have gone there in her nightgown to scratch the Captain's eyes out and show them to him before she chucked them overboard.

The final shout she heard from him struck her like the back of her father's hand in the face:

"One last thing I'm tellin' you, Fogarty. This is the last voyage you make on my boat, so help me. When we reach Buffalo, you're done. And if you ever ask me for another job, I'll—"

What he promised was as impossible as it was indelicate, but Erie did not mind the impoliteness of the language. What murdered her was the thought that she had lost the chance to know more of Mr. Fogarty and his alphabet.

The knowledge that nothing could make worse their lot made them both a little desperate. And the next night Fogarty, who had softened Captain Burson's heart a little by the perfect meekness of his subordination, figured it out that the Captain would not dare fire him before they reached Buffalo, and could do no more than fire him whatever he did.

So at the ambiguous hour when the sunset was black with night or the night was red with sunset, he lowered into the water unbeknownst to the Captain, the skiff the tug carried, and dropping into it, vanished into the mist-smoke blooming again upon the water.

He rose from the mist at the very feet of Erie, who was perched on a corner of the prow of the Bridget Maria, staring at the tug.

She nearly fell overboard as she saw what and who had tapped her on the foot. But when Fogarty, in whispers, bade her make the painter fast to a cleat at her side, she did, and he stood talking up to her and she down to him like an aquatic Romeo and Juliet.

When her mother called to her she answered with an "Anon, good nurse," in modern prose: "Oh, all right, Maw."

But she did not go. When Fogarty started to tell her what had happened to him, her language was even less Shakespearian:

"I heard every word the old s. b. said, and—"

"Cripes, but you 'know your alphabet grand!" cried Fogarty, so proud of her that he nearly danced the boat out from under him.

He patted her ankles and clung to them till he pulled the boat back into place with his toes under the thwart.

He told her his plan, so mad a scheme that only an angel could have thought of it. When the Captain went to sleep, he would get one of his friends in the crew to stand to the wheel and another one to pay out the rope till the skiff fell back to the barge with him.

Then she must drop down into the skiff and ride in it with him back to the tug. There she could spend hours going over her alphabet and many important matters with him.

Her fright at the other happenings was as nothing to her fear of this audacity. Yet he had only to say:

"It's our on'y chancet to get acquainted. Would you lose it, Miss Whoever-you-are?"

"My name's Erie Kadden, and I wouldn't lose it—the chance, I mean. The name I don't mind losin', when the right man comes along."

"He's here—at your feet just, Erie dearie."

So she said she would go. What did she risk but a beating-up by her father? And that might come from oversalting the soup.

Her mother called and she ran, and he rowed back. He fastened the painter to the tug and swung aboard just as the Captain shouted for him to take the wheel.

The other two deck-hands were enchanted with the double opportunity of fooling the old man and importing a romantic girl aboard, and so as soon as they heard the famous Burson snore quawking, Gus relieved Fogarty at the wheel and Hank, who had lengthened the painter of the skiff with enough rope, helped Fogarty down into the skiff, then let

the rope slide through his hands till the slack showed that he had reached the barge.

By and by he felt the two sharp jerks agreed upon, and he began to haul in. The water was so dense with mist that the skiff came alongside like a tarpon from the depths. He wrapped the painter round a cleat, and thrust his long arms down till his hands were filled with a wisp of girl. He hoisted her aboard with a sense of terror, and let Fogarty fend for himself.

He watched the two kids tiptoeing to the stairway up to the pilot's cabin, and when Gus came down they laughed till their cuds choked them. They could not see what was going on in the pilot-house. They could not imagine the sacredness and terror of the young couple in each other's presence.

Fogarty was no saint, but Erie was so ignorant of everything, so eager and so young in life, that he treated her as gently as any packing-case marked, "Fragile. Handle with care. Use no hooks. This end up. Insured for \$100."

As for her, the pilot-house was a shrine on a hill that moved. The pilot was a man of appalling knowledge and power.

Who could have believed that the first hour of their converse was spent in quizzing her on the alphabet? They came to a city with a huge electric sign, every letter gleaming. It proclaimed the "Zephyr Sewing Machines" and was full of new letters in the infra-H region. Other smaller signs almost completed the alphabet.

Between whiles, he would explain the art of the pilot: He would set her little fingers on the handles of the wheel and with his own tough palms over them would show her how to make the tug answer the least call of the rudder.

Standing there enveloping her little body with his own big hulk and her tiny hands like a chicken's claws in his big fist, it was not easy to keep from dealing with her as he would have dealt with most of the girls he had danced with and fooled with in parked automobiles. But it would have been harder to betray her helplessness, and the intuition that she would probably not know enough to resist anything he did. It was the improbability of her fighting him that made her somehow sacred to him. Being Irish, he loved a fight with anybody that would grant him one; but where would be the fun in breaking this wren?

She was clever, too, at learning the wheel, and he let her manage it alone for a moment or two while he stood with hands poised above hers to check any false move that might roll the Captain out of his berth.

Finally Erie was so expert at the wheel that he stood away and leaned against the wall of the deck-house to watch her.

She passed another tug, too, without sinking it, and avoided a buoy that swung up right alongside out of the curdling haze.

Next he taught her how to ring the bell that gave the engineer his orders to slow up, speed up, stop, reverse. He let her sound the bell once or twice when the need arose.

He patted Erie's gaunt little shoulder-blades and said: "You've the makin' of a pilot's woman, old lady, and when I get a boat of me own and you into it, I'll let you spell me. And I'll put some fat on them bones, too."

She answered meekly: "If Heaven's any better'n this, I wouldn't wish for it."

It was Gus who dissipated the clouds of paradise by warning them that the Captain was beginning to toss about like waking, and Fogarty's watch was nearly over.

So Gus took the wheel, and Fogarty steered Erie down the steps and along the deck to where Hank sat on the side-rail waiting. Fogarty let himself down into the bouncing skiff, and Hank took Erie into his arms as if she were a kind of divine sack of white meal and lowered her into Fogarty's hands.

The mists were gone and the barge came toward them with a looming ruthlessness. Fogarty met it standing and steadied the skiff into position.

As he held the barge with one hand and

turned to help her up, his left arm could not help drawing her to his heart for a moment. When he looked down into her upswung face, he had to kiss her. He nearly smothered her before he could let her go, what with the grief that was stopping her heart in her and his arms crushing her little ribs.

"So long, Kid," he mumbled. "Watch out for yerself till—till next time."

She could think of nothing to say grand enough, but as she obeyed his orders and set one foot on his bent thigh and made ready to set the other on his shoulder, she kissed him on one eye in passing.

And as she rose in air, gripped the rail of the barge and scrambled and sprawled over, she kicked him in the nose and almost into the river.

But he took it as a caress and managed to fall into the boat. Kneeling, he looked up and caught a glimpse of her face like a tiny moon swinging out to gleam down at him before it was eclipsed in the black cloud of the barge.

Then he gave the rope two sharp jerks and was drawn back to his lonely jail.

When the Captain came up to the wheel yawning uproariously, he found Fogarty on duty and received a respectful salute and a

"Good night, Sir."

Erie had lingered to watch the skiff till it reached the tug. Then she had picked her way to the cabin of the barge, had taken off her shoes and her clothes on the steps and made her way to the little shelf in the wall where she was stored of nights.

No one was the wiser for her absence except her crowded heart.

The next day she hardly took her eyes off the tug. But there was no chance to exchange more than a remote gesture until Buffalo was reached. And there she had no chance to bid him good-bye even with a gesture. Something happened to keep her below while he hung about in vain, paid off and warned off.

They lingered at Buffalo for a week, but the baby was sick and so scarlet that the doctor quarantined the barge.

One day the doctor took her aside and gave her a letter, the first she had ever had. He explained: "A young fellow named Fogarty asked me to give you this. I've seen him hanging around a lot."

Erie clutched at the letter so fiercely that she fairly scratched it out of the doctor's hand. He smiled as she ran away with it.

In the shelter of a stack of packing-cases Erie studied the envelop. She knew her name and the name of the family barge, but once she had opened the envelop she found a cryptogram without a code. Fogarty had printed it for her sake in capitals. But she had not learned the occult formation of letters into words. She stared at the page with delight in its beauty but in a frenzy of despair as to the meaning of those pretty signs:

ERIE DERIE IF YOU CANT REDE
THIS GIT SUMBOADY ELS TO REDE
IT TO YOU IME SORY I CANT GIT
TO SEA YOU AGANE BUT I TRIDE
IN VANE I GOT A JOB ON A NOTHRE
BOAT THE LIZZIE LOBDELL CAP-
TAIN JOHN BOODY I START FOR
NEW YORK TODAY GOOD BUY
HOPPING TO SEA YOU SUNE

YOURS TRULY WITH LOAVE
FRANCIS X FOGARTY

After almost spraining her little brain trying to wrest the meaning out of the letters by brute force, she lay in wait for the doctor to ask him to read it for her.

But she was afraid to share her Fogarty with a stranger. Besides, the doctor, when he came up, shook his head solemnly. The baby was worse. It died at last and its mother was so grief-broken that she could not go to the funeral.

Erie had her first hack-ride, but she did not relish it. Her father's grief was terrible to see when he was sober, and ghastly when he had drink taken. The barge had to be fumigated

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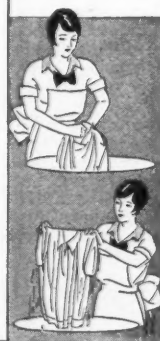
When you use soap in any form (chips, bar, flakes or powder) with the water you save some of the work because soap helps loosen dirt.

WATER
+
SOAP
+
HARD
WORK



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WATER
+
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+
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WORK



FELS-NAPTHA

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and lost its chance for a cargo. It lay idle for weeks, to the vast loss of savings.

Finally it was called upon to take a load of grain from a floating elevator, and at last its prow was hauled around to the East and it was fastened to a stake-boat till the convoy was ready.

Captain Cregan of the new tug, the Rowley Towing Co. No. 8, called upon Erie's father, but old Kadden was drunk to the world and sprawling on the cabin floor like a huge dropped oyster. Mrs. Kadden was sick in her berth.

So Erie had to play captain of the barge and pretend that her father had twisted his ankle and could not leave his bed.

At last they got away and she retraced with unbearable stupidity and leisure the path of glory she had traveled with Fogarty. She was mad with impatience to overtake him, but Rowley No. 8 was an idiot of a tug and as slow as an ox.

The puzzle of the letter kept her from going insane with impatience. By sheer pounding at it she worked out a few words. "New York" she knew, of course. "Lizzie Lobdell" she recognized at once, for she had seen the tug often and could have described its every feature to a portrait-painter. "John" was impossible, but "Boody" became "Bay-oh-oh-dee-eye." And she prayed that Captain Bayohohdee-eye would be good to her Fogarty.

Perhaps it was well that another tug took the barge back to New York and that the Bridget Maria was at the far end of the string, for Erie could not have spared a moment with Fogarty.

Her mother lay moaning in the cabin. Her father drank harder than usual. The other children behaved like wildcats. Erie had to mother them all and play the skipper, too.

One evening after she had washed the dishes, she stood on the chill deck beating herself with her own arms to keep from freezing. She recited her alphabet with lapses of memory. The later letters escaped her, and she longed for Fogarty to correct her.

She went over her pilot lesson and twirled an imaginary wheel, talking to herself, ringing an imaginary bell and cursing the engineer for misunderstanding it.

She remembered how Fogarty had stood back of her, his hands on hers, his chin knocking on the top of her head. Loneliness swept down on her like a wind.

The sun slipped out of the cloudy sky, but no stars came in. It was not their night. A thick haze shrouded the river. She could only dimly see the stars of a city they were passing. She was mortal lonely. She would never see Fogarty again. She could not even remember the letters at the end of the alphabet.

Suddenly on the black sky there flamed out a great letter. It was the forgotten last letter of all.

"Z."

She cried out its name. It was followed by another, one of the earlier ones.

"E."

She knew that and as the next ones fell into line, she fairly shouted their beautiful names, "Pay—Haitch—Why—Air!"

Then all at once the sky was illumined with the gorgeous words, "SEWING MACHINES."

It was as if Fogarty had lighted them up. They blinked out again, but she knew they would return upon the night. There they came:

"Z-E-P-H-Y-R Sewing Machines."

They vanished, but they were always re-kindled. She watched them till a forested hill took them from her.

Finally she reached the Hudson, and it was good to be rushing south with the current speeding the barge till the tug was put to it to keep the tow-line taut.

There came, however, hurricanes that picked up whitecaps and set the old scow slewing and rolling and leaking. Erie had to call the children out to help her put the heavy hatches in place and make fast the tarpaulins that plunged like stallions.

Just in time they made it as the lightning

came down the river like a raid of bomb-dropping black airplanes. The children were frightened into shrieking hysteria, and Erie was even more afraid, but she had to bluff it through.

She drove the kids down into the cabin with their wailing mother and their spewing father, and paced the deck to keep the watch the law required. She lighted the signal-lanterns and secured them in place, then dressed herself in her father's wet-weather uniform.

His rubber boots were hip boots to her. His nor'easter helmet rested on her shoulders and his slicker flowed around her feet. And she had to carry it about her knees as if it were a train.

The tempest overtook the barge and the fugitive tug, and the lightning stabbed the river on all sides like the enormous needles of a gigantic Zephyr sewing machine.

Erie wept and crouched against the cabin and made up prayers to fill the void in her religious education. Her petitions differed little from the swear-words her father used in his own storms, but they seemed to serve the purpose, for the barge was not touched.

Still, she could not be sure that the next swirl of fire from the clouds would not destroy her entirely, barge and all. And the thunder seemed to knock together the heads of the mountains.

The search-light of the tug ahead kept whipping the world and the other boats struggling through the night like lost pedestrians. Blown against the cabin so fast that she hardly could and hardly dared escape, she gasped as the search-light shot along a string of barges bouncing north, and picked up last of all the plunging tug.

She thought she knew that boat whose search-light swept her own tug and its tow. The crisscrossed shafts of light fenced in the murk, and finally the flare from her tug painted on the night the other deck-house where two men wrestled with the wheel.

Beneath them was the name of the tug:

LIZZIE LOBDELL.

She threw up her hands and screamed with all her might, "Fogarty! Fogarty!"

As if the cry that the wind swirled back into her throat had carried across the tossing waters, the search-light of the Lizzie Lobdell ran to her and blindingly proclaimed her to the world.

But neither of the men at the wheel turned his eyes from the rollers ahead, and she slipped to the deck sobbing, forlorn, forsaken, ignored, and added her tears to the downpour from the shattered sky.

She rose at last with her boots full of water and every stitch on her soaked. But she had only her own shivering to keep her warm.

Fogarty had reached New York and was bound north again, perhaps to Canada. There was no hope of seeing him when she reached the big town. She would never see him again. What was there to live for?

Only the lifelong training of a bargeman's daughter kept her to her duty. She proved herself a skipper, even while she whimpered and hugged her wagging head like the heart-broken child she was.

The storm died out, the dawn came forth as if the sky were an unimaginable field of rain-washed red clover. But there was no daybreak in Erie's night.

She watched the splendors of New York creep slowly up the river, the parks, the white palisades of buildings. On both sides of the river cities slid north as the barge followed its leash. Incredible towers stabbed the sky and hid the lowly old steeples. The river became a Broadway of thickening traffic.

Tugs innumerable swam here, swam there like coots and terns, and ferry-boats like vast brown geese wobbled and waited for the barges to pass, and quawked ridicule at them for their lack of grace. Erie did her best to take her father's place and howl back curse for curse, but her heart was not in her repartee.

Down around the tip of Manhattan Island and north again, up the East River under the

bridges the barge dogged the parade, hanging back now against the rope.

Erie's father crept out on deck when the barge was nudged up to the elevator for unloading, but he was weak as a sick cat. Her mother could not even roll out of bed. The children ran into every danger, and Erie saved their lives a dozen times.

When the barge was emptied of its cargo, it was carried away to the colony at Greenpoint and tucked in among a score of scows of every sort, fine new ones, and two with electric-lighted cabins, and others even worse than the Bridget Maria and with more people aboard. There were three thousand people in the barge colony of New York, and they made up a separate people with tragedies all their own.

One thing had helped Erie through her dark hours: the hope that the barge might be laid up in some place long enough for her to go to school and learn to read. But the way to the shore was over half a dozen barges and she was afraid of the streets, the fearsome people that crowded them, and the fatal cabs and drays that bombarded them.

To the barge next door a little girl was carried across the planks with a broken back. A truck had got her. Two barges away, the children had brought home from school nothing but cases of diphtheria. A friend of her mother's, six scows removed, fell ill and was carted off to the hospital in an ambulance. She never came back.

The gentleman next door on the left was always reading, and Erie was just mustering up the courage to ask him to teach her when he went mad and tried to kill his wife, who ran and jumped into the water to save her life—and didn't. It took three policemen to take him away.

The captain of one of the barges went ashore one night and was found with his skull cracked by thugs. Such things filled the gossip that flew from clothes-line to clothes-line.

So it seemed safer to stick close at home. And then the Bridget Maria was likely to move at any minute. Three or four times it was hauled away on odd jobs to New Jersey and Staten Island.

Never had her father behaved so hopelessly. He had lost all pride in his career. Somehow he found the way to new supplies of liquor when he went ashore.

He sobered up enough one day to go in search of a job, and came back sober and alert, his old self. But he found his wife in such agony that a doctor had to be fetched. And when he came he demanded that she be hurried to the hospital.

It was a ticklish job getting the big and writhing hulk of a mother across the barges to the ambulance. There was some mysterious talk of a necessary operation. What it was Erie never learned except that it was "internal," an "abdominal operation." Whatever it was, she had to be left in the hospital for weeks, and when she was toted back she must keep to her bunk for months.

Erie hardly saw the sky except when she had to go outside to hang up the wash. It was too cold now to set the tub outside, and the worst of it was, it was too chilly above for the children to play or the skipper to smoke there.

One fine sleety day Erie was almost convinced that her home was overcrowded. At that, it had a two-room cabin where the poorer scows had but the one. Each of the rooms was all of twelve-foot square. But in the galley there was the stove, and that was packed like a street-car with the big pan where the beef was boiling and others for the veg'ables. The coffee-pot was squeezed in alongside the pan where broth was cooking for her sick mother. Add to that the big boiler where the water was heating for the wash-tub, and the stove did well to keep on its rickety legs.

In front of it Erie had set the wash-tub on a wobbly horse, and the clothes-wringer clung to the edge of that. Cupboards for plates and dishes, pans and skillets, flour, crackers, sugar, salt and the like, filled one wall, and the long



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Society debutantes from New York to New Orleans—college girls from leading colleges and universities—women guests at America's most splendid hotels, most fashionable resorts—all say Woodbury's is "the only soap for a sensitive skin," "splendidly helpful," in clearing the skin of common skin defects and keeping it soft, smooth, flawless.

The right way to use Woodbury's for your skin is given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that comes to you free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If you are fortunate enough to have a clear, unblemished skin—you should use the famous Woodbury treatment for normal skins given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blackheads,

blemishes, excessive oiliness, or any other skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Send for the Woodbury Trial Set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1619 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

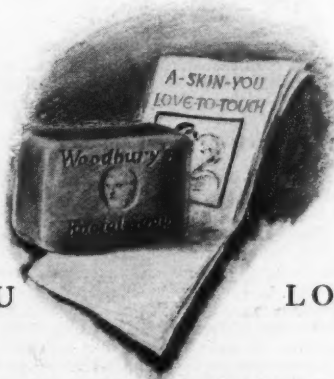
For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1619 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name

Street

City State



A SKIN YOU

LOVE TO TOUCH

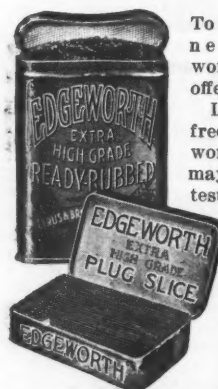
Pipe Smoker Waxes Poetic Over His Favorite Tobacco

Here is a bit of pipe-smoking sentiment pretty well expressed, in our opinion:

"A Prescription"

Have you ever noticed
right after a meal
How tired and lazy
you always feel?
I'm telling you folks
it isn't a joke,
It will freshen you up
if you try a good smoke.
But whatever you do
these lines you must heed,
There's a certain tobacco
of course, that you need.
It's packed in a tin,
the tin's colored blue.
Not only the smoking
but the chewing kind too.
Of course if you never
are bothered this way,
Just keep the prescription
for some other day.
Ask for tobacco,
the best that's on earth;
To shorten the story,
just call it "Edgeworth."

Chas. J. Butler
Owensboro, Ky.
Feb. 2, 1927



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to

Larus & Brother Company, 4 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.]
—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters.]

bunk for Father took up another. The door to the parlor, dining-room and general sleeping quarters was cut in the other. And there were only four walls.

Inside the adjoining chamber was the dining-room table with its furniture, a long bunk where Mother slept, spilling across the edge like dough oozing over a baking dish. Above her head was the combined couch of Oneida and Utica. They were so snug that when Oneida sneezed, Utica shot out into space.

Across from them was the short shelf where the lank Mohawk kept falling off whenever he fell asleep. Clyde had a mattress on the floor.

And Erie had a whole folding cot to herself. What with hooks where hats and caps, rain-coats and sweaters and overcoats, and all the children's things were hung, swinging and falling into faces at every jar; and places for boots and shoes and a chest to hold underclothes and the Lord only knows what all, not to mention the wash-basin, the toilet cranny, a few chairs and a bench, and the dozens of other things a family of seven accumulates, the cabin was full to overflowing when it was empty.

When everybody was at home during a meal, undressing for bed at night or dressing in the morning, or when there was a storm on, the cabin was surely snug enough. It was not lonesome at least, especially now that Maw was sick and Paw was so frequently peevish drunk and banging about, smacking heads together, and roaring:

"Begod, it's like livin' in a can of fishin' worrums."

On this particular afternoon he was away and Erie was working like mad to get the washing done before he squeezed in again. Her mother was keening with pain and weeping for the lost baby and her wasted life. And the children fell to quarreling over a game of craps on the floor, and Erie was pretty well distraught.

But she kept rasping the clothes on the wash-board and scalding her hands and arms and trying to swear enough like a mule-driver to keep from crying like a little girl. And then some tug swung some barge against the side of the Bridget Maria like smashing it with a ten-ton hammer. And the wash-tub tipped over; and the boiler slid off the stove, and the coffee-pot turned a somersault, and the oven door flew open emitting the baking potatoes.

The floor was awash with boiling water and a flotsam and jetsam of clothes and dinner and yowling children. And Mother all but pitched over into the soup.

Erie did not even swear. No one had probably yet invented the words for her thoughts. To cry would be hopelessly inadequate. So she laughed as she darted in forty directions at once, pushing her mother back into place, smacking brothers and sisters out of the way, rescuing what salvage was possible, and then mopping up the ruins.

She was good and tired when she was done, and she went up on deck for a breath of icy air and room for collecting her wits.

And this was the time that Heaven chose to let Fogarty find Erie again.

She was sitting on the deck alone, lonely beyond even the effort to hold his letter in her hand. Her father was away on the hunt for a job, the children below scrambling out of wet clothes into dry.

With dead eyes Erie beared at the dismal chilly world. Her eyes were gray and her nose was red. Then through the haze, as once when he stood up out of the mists on the river, she made out a blur, a tall young man skipping across the barges. He walked into the distant focus of her eyes and she thought him a dream, till she heard him cry out, "Erie dearie!"

Then he came loping like a billy-goat, and that dressed up you'd think he owned a warship. And he jumped at her and swung her into the air and crushed her on his chest and made her see stars with a kiss that would have roused the dead.

She laughed and she cried and she danced, and she would not let him talk till she had taken the letter from her pocket and made him read her every word of it. It was so frayed from being pondered that he said:

"Murder in Irish, it's time I was writin' you a new one."

"Oh, write me no more till you learn me to read them."

Then the tears broke down like a rain-squall on the Hudson, and Fogarty holding her and patting her and saying:

"Turn on the faucets and fill the pails! Don't mind me new coat. The Yid that sold it me guaranteed it would shed water like a duck's back. But it ain't gonna rain no more, for I'm going to whisk you out of this as soon as you're old enough to marry, and that's only a matter of two little years or so."

To think of Heaven only two years away was so beautiful that she cried a bucketful more. She stared at him in such blissful woe that she could only whisper: "Oh, Gawd! Oh, Fogarty!"

And then her father came across the barges on one of his dignified drunks. He carried his cane like an alderman and it was a heavy cane that had cracked many was the skull.

When he saw Fogarty hugging his daughter, he let out a roar like all of Daniel's den of lions let loose.

Fogarty turned and greeted him as polite as an apostle, and Erie faltered a formal introduction. But nothing would appease the haughty liquor that made up the old man's cargo.

"Off the barge!" was still his motto, and he kept striking at the dodging Fogarty, who could not decently attack the father of his Erie. Erie tried to shield him and got a crack across the forearm that nearly broke it.

Then she had to hold Fogarty from tearing the old man to pieces for that. Running and dodging, she implored him, for her sake, to go away till her father sobered up.

He hated to, but he had to, and he let himself be chased from the scene.

By the time her father had sobered up, Fogarty's tug was off on another commission, out on the raging Atlantic bringing in through a blizzard an ocean liner trimmed with icicles.

Dull times, a strike among the tugmen, a coal strike and an early winter finished the hopes of Erie. New Year's Eve found her sitting out alone on the barge-deck with sharp-fanged winds whipping the blankets and the quilts she had brought out from her bed.

She wanted to hear the revelry in New York, the whistles blowing and the search-lights playing and the horns squawking.

Her father celebrated with a grand spree, and then took an oath that he would never drink again so long as he lived. The children loved that oath, for it had been known to keep him sober for as long as a month at a time.

He kept it long enough to help his wife out of bed and about the cabin, and to superintend the taking on of a load of coal for some unknown destination.

This was always a nice thing for the barge. Everything turned black. They breathed black air, ate black food with black hands, and left black marks on all the black things they touched. They washed in black water and rubbed it in with black towels.

Erie grew vicious enough to blurt out, "I'm black inside and out, and I've nothing but black thoughts inside me black head."

The only good thing about it was that they could steal enough coal to keep the home fires burning for a long while.

When the stuff was all stowed, a tough and stubby tug came up and yanked the barge away from the old homestead and pulled it up and across the river through a shrapnel fire of sleet to the barge colony off East 60th Street on the New York side. There were fifty barges here, each of them holding five hundred tons of coal and more or less of a family.

And there they stayed while Erie wondered

Her Royal Highness EULALIA Infanta of Spain

discusses Beauty
in the Courts of
Europe



Her Royal Highness, INFANTA EULALIA
of Spain

aunt of the King, has traveled widely, lived in every country in Europe and once visited the United States. Her opportunities for observation and her keen intellect give her an exceptional understanding of European society. Her book, "Courts and Countries After the War," is replete with penetrating comment



A glimpse of the Infanta in lace mantilla, on her way to mass, in Madrid. She is staunch in her devotion to the faith of her country and of her family—the Bourbons, which has been the reigning house of Spain for more than two hundred years

AVIVID, arresting personality is the Infanta Eulalia. A true princess of the reigning Spanish family, she possesses not alone its charm but its traditional daring and forcefulness of character—that indestructible spirit which has been the mark of the Spanish Royal family since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Unlike most women of royal birth, whose lives are restricted by the formalities of court, Infanta Eulalia has seen the world, has made friends in every walk of life, has pursued her own activities. Spanish, Austrian and English connections make her aunt, cousin or godmother to princes and princesses of every ruling house.

SO she speaks with experience and knowledge when she emphasizes the importance to a woman—especially to one whose life centers in court circles—of cultivating her loveliest attributes, of learning how she may keep the fresh beauty of her skin.

"Life in the courts of Europe," she says, "demands much of a woman, especially that poise and assurance which birth and position give, but which must be supported by exquisite personal attributes. The daily use of Pond's Two Creams," she concludes with wisdom, "leads to this assurance."

HER Royal Highness Eulalia is not unique in this conclusion. Leading women everywhere are completely in accord with her. Seeking the best means of keeping their complexions untrammelled by the strain of modern life, thousands have found it in the Two Creams made by Pond's. Used as follows daily these fragrant delicious creams will bring to you that most exquisite personal attribute—a clear youthful skin:—

Cleanse your skin and keep it fresh and



These are the Two Creams, so delicately prepared from exquisite ingredients, that highly born women the world around choose them

supple by using Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and often during the day, whenever your skin feels dusty, drawn, tired, pat this light cream on generously. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine pure oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some of the cream on after the bedtime cleansing to restore suppleness.

A Final Touch of Loveliness

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness, that radiance and finish which you need for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly. Do this after every daytime cleansing, always before you powder, and before going out into wind or dust.

This cream, even more than Pond's Cold Cream, has pleased the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, who exclaims: "Of all the Creams I have used, nothing has given me such a sense of freshness as Pond's Vanishing Cream."

Free Offer: Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY,
Dept. X, 112 Hudson Street, New York.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Men win with FACES that are FIT

BEGIN the day with Williams. Keep your face FIT! 87 years of research, three generations of intensive specialized study have gone into every tube of Williams. It will give a shave that's easy, smooth and sweet.

More—a daily treatment of Williams lather leaves your face FIT. Williams Shaving Cream is ultrapure; absolutely without trace of coloring matter; its major ingredients triple distilled. It thoroughly cleanses the pores, tones up the delicate skin structure, helps toward a buoyant, youthful fitness.

The drug clerk doesn't know how it's made, but he knows what it does. "Oh yes . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Write "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 910, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.) At all druggists; two sizes, 35c and 50c.



Next time say "a tube of

Williams Shaving Cream

please!"

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

how on earth or the waters thereof her Fogarty could ever trace her. The weather was so vile that she almost hoped he would not even try.

The month of January had come in like a polar bear and was trying to go out like a bull walrus. Sleet and rains, snows and blows kept the barges jostling and jouncing and the cables groaning.

At last Captain Kadden reached the end of his patience and set out for shore on an important mission—"to see a certain party." The children knew that the other party would be old John Barleycorn, and Mohawk shocked the other children by speaking what they were all thinking: "I hope the old booze-hound falls off the dock."

Erie was wishing that Fogarty might chance to come along while the coast was clear, though the sky was not.

Along about four o'clock in the afternoon the weather went drunk and crazy. The tide was on the ebb, and a northwest wind tore at it and drove it away in a panic. The barges grided and bucked at the cables, and there was an ominous feeling in the air that something had to happen.

The clouds were torn down in a fury of hail and rain that turned the deck into a great snare-drum. The barges began to mill and gore one another in short rushes and clashes like bullocks about to stampede.

Suddenly the wind screamed and broke in a tidal wave of air. Cables snapped with the boom of cannon-shots, and a clutter of thirty barges split loose as an ice-floe breaks free.

Out into the wide swirl and leap of the river they swept, banging and twisting and running seaward with an unknown speed.

Erie must be skipper now, and she put on her father's great boots and slicker and cap, and ran up the steps and forced open the cabin door. It took all her strength. Hail, rain and chunks of air smote her.

A yammer of fear came up from the cabin where the hailstones and the rain pelted the children. The door banged shut with a deafening noise. She looked down at the children clinging to their mother and she praying on her knees.

Erie could not bear to stay in the dark and die there. She hurled herself against the door and slipped through, holding her hands before her to keep the hail from beating her eyes out.

In snatched glimpses she noted that the river was pitching its waves high with an oceanic frenzy. The barges were churning round and round in the great eddies. More cables were snapping. Men were running to and fro on tilting decks. Dogs were yelping, children and women howling for help.

The wind was shunting the barges toward the rocky shore of Welfare Island with an insane energy. The current in the river fought them away, and tried to pile them up on Mill Rock.

A fire-boat put away from a dock, its siren whistles whooping the signal of distress. A police boat came hooting to the rescue. A ferry-boat abandoned its passengers and sidled out with its walking-beam swaggering.

Three bulldog tugs slogged up-stream to join the fight. Erie prayed that one of them might be the Lizzie Lobdell, and then countermanded the prayer and begged God to keep Fogarty out of the peril, for the barges were skirling along the river in a way that would crush any boat they hit.

At length the fire-boat and the police boat and the three brave tugs formed in line and came on like police reserves advancing on a crazy mob. They crept up on the barges and charged on them, crowded them together in bunches, and nosed them away from the rocks on Welfare Island, began to drive them slowly back toward the East Ninety-sixth Street pier where throngs had gathered to watch the drama in spite of the tempest.

It grew dark and the fire-boat and the others turned on their search-lights.

The Bridget Maria was gliding reluctantly back to its place, and in one sweep of the lights

Erie caught sight of her father on the pier, bracing his feet against the string-piece and wringing his hands in drunken yearning for the safety of his children.

She understood him in a flash of pity and longed to be restored to him, and to love him again as she had loved him before she had known any other love.

Then, just as the riot seemed quelled, there came the charge of a new hurricane blast. A black pack of night winds rushed the barges and scattered them with a crackling of the last cables and a ripping of timbers as they broke away from one another and their guards.

The fire-boat all but foundered as the Bridget Maria smote it amidships, caromed off to the police boat, dealt it a staggering smash, and reeled away down the river alone, while the other barges went their separate ways, huge buzz-saws weighing five hundred tons each.

Down the river the barge shot in the pitch-dark, and all that Erie could do was to run into the cabin and light the red lanterns, and run up again and hang them in place.

She went out to the prow and stood there waving a red lantern to warn the world that she was on the way to her doom. As the barge whirled she was as often astern as forward.

All the river boats were letting off blasts of alarm. Search-lights were weaving a net of fire over the river, and every shaft of light was a chaos of hail and rain.

Suddenly she saw that her barge was being chased by a tug. The long arm of its search-light fastened on her and clung, blinding her till she hid her aching eyes in the crook of her elbow.

The barge that had always been a helpless thing—they called it "nonself-propelled"—had taken on engines of speed and the tug's engines were driven to their utmost.

On one wide swerve of the barge she was carried out of the tug's search-light and the tug ran into another light. She read the name Lizzie Lobdell. Clear as day she could see Fogarty peering over the spokes of the wheel.

He had a wolf-look on his face. His teeth were white in his snarl.

She stumbled over her long skirts to a broken cable and made ready to hurl it. The tug shoved alongside, and she swung the line over toward the deck-hands, who clutched it and fell on it and made it fast as Erie fell on her face from the effort she made.

Farther aft, the deck-hands flung another line aboard the barge and Erie gave it a place to hold. And now she could hear that Fogarty was trying to yell something to her as he rang the "Reverse engines!"

The storm was too noisy and the rattle of the hail on her raincoat was deafening. So she scrambled aboard the Lizzie Lobdell and stamped up the steps to the pilot-house, and wrapped her arms around Fogarty's neck and kissed him aft the ear and howled lovingly:

"What is it you was saying, Fogarty?"

He roared at her: "Go back!"

"Why?"

"Get your people off."

"Why?"

"That barge is li'ble to sink anny minyoot—or bust loose again. Hurry!"

So Erie clattered down the steps and made her way back to the Bridget Maria and down into the cabin, and herded the family out into the gale, and got them all across to the tug.

She stuffed them all into the engine room and then went up to Fogarty.

The ebb-tide and the mad wind and the eddies and the weight and momentum of the barge on the seaward current gave the tug a fearful enemy to overcome. Dead ahead was a stalled Sound steamer, unable to back for lack of sea room in the crowded river, afraid to push forward for uncertainty of the barge.

But Fogarty set his teeth and bunted the barge slowly round and round in a great circle that grazed the bow of the liner and tore off the buffers from the side of the tug. Slowly, bitterly, the Lizzie Lobdell, like an ant lugging a dead beetle home, pulled round into the

"NERVOUS, MISERABLE... I had to give up every outdoor sport"



ABOVE. MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN, of Philadelphia

RIGHT

"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation boils started to break out upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it regularly at meal times. Soon the boils simply faded away and I have had none since. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit'."

LEIGHTON M. REID, Detroit, Mich.



LEFT

"I WAS under the anxious responsibility of starting my own business and nursing it along the road to success. Of course my hours were long, and I overworked. Soon my system was run down. At the same time I began to suffer from constipation. My digestion, too, was impaired. One day someone recommended that I try Yeast. . . . I did try it. Today, after taking Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for two months, I find myself, to be brief, 'enjoying the best of health.'"

LEO S. KILLEEN, St. Paul, Minn.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Auto-intoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was terribly weak—oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flickering ray of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my auto-intoxication had disappeared. I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too."

—Mrs. Cyril E. Allen.

WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified—the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. K-57, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

This modern, natural way to health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it's best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.





Made for men I like it!

I'm one of thousands who asked Mennen for a different face lotion. One that was cooling, refreshing, soothing, healing, antiseptic and mildly astringent. It had to remove objectionable face shine. I wanted something in a handy, sanitary container—no glass to break—hence the tube.

I asked for a lotion that was never greasy or sticky, one that would disappear and dry quickly on the face.

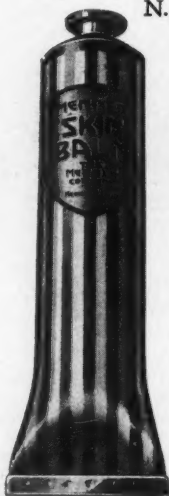
Mennen made Skin Balm for me. It gives a big kick that refreshes, tingles—a zippy sensation that sets you up, makes you feel wide awake, fit for the world's test—and what an invigorating odor!

I am told dozens of formulas were developed and discarded. The one they adopted they called Skin Balm and it gives my face what I like.

Prolongs the soft, smooth feel left by Mennen Shaving Cream. Protects against weather. Heals blotches, cuts, scratches and cracked lips. Smooths chapped red hands—any roughened skin.

Skin Balm was made for me and thousands of other men like me. I like it. So will you. Try it—and watch how your face improves. Start tomorrow morning after shaving.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.



MENNEN SKIN BALM

teeth of the gale and set out for far-off Ninety-sixth Street.

In the crisis of this new labor, while the deck-hands and the cook were trying to fix a hawser to the stern of the tug so that it could be free to tow the barge, the storm ripped off a flapping sign-board from a pier and hurled it through the air, with a boomerang twist.

It cracked through the pilot-house window and caught Fogarty in the head. He went down in a heap. Erie dropped to her knees with a cry and caught his bleeding head to her breast.

Her upward glance of agony saw the wheel rolling this way and that. She felt the boat rocking and gyrating.

She leaped to her feet, clutched at the handles of the flying wheel, barked her knuckles, but gripped, held, braced her shoulder against the devil's power beneath, and wrestled till she won. The wheel obeyed her, and she was compelling her memory to restore the lessons Fogarty gave her.

The deck-hands ran up to see what had happened. They found her with her eyes fixed on the night ahead, the hail pounding her face in handfuls of gravel. They did not know how to steer and she did. She ordered them to take care of her Fogarty, and asked where the hell was the Captain of this tug.

One of the deck-hands explained that the Captain had gone ashore and Fogarty had taken the tug out on his own responsibility when he first saw the barges loose. He would undoubtedly lose his job for doing it.

She nodded. She understood. She even laughed a little.

When the blood was washed out of Fogarty's eyes and the fog out of his brain, he took the wheel from her. But he was so weak that she had to help him.

At last they pulled up to Ninety-sixth Street and found the other barges already driven back into the corral. With the aid of the police boat and the fire-boat, the Bridget Maria was persuaded to accept a berth and a set of new lines. It was her last escapade.

Skipper Kadden was sober if not by any means dry when he rejoined his reunited family in the cabin. The place was in a state and thicker than a can of fishing worms, but rather snug at that when you listened to the storm outside.

There was quite a piece in the papers the next day, with head-lines on the front page. Erie went almost mad to know what they said. But she would not let her father read them to her as he might have done, having gone to school in his early days before he committed himself and his posterity to the slow but ruthless restlessness of the barge life.

When Fogarty called, he gave Erie a grand reading lesson in the head-lines, "30 Drifting Barges Sweep East River." But the text was made up of small letters that she did not know—as yet, and when he read the story of the wild night and added the words, "The hero of the occasion was Miss Erie Kadden, who is to be the bride of Francis X. Fogarty, as soon as he gets another job, if ever," she looked him in the eye and snickered.

"You dirty liar, it says nothin' of the kind." "Read it for yourself," he said, thrusting the paper at her. She stared till the tears blinded her poor ignorant eyes, and she sobbed:

"I can't read! I can't read!" "And a fine thing for me that you can't," said Fogarty, "for if you could, you'd not be needin' me to learn you how. You'd be runnin' off with some reporth—er a lib'arian belike."

"Belike hell!" said Erie. Fogarty glared at her hard: "Before you become Mrs. Fogarty, you've some things to unlearn, Miss, and piratical grammar is one of them."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Fogarty." "And that's the first letter that cooms afther Haitch—I. Say it! and we'll go on from there."



(Left) SWING FOR GRACEFULNESS, says Miss Constance Burns, a Washington debutante, whose dancing has caused much comment. Her smile, kept sparkling white by Pepsodent, is equally delightful.



(Above) "SEE YOU IN HOLLYWOOD," says June Lorraine, who recently won a sectional beauty contest by a wide margin. It's no small part Pepsodent will play in making her first close-ups successful.



MISS LORRAINE JOHNSON and "By" Chamberlain follow a championship match at Glencoe Golf Club. Smiles like theirs result from regular daily use of Pepsodent.

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Are Teeth Kept Free of Film
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THE important thing to know about any dentifrice you are asked to use, nearly any dentist will tell you, is "Does It Remove Film?"

That is because modern dental opinion charges film with many serious tooth and gum disorders. And because virtually every case of "off-color" teeth is directly traceable to this stubborn film. A film ordinary brushing fails to remove successfully.

Film is that slippery, viscous coating you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth. Film is the breeding place for the germs of tooth decay. Film is the basis of tartar. And germs, with tartar, are the cause of pyorrhea. Film absorbs the food discolorations that cause "off-color" teeth. Film-coated teeth can never be white and sparkling.

To fight film, thousands, on dental advice, have turned to Pepsodent. A tooth paste, made in conformity with modern dental thought, as a Special Film-Removing Agent to be used twice daily on the teeth. A tooth paste different in formula and result from any other known.

Pepsodent meets that dental thought in many important ways. It removes film—thoroughly, in complete safety to enamel. It acts to harden soft gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It cleanses the teeth as the dominant

dental opinion of today says teeth must be cleansed to be healthy. For whiter, clearer teeth, try Pepsodent. For proper tooth and gum protection, insist upon it.

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ANY horse can make a good start But it takes real stamina to finish!

So it is with batteries. *Staying* power is the quality to look for—unfailing power over a long period of service. Millions prefer Burgess Chrome Batteries for just this reason. They hold up They last.

Next time, buy black and white striped Burgess Chrome Batteries. You are certain to get longer and better service for your money.

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Tide of Empire (Continued from page 45)

accused of hoss stealin', two killed their men in street duels, one's accused o' bigamy and two are runaway sailors and could be returned to their ship if the dog-goned captain hadn't deserted her and gone to the Sierra." He sipped his cooking whisky sadly. "Did you ever hear of a feller in my fix before?"

D'Arcy laughingly assured Bejabs that he never had. "Have you been paid recently?" he added.

"I'm three months behind. City treasurer's flew the coop, too."

"In that event I should say you are entitled to fly the coop also. In all probability, should your prisoners ever come to trial, they will be acquitted, because their accusers will not be present in court. Can you imagine a man leaving a fortune to come to San Francisco to testify against somebody who stole a twenty-dollar cayuse from him?"

"By the holy poker, I never thought of that. You reckon, Mr. D'Arcy, folks won't criticize me and call me a faithless public servant if I turn them fellers loose, lock up the jail and drift?"

"In my opinion, when a municipality fails to pay its faithful servants the wages due them and long overdue, that servant is justified in leaving the employ of the municipality without notice—particularly when there is no one to whom he may give notice."

The light of a new hope commenced to dawn in the dolorous countenance of Bejabs Harmon. "By the Lord, I'm glad I met you, Mr. D'Arcy. Shows what a mistake it is for a feller to decline to drink with strangers. You're sure a comfort to me, boy. Got any more bright suggestions?"

"Any number of them. What do your prisoners do for exercise?"

"Well, up until the last rain I been workin' 'em on the streets, scrapin' the mud off down to hard-pan, makin' sidewalks out of sandbags, doin' a little quarryin' over to Telegraph Hill—"

"Have you got picks, spades and shovels in your charge?"

"Two dozen of each."

"What else have you got? I mean in the way of hardware?"

"A lot of plain buildin' tools, handcuffs, leg-irons, chains—oh, a lot of stuff, including ammunition, pistols, knives, shot-guns and rifles. It's a pretty good jail, if I do say so."

"You are entitled to appropriate all of that property which we require in our business. You can leave a receipt for it in the sheriff's office with instructions to the sheriff to deduct the value of it from your overdue wages as jailer."

"What you aimin' at, man? A partnership?"

"I'm headed for the diggings, but I haven't gone hog wild about gold, and I intend to arrive there with the necessary equipment, including food. I've purchased the food—more than I will require, in fact, for I planned to make a nice profit on what food I will have to sell. But I cannot buy mining equipment for love or money. Now, the thought has just occurred to me that a good, honest, conscientious partner would be a distinct asset. I'm willing to finance the expedition provided you furnish the equipment and the labor."

"I'm busted, Mister. I couldn't pay wages to nobody."

"It is not my intention to have you pay them. Come, Bejabs, me lad, use your head. Furnish the labor. You have eight prisoners. When you join fortunes with me, take your prisoners with you. I am sure they would much prefer to be with us than in jail."

"What's your first name, boy?"

"Dermot."

"Dermot, it's a go. Put her there, pardner." They sealed their partnership after the ancient frontier fashion and proceeded to draw up a list of their requirements.

"There's a good team of horses in the jail

stable," Bejabs confided, "and a good strong covered spring wagon that we use as a combination ambulance and black Maria. We can load our truck in that. Pendin' proof of the ownership of them horses alleged to have been stole by my three hoss thieves, the evidence, consistin' of three mustangs, saddles—and bridles, has been reposin' in the jail stable. I hereby declare said evidence forfeited to the city and county on account of the unpaid feed bill and I hereby commandeered 'em from the city and county in lieu of the wages I might earn if I stayed on my job as jailer. Dermot, this evidence just naturally gets lost in the shuffle."

"On behalf of our partnership, Bejabs, I accept the sacrifice in the spirit in which it is offered. Select the best horse for yourself. Well, now, I must buy more food and a great deal of blankets and bedding."

"Add a few cases of whisky," Bejabs suggested. "Not that we're drunkards, but in case of sickness, cold or snake-bite. I'll rob the jail kitchen of cookin' utensils and table equipment, arm my prisoners, and from the jail dispensary I'll take a few simple medications. We'd ought to lay in a supply of rough clothing for our labor."

"I doubt the wisdom of arming your prisoners, Bejabs."

"I do not. They'll not shoot us. I've heard tell of a rough element at the diggin's, doin' claim jumpin' and sluice robbin' and the like. Such fellers steer clear of a sizable, well-armed party. And once we locate a gulch and start pilin' up the *dinero*, we'll come dum close to rulin' our own roost. Me, I'm for law and order every time."

"There would be considerable social disorganization at the diggings, of course," D'Arcy replied thoughtfully. "Not so much now, perhaps, but when the *big* rush comes, then we shall see the depths to which greed and the lack of law can reduce humankind. Bejabs, tell me about yourself."

"Not much to tell, Dermot. If you was to run the Harmon family history down clear back to antiquity you'd find they've all been smiths. Like father, like son. I was a smith, too, back in Providence, Rhode Island. One day when I was hammerin' a hot iron on an anvil I says to myself: 'Am I doomed to do this all my days?' I waited a bit for the answer and, sure enough, it was just what I suspected it was goin' to be. 'Not by a long shot. Let's have a change.' So I hove the iron I was heatin' into a tub of water, took off my leather apron, said good-by to the old folks and went and joined up with the Marine Corps to see the world."

"I was twelve years in the Marines, goin' hither and yon. I come out here with Commodore Sloat and the day he raised the American flag over Monterey my enlistment expired, so I concluded to go ashore and stay there. Yes, you've guessed it. I did blacksmithin' until here about a year ago when I got this job as jailer. Tell me about yourself, Dermot."

"I'm Irish, twenty-eight years old. I'm a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. I'm supposed to have a grand education, Bejabs, but one not likely to prove of practical use to me, I fear. I love Ireland and I hated the system of government there so I mixed in politics—that is, I was guilty of treason, according to the English idea. My father was Anglo-Irish, but my mother was Celtic Irish—old, old stock. I fear I disgraced my father."

"My mother gave me two thousand pounds and got me aboard a ship bound for America. Like you, Bejabs, I wanted to see the world—and besides I liked fighting. So I entered the United States cavalry and fought in the Mexican war, rising to a captaincy. After my discharge I decided to come to California, so I joined an emigrant train at Springfield, Illinois. My worldly goods I packed on two good mules, bought a Kentucky thoroughbred, and rode with the wagon-train."

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Harvey Firestone

"There was a captain of that train, a man named Henry Gould. He had a wife and four children, the oldest, a girl named Lizzie, being by a former wife. Lizzie was a red-headed, freckle-faced, green-eyed wench of eighteen who cast sheep's-eyes at me from the day we started.

"Owing to the fact that my mules far outstripped the oxen on the day's march, it became my habit to ride ahead, select the camp site for the night and—since 'twas my delight—to kill game for the others. Well, Bejabers, the girl Lizzie rode a horse—bestrode the beast as a man would, for she'd no sense of modesty—and, uninvited, she chose to ride on ahead with me one day. I asked her not to, for the sake of appearances, but 'tis little she cared for appearances, so, seeing I could not reason with her, I told her plainly she was of no interest whatever to me and there was an end to it.

"I should have known better, Bejabers. Of course I offended the woman. She turned her green eyes on me and them all ablaze with the anger of the woman scorned. 'Very well, you fine gentleman,' she replied, and rode back to the wagon-train.

"In the morning her father waited on me and accused me of attempting to philander with his daughter. I laughed at the fool and brushed him out of my way. 'Keep your girl in the wagon where she belongs, Gould,' I told him, 'and she'll be in no danger from any man. Meanwhile, I tell you plainly, Lizzie lies.'

"He pulled his pistol and shot me twice—once in the right arm and once through the right shoulder—which was a mistake, because I'm a left-handed man! If he'd had brains he would have observed that I wore my holster on my left hip. I shot him through the right wrist and he dropped his weapon.

"'Twas not until I was wounded that I discovered how thoroughly I was disliked. There were women in that wagon-train that would have dressed my wounds, but their men would not permit it."

"You were not their kind," Bejabers suggested. "They knew you were superior to them, and besides, you were a furrier."

D'Arcy smiled sadly. "They held a meeting and banished me from the wagon-train. We'd crossed the Platte by that time. I was too weak from loss of blood to protest, and in the belief that I would die, they took my outfit with them."

"The skunks! Dermot, you'd ought to have killed that man Gould."

"I was picked up three hours later by a party of Sioux hunters. There was a white man with them, a chap who had married into the tribe. He dressed my wounds, Indian fashion, and they carried me with them in a rude stretcher swung between two ponies. When we caught up with the emigrant train the following day this white man—I never knew his name—gave Gould the alternative of returning my mules, horse, firearms and equipment or of being attacked."

"The good old renegade! What followed?"

"I remained with the Indians nearly two months, and paid my way with goods far more precious to the Indians than money. The best mares of the chief and subchiefs will have dropped a number of half-thoroughbred foals by now. When I was recovered they gave me an escort to the Mormon settlement on Great Salt Lake and I wintered there; in the spring I pushed on alone. I met a few Indians but they did not bother me."

D'Arcy then proceeded to relate his experiences since entering the territory of California, while Bejabers nodded interestedly.

"I'm glad you're a gentleman, Dermot, and glad you've been an officer in the service of the United States. I can understand your kind." He smiled. "Used to workin' with 'em. I'm a plain man myself, but none o' the Harmons have been in jail that I know of, exceptin' me, and I reckon I've disgraced the family by bein' a jailer. Well, supposin' we go up to my calaboose and interview my prisoners."

When Dermot D'Arcy left the hacienda of

Don Emilio Espinosa and rode north, two people watched with mixed feelings the departure of this strangest of all strange gringos. Josepha Guerrero hoped against hope that he would look back, and when he did not—when a dip in the plain hid him forever—a little pang of disappointment stabbed her.

Tomas rolled and tranquilly smoked a cigar, waiting for the girl to say something. He had been greatly attracted to D'Arcy until, the gift of the mare Kitty having been made, he had seen in Josepha's eyes a glow that had never been in them when she looked at him.

"Well?" he murmured lazily, in response to a stifled sigh from Josepha.

"He is gone?" the girl murmured, as if she almost doubted the evidence of her own eyes.

Tomas nodded, a trifle sulkily. "He came for gold; he won it; he has departed, since there are no more races to be won by that great horse he rides. He is not at home with our people, this restless, daring one."

"And yet," she retorted, "I think our people could always feel at home with him. There can be no doubt, Tomas, that he is a gentleman."

"It may be, Josepha, that he has associated with gentlemen in his time. We know not who or what he is. Often a valet has good manners."

Josepha turned upon the boy eyes of slumbering fire. "You are not usually so unkind, Tomas. Señor D'Arcy is a gentleman in his own right, and likewise a man of the world. And I would," she added, with sudden feminine malevolence, knowing she could hurt him thus, "that this gringo had remained longer with us, that we might know him better."

"He has remained too long," Tomas retorted bitterly. "Already you were half in love with him."

She shrugged this away. "He is different. No dandy, he, to whisper soft nothings to a woman, no coward to bend his manly pride to the thrusts of a woman's tongue. Yes, it is true I liked him, Tomas. There is about that man a touch of the devil. He has in his saddlebags a thousand dollars in gold; before the eyes of the wastrels of his own race he placed it there. He must know he is a temptation to robbers, yet he rides alone, indifferent. It must be that our gringo has much faith in himself."

"The fires of Hell consume him!" Tomas cried angrily. "Come, let us return to the house."

"I will return alone, Tomas. In your present mood you are not pleasing to me. You are jealous."

"I cannot help it. Do I not love you, Josepha? Are we not as good as engaged? Why, then, should I not resent your interest in this foreigner?"

"We are not engaged, nor shall we, I think, be engaged, even though our fathers desire it. I would have for my husband a man, not a petulant boy."

He took possession, a bit forcibly, of her dainty hand and carried it to his lips. "Forgive me, dear one," he begged, and tears of chagrin and misery started to his eyes.

She turned from him with a tiny gesture of disgust. "Please leave me, Tomas. I am in no mood for argument now. Tonight, perhaps—"

He swept his hat in the dust at her feet and left her with what dignity he could muster.

"A boy," she thought. "He is like all the others. Where women are concerned he will never grow up. Just now he begged my pardon because he thought he had affronted me a very little. Señor D'Arcy would not have permitted me to know what he felt in similar circumstances."

"Yes, of a certainty that young man is a new note in life. And he is handsome. God of my soul, he is handsome. A great, strong fellow, careless of all things; he travels down the world, and some day he will take that world by the throat and tear from it that which he desires."

She followed tardily on the heels of Tomas, and in the colonnade of the hacienda found Don Carlos Montalvo meditatively smoking a

cigar. He motioned her to the bench beside him.

"Well, our gringo is a strange fellow, is he not, Señorita? I have enjoyed him, and I am desolated now that he has departed."

"Tomas is very jealous," the girl confided, for Don Carlos was a kinsman, a second cousin of her father's. "Poor little Tomas!"

Don Carlos chuckled. "Tomas is a boy, and in the presence of this gringo he feels a masculine inferiority."

"A somewhat reserved man, this Señor D'Arcy, do you not think so, Don Carlos? He is not one to pay his devotions to women."

"I warned him that for you, my dear girl, he had too many eyes, and that Tomas was his host's son. So Señor D'Arcy declined to hurt the boy. Otherwise—well, who knows what a young man will do? After I warned him he kept in the background."

"You are a meddler, my cousin. I would have liked to know Señor D'Arcy better. Mine is a dull life. As you know, we meet so few strangers in Alta California. When one of our own people opens his mouth to speak I know what he is going to say. Always it is a compliment. Always, with me, they play a part. God of my soul, can I not have a man for my good friend? Must they always be lovers, whether they love or not? Indeed, Don Carlos, life to me is very dull, I assure you, and now this silly Tomas is making it duller."

"It will be different when you are married to Tomas," the man assured her. "His family is of the finest, on both sides; the monetary considerations are excellent; Tomas is a fine fellow."

"I will not be bought and sold in a marriage of convenience, Don Carlos."

"But you are already eighteen years of age. In a year or two you will be an old maid."

"It is very sad, but now that I have seen a man poor Tomas will always be a boy to me."

"You mean this gringo, D'Arcy? Pff! He is gone. He knows no sweetheart save gold and power and place in this world, and when he has found it he will return to his own people. He is an Irishman, not an American."

"Perhaps," sighed the girl, "that is why he is so different. Is it not sad to think I shall not see him again?"

Her boldness, her appalling lack of maidenly modesty so far transgressed the ancient Castilian code framed by the dons of this world for their women, that the grandee was scandalized.

"Hah! A rebel," he snorted. "It will fare ill with you, little one, if your father hears you expressing such sentiments."

"That Don Dermot D'Arcy is a great devil!" Josepha sighed. "I would that I might see him again. He did not flatter me."

"He ignored you," Don Carlos reminded her. "Ah, but you told him to. I think he will not be so cold when we meet again."

"I heard you tell him he would always have a welcome at the Rancho Arroyo Chico, but I did not hear him ask you where the Rancho Arroyo Chico might be found! It is not likely that his travels will take him that far into Alta California—and the search for gold will soon cause him to forget everything else. No, he was not interested."

Josepha Guerrero shook her head. "I was not, then, distasteful to him. He will look for me. I saw it in his eyes when he bade me farewell."

"I must not be a party to such seditious conversation," Don Carlos growled testily. "I think the fault lies in your dead mother's blood. She was half English, and the English have respect for nothing which they do not themselves create. But tell me, Josepha, where is your brother, Romauldo? I have not seen the boy as yet."

"Romauldo spends his time playing cards with the Americans. He is a madman. All games of chance fascinate him—and he has been drinking to excess—hence afraid to face my father. I fear he has lost heavily. If Romauldo should come to you, my cousin, for a loan, please do not oblige him."

Don Carlos Montalvo's fine brow darkened

Every Beauty Specialist will confess to this:

True beauty comes from within
"Make-up" can only help

A REALLY fine complexion isn't to be coaxed from even the cleverest little beauty jars and boxes. Cosmetics add a finishing touch—yes—but a clear skin, true charm, come from within—from physical well-being.

* * *

Some women always look lovely—always interesting, animated, gloriously alive! Dancing, shopping, in business, entertaining in their homes—you single them out instantly as the most charming figures in any scene.

Beauty such as theirs does not bloom by magic at the dressing table. It is the precious gift that only perfect health can give. Even beauty specialists themselves admit that true beauty—a clear skin, radiant loveliness—must come from physical fitness.

* * *

Thousands of women never really look their best because they violate the simple rules of health. They lead hurried, nervous, irregular lives. They eat unwisely and they rest themselves badly.

As a result of this neglect of nature's a-b-c's, digestive disturbances develop—and all too frequently stoppage in the intestines ensues. It is this condition, your physician will tell you, that is the real cause of many, many beauty worries.

For when food wastes are not promptly and regularly eliminated, fermentation ensues—"self-poisoning" is set up—and the blood becomes polluted with impurities. This impure blood causes the skin to break out—to become blemished, dull and unlovely.

To correct a poor complexion you must get at the condition that is responsible for it. The approved way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica promptly relieves stoppage and flushes away the poisons of waste by stimulating the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines. It helps to correct beauty-



The first rule of beauty is also the first rule of health. It is simply this—keep the system internally clean. The way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline combination.

destroying skin defects by keeping the blood stream pure and healthy.

Sal Hepatica is also widely used in relieving headaches, in treating stomach disorders, rheumatism, colds, liver and kidney troubles and a host of other ills.

For Sal Hepatica combines the same health-giving salines as the natural waters of European spas. And the benefits it brings are the same benefits of the "cure" at these famous watering places.

Don't let the insidious poisons of waste develop within yourself. Avoid skin blemishes and ill health by keeping internally clean and physically fit with Sal Hepatica.

Send the coupon for our new booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica guards your health and beauty and how it helps relieve the many ills traceable to self-poisoning.

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**MAKE THIS one
SIMPLE CHANGE**
—save $\frac{1}{3}$ of your fuel

BEFORE winter cold sets in, before you begin wasting 1 out of every 3 tons of coal (or gallons of oil) unnecessarily—call your local heating and plumbing shop and have them make this one simple change in your steam heating system. Have them replace the air venting valve on each of your radiators with a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve. You will get amazing new comfort.

You can have hot radiators 3 hours (not 30 minutes) after fires are banked. You can get up steam in 15 minutes (not an hour). Think what this means in comfort and convenience. You can bank the fire after dinner and still have piping hot radiators when you go to bed at 10 or 11. You can have three quarters of an hour more sleep in the morning—and get up steam by the same hour—7 or 8—as before. What is more you cut your coal or oil bills $\frac{1}{3}$.

By this saving, you earn 50% to 65% on your investment in Hoffman Vacuum Valves—the first year. At the end of the second, you get your investment back—plus a profit. Every year, after this, you receive a gift of approximately \$5.00 for each radiator in your home.

SEND FOR BOOK — Like any investment, this one is worth studying. Send for interesting 48-page book, "How to Lock Out AIR—the heat thief." It explains the invention that makes this amazing comfort and fuel saving possible. Just print your name and address on edge of this ad. and mail to Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc., Dept. N-6, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

**Hot radiators 3 hours
(not 30 minutes) after banking
15 minutes (not an hour)
—to get up steam
...for $\frac{1}{3}$ less fuel**

**HOFFMAN No.2
VACUUM VALVES**

in a frown. "So they debauch our young men also, these gringos, eh? I must look after this boy. It is not seemly he should associate with Americans. Your pardon, Señorita. I go."

He went—and long after he had gone the girl sat and stared into the north. "I am a prisoner," she told herself. "All of our women are prisoners until they escape our dull tradition, until they rebel. Then—"

She saw Tomas coming toward her. Subconsciously, she compared him with Dermot D'Arcy—a slight, effeminate youth raging womanishly against the virile, masculine wanderer from beyond the Sierra—and in that instant the iron of bitterness and rebellion entered her soul. "I shall not marry him," she told herself fiercely. "I shall wait. I shall have hope."

And to the amazement of Tomas she fled and sought her room.

The prisoners in Bejabers Harmon's charge proved to be an assorted lot. The two men who had killed their opponents in street duels were tall, slim, wiry Southern mountaineers, who looked D'Arcy clearly in the eyes and apparently felt themselves as good citizens as any in San Francisco. Their men, it appeared, had "called them out," they had accepted and the duels had both been fought according to the rough and ready code of the period. Their names were Judson Allen and Martin McCready.

The bigamist was a little, furtive, undeveloped man, in whose history D'Arcy could find no interest. "Turn him loose," he whispered to the jailer. "We cannot use him."

The three alleged horse thieves proved to be Americans, by name Ord, Sargent and Lundy. Hardy men they were and, like Allen and McCready, they lent a ready ear to the proposal that, if Bejabers should consent to turn them loose, they would join D'Arcy's caravan.

Of the two sailors, one was a cockney, by name Pye; the other, Vilmont, was a huge Gascon, who spoke no English. He was quite at home with D'Arcy's French, however, and he and Pye readily—indeed, gratefully—agreed to D'Arcy's plans.

The afternoon was spent loading into the black Maria such supplies as the jail afforded which might be likely to prove of value to the expedition.

About seven o'clock next morning D'Arcy appeared with his string of pack-mules and Francisco. At the stores where he had ordered his provisions and other goods, the mules were packed, each mule bearing two hundred pounds of cargo; the evidence in the horse-stealing cases were also saddled, and a splendid team of black horses were hitched to the loaded black Maria. D'Arcy's cash reserve was down to two hundred and fifty dollars when, eventually, the expedition was ready for the road. Following a hearty luncheon, they were about to start when the restaurant cook, a diminutive Cantonese, who had been an interested listener to their conversation at luncheon, approached.

"You no ketchup cookee?" he murmured. "Maybeso you likum China boy for cookee? Can do. Jim Toy him likum go with boss to ketchup gold."

"Climb up on that wagon seat in front, Jim," Bejabers replied promptly. "You've got a steady job."

Jim Toy put on a Mexican sombrero, removed his apron, brought forth a bundle of clothing and sat on the seat beside the big Gascon, Vilmont, grinning happily.

Within a few minutes after leaving the heart of San Francisco the expedition was in the open country, following El Camino Real, down the peninsula up which D'Arcy had journeyed so recently. There had been no opportunity to secure transportation across San Francisco bay; consequently they were forced to make a one-hundred-mile march around the bay, at the conclusion of which they would find themselves some seven miles from their starting-point!

Owing to the necessity for rating their progress on that of the wagon and the additional

necessity for providing ample time for their animals to graze en route, they averaged less than twenty miles per day; indeed, after the first few days D'Arcy cut that down to fifteen, for the animals lost flesh rapidly. Game was plentiful and they had fresh meat in camp at all times. Also, Jim Toy proved to be a pearl of great price and his excellent cooking and cheerful disposition went far toward cementing *esprit de corps* in the strange cavalcade. D'Arcy had the rare gift for leadership and as leader the men accepted him instinctively.

They crossed the northern end of the Santa Clara Valley, skirting the bay shore between where the town of Mountain View now stands on the western side and the town of Alviso on the eastern. At the latter point they found a well-defined trail leading north along the bay shore, through what is now Alameda and Contra Costa counties, and on the forenoon of the tenth day they came to Martinez and their first objective—Sample's Ferry across Carquinez Straits.

D'Arcy and Bejabers rode forward to make arrangements for the crossing of their party, but long before they reached the rough board shanty of the agent on the Martinez side, it was apparent to them that they would have to wait at least three days for an opportunity to cross. An accident to the machinery of the steam-launch which shunted the ferry barge backward and forward had terminated the service for almost a week, and as a result gold-seekers and some Hispano-Californian *rancheros* from Alta California were camped in a long queue from the bay shore out into the little valley where a city now stands.

"You'll have to take your place in line, gentlemen," the agent informed them. "First come, first served."

"That's fair," D'Arcy agreed. "Well, Bejabers, I suppose we may as well ride back to our people and make camp."

"Suppos'n you buy our tickets now, Dermot," the canny Yankee suggested. "And make him date them today. That'll show wet prior rights to cross over some Johnny-comelately who may try to euvre us out of our place, like that feller on the gray horse is doin' now."

He pointed down toward the tiny dock and D'Arcy saw a big bearded man astride a gray horse, and accompanied by half a dozen other mounted men, forcibly herding out of line a little company of Hispano-Californians. The Americans had their pistols out, and before this menace the Californians were falling back.

D'Arcy called the attention of the agent to the outrage. "I thought your policy was 'first come, first served.'"

"I know," the agent replied miserably, "but they're a hard lot and you can't expect me to fight a gang of desperadoes."

"I expect you to refrain from sending your ferry to the Benicia shore with them until I give the word," D'Arcy replied with spirit.

"These fellows feel quite safe in hustling a party of gentle Californians out of their way, but by the Lord they still have me and my party to reckon with. Those rascals shall go back to the end of the line and camp there in their proper place."

"Them's my sentiments," Bejabers Harmon assured the agent. "You don't have to fight this gang o' desperadoes. We'll relieve you o' that detail. Just you hold the ferry here until I can ride to the rear and hustle up our reserves. Me, I'm for law and order every time."

"Bravo, Bejabers. Mr. Ferry-agent, I warn you not to send that ferry away with those men aboard. Come, Bejabers."

They galloped back, rejoined their company and led it into position in a field close to that of the last arrival on the ground. D'Arcy explained the situation to them and they voted unanimously to rectify it.

"Vilmont, you're not at home on a horse, and you're too big to ride one," D'Arcy commanded. "You remain here and help Jim Toy and Francisco unpack and care for the stock. The remainder of you men arm yourselves and follow me."

He led his company back to the ferry. A

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little distance from the craft, which was not tied up at the landing-place, the group of Hispano-Californians sat their horses together, cowed by the seven men who had forced them back and who now, at the head of the line, awaited permission from the agent to embark.

D'Arcy rode up to the man on the gray horse. "You're evidently spoiling for a fight, my friend," he announced in ringing tones, "so I'm here to accommodate you. Get back to the end of this line, you bullies, or fight."

The man on the gray horse turned—and D'Arcy gazed into the face of his late companion of the road, Alvah Cannon.

"So," Cannon muttered, "it's you?"

"Aye, Cannon, my lad—and with the drop on you. I have as many bullies at my back as you have—and with this advantage: every man of yours is covered by a pistol in the hands of one of my men. There'll be no government by force here, I'm thinking. Will you depart peaceably, or must we shoot it out?"

"I reckon you're still givin' me orders, D'Arcy."

"Sensible man. Ride back with your followers and take your place at the end of the line."

Under the menace of D'Arcy's long-barreled pistol Alvah Cannon rode off the dock; one by one his followers fell in behind him. D'Arcy rode up to the group of Californians, lifted his hat and bowed to the lady among them.

"Señorita, I have pleasure in announcing that these ruffians will think twice before attempting further discourtesy. My men and I will see that you are not again molested."

The girl raised a little white hand and flung back from her face a fold of her mantilla, which hitherto had served to protect it from the gray dust of the trail. She rode her horse—a black mare—straight to his side.

"I knew you would come, Señor D'Arcy," she said in a low voice. "You did not look back when we parted at San Juan Bautista, but—I knew we should meet again. I am gratified."

Eagerly he reached for her hand and a smile of intense pleasure illumined his dark, dust-streaked face. "You will believe me when I assure you I did not wish to look back? To go thus was sufficiently painful. I would not reopen the wound by looking back to see that which I had lost. But where is Don José?"

"He has already crossed to Benicia, leaving my brother Romauldo and me and two muleteers to come on the next trip of the ferry. You did not meet my brother, I believe. Romauldo!"

A good-looking young man of twenty-four or five spurred his horse to her side and surveyed D'Arcy with a haughty, slightly truculent stare. His sister presented D'Arcy.

"I am the señor's debtor," Romauldo assured the latter with the typical graciousness of his class. "Had I some fighting men at my back I would not now be under obligations to you for a gallant courtesy." He dismissed the incident with a careless wave of his hand. "They were too many."

D'Arcy stared at the young man with equal truculence. "You are armed with two pistols, young man," he replied pointedly, "and there are six shots in each pistol, whereas there were but seven men in that rabble. Until you learn to fight for your rights you will find this class of Americans running over you and yours."

The agent came running down the dock. "All aboard," he cried, much relieved. "Step lively or make way for others."

Romauldo raised his hat. "Come, my sister."

The girl extended her hand to their deliverer. But D'Arcy did not raise it to his lips. Instead he held it for several seconds, while their eyes searched each other.

"I did not ask you where one might find the Rancho Arroyo Chico, Señorita," he murmured, "nor shall I ask you now. I shall find it. Not soon, perhaps, but some day—"

"I shall wait," she murmured breathlessly. "Go with God. *Adios!*"

D'Arcy backed his horse to the side of the trail and watched the Guerrero party ride

aboard the tiny ferry. The girl was riding Kitty, the black mare he had given her, and he noted, with the instinct of the trained horseman, how gracefully she sat the side-saddle and with what ease and confidence she controlled the high-spirited animal. When she was well forward on the ferry he saw her dismount and stand to horse, soothing the mare as the lumbering *carretas*, ox-drawn, the mounted men, foot travelers and a stylish four-in-hand drawing a high-wheeled buggy, followed in their turn.

A stiff breeze was blowing up Carquinez Straits and in the short, choppy sea the ferry rolled at its moorings; as a result some of the horses, panic-stricken, reared and plunged, the principal offender in this regard being Romauldo Guerrero's mount.

"Dismount, blindfold him and stand to his head," D'Arcy shouted.

But the native egotism in Romauldo forbade such evidence of timidity or prudence. He sawed brutally on the cruel Spanish bit and roweled the frightened brute from shoulder to flank in a vain effort to assert his mastery—and suddenly the horse commenced to pitch. Instantly a panic appeared imminent and D'Arcy's heart skipped a beat as he saw Josepha, by a quick dodge in under Kitty's neck, barely escape the mad horse's front hoofs.

The situation clarified with electric suddenness. Romauldo's horse obligingly leaped overboard and swam ashore, but not until with his last frantic jump he had unseated his rider, who went overboard with him; as Romauldo's black head appeared on the surface a gurgling cry for help reached D'Arcy; then the head disappeared again.

"The cocksure young ass is drowning," D'Arcy thought. "He deserves drowning, but—"

A touch of the spur to Pathfinder and they were off the tule-clad bank into deep water, swimming for the spot where Romauldo had gone down. He had come up and disappeared once more before D'Arcy could reach him. Past the spot Pathfinder plowed with easy strokes, while D'Arcy swung himself almost under his mount's belly and groped swiftly.

His hands closed over Romauldo's head; his strong fingers twined themselves in the boy's hair, and when D'Arcy's torso emerged from the muddy waters, Romauldo's head was held clear; a furious jerk and the limp body was lying across Pathfinder's neck while the horse turned and swam back to the shore.

Bejabs Harmon received the unconscious Romauldo while Pathfinder was still struggling to get his forelegs on the bank and having a rather difficult task to do it, until D'Arcy slid off, whereupon the horse clambered up.

"I reckon we'd better drown this *hombre* a mite, Dermot," the practical-minded Harmon suggested and threw Romauldo face down across Pathfinder's back, permitting him to slide far down the opposite side. "Roll the danged fool," he commanded D'Arcy.

So D'Arcy rolled him in the saddle and the muddy water drained out the boy's mouth and nostrils. "One of these here danged smart Alecks," Bejabs growled. "His sister got off and held her hoss, but of course this here young peacock knew more'n she did. Reckon he's dead, pardner? I hope so."

Romauldo was not dead, but he was unconscious and it required fast and intelligent first-aid work on the part of D'Arcy and Bejabs before he opened his eyes. Meanwhile his sister, having given her horse to one of the muleteers to hold, had come ashore to render what aid she could. From the gold-seekers whose turn it was to go aboard the ferry on its next trip came profane protests at the delay.

"Why didn't you let that fool greaser drown?" one of them demanded loudly.

Josepha Guerrero spoke furiously and in English. "Animall! You call these brother of me greaser? Why you call us these name to a Guerrero?"

D'Arcy looked up at the man who had addressed him. "Come over here and apologize for that insult," he commanded.

"I ain't apologizin' to no greasers for nothin' I say. You hear me, don't you?"

"Don't challenge him, pardner," Bejabs Harmon suggested calmly. "You're a gentleman and a gentleman can't fight his kind. This job belongs to me." He strolled over to the man who had offended. "Take your choice, Mister. Apologize or argy it in the smoke."

"I reckon we'll have to argue it."

"At fifteen paces? Is that agreeable?" The other nodded. "Follow me," said Bejabs Harmon. "Pardner, you got your hands full. Lemme tend to this detail."

D'Arcy smiled affectionately upon Bejabs. "Why should I?"

"Why, 'tain't the least bit o' trouble for me to give this feller a lesson in manners."

"Bejabs, I love you like a brother, but—I'll do my own fighting. I'll attend to that fellow after this boy and his sister have gone aboard the ferry."

Bejabs was not pleased. "You take the sunshine out of my life, Dermot," he complained. "'Tain't no use argyin' a matter o' principle with you, though."

The ferry agent now spoke up. "This young man and his sister have had their chance to get aboard. They've lost it. I can't hold the ferry any longer."

"That is fair," Josepha told D'Arcy in Spanish. "We have no wish to discommode the traveling public because of my brother's foolish effort to control an uncontrollable horse. Our men will deliver my horse to my father while I remain here with Romauldo. When he is able to travel we will cross, but not until Romauldo has taken this ruffian to task. It is generous of you, Don Dermot, to offer to fight the battles of the Guerreros, but that is an obligation of the Guerreros, is it not?"

Instantly D'Arcy made his decision. "Very well, if Romauldo cares to bell the cat, I dare say that is his privilege. The man yonder alluded to him as a greaser. If he feels himself insulted he will resent the insult. If he does not, I am at your service."

The ferry pulled out. In an hour it was back, but in that hour Romauldo Guerrero had regained consciousness and, although still weak, shaken and not a little nauseated, was enabled to lead his horse aboard the ferry. Before following him his sister whispered to D'Arcy:

"He is in no condition to resent the insult now, Don Dermot, but tomorrow he will."

D'Arcy bowed gravely, carried her hand to his lips and watched her go aboard the ferry; as it pulled away from the landing he and Bejabs mounted and rode back.

"You reckon the young feller'll call him out, Dermot? Seems as if it's his job, after all."

"I have a suspicion he will not, my friend."

"Can't say I like the boy myself, Dermot. I figger him a mite loco in the head. If he'd had the nerve to make half a stand ag'in that man Cannon there wouldn't have been no necessity for us to interfere."

"I think he realized that, Bejabs; hence his insistence, when his horse commenced pitching, to demonstrate what a brave and reckless young fellow he really is! Romauldo is in a fine temper now, I imagine. He realizes, undoubtedly, that he has succeeded admirably in making a fool of himself."

"The girl's a thoroughbred, though. Speaks fair English. Wonder where she learned it."

D'Arcy was silent. His unexpected meeting with Josepha Guerrero together with the near-tragic events of the past half-hour had set his mercurial soul in tumult, albeit no hint of this showed in his impassive countenance. He did not care to discuss the girl or her brother, rather he was trying to analyze a growing resentment that the Guerrero family was destined to play no inconsiderable part in the adventures that awaited him in this new land.

"I think the gal's plumb beautiful," Bejabs ruminated. "In particular when she's got her dander up. If she'd been a man there'd been a fight or a foot-race about two seconds after that chuckle-headed fool alluded to her brother as a greaser. I like a spunky woman."

D'Arcy looked at his companion. Bejabs

was a man close to forty years old, a short, compact, keen-visaged man with a singularly uncomplicated outlook on life. With Bejabers Harmon, right was right and wrong was wrong; he was congenitally incapable of compromise with either.

D'Arcy, thinking now of the perfectly natural manner in which his companion had offered to fight a duel in his behalf, was moved to a sudden affection for Bejabers. He rode close to the little man and laid his hand affectionately on the latter's shoulder.

"I like you, Bejabers. I hope we'll be friends and partners always."

Bejabers nodded appreciatively. "If we keep our feet on the ground and our heads out o' the air, Dermot," he replied with a flash of his Yankee horse-sense, "we'll find our place in the sun. I'll stick to you, boy, while you play me fair."

"Wouldn't you stick just a little longer than that, Bejabers? Long enough to make a big effort to convince me I wasn't playing you fair, and in order that, thereafter, I would play you fair?"

"Well, I reckon I might be tempted to overlook a lot in you," Bejabers confessed, just a trifle embarrassed. "But you got to make me one promise, son. Whenever you're in trouble, don't you ever set yourself to git out of it until you've notified me. I want to be on hand to make sartin you git a square deal."

"I promise—provided you accord me the same privilege, Bejabers."

"Seguro, amigo! Dermot, it occurs to me that Spanish gal thinks you're quite an up-an'-comin' young feller. You goin' to see her ag'in?"

"Perhaps. The world is wide. We may meet sometime."

"The boy won't like you."

"What makes you think that?"

"You showed him up. Then you saved his fool life, and it's been my experience that whenever I put a feller under obligation to me I made an enemy. And another thing. That young feller won't foller this matter up, an' that'll make his sister ashamed of him. Dermot, if you hadn't been so high and mighty I could have saved her that humiliation. I seen a look on your face, son, when you recognized that gal—and I seen a look on hers. And I seen another look when you said good-by to her. So I couldn't see no sense in bustin' up a romance by lettin' you fight that coyote. If a feller can't serve his friends, what good is he?"

D'Arcy was profoundly touched at this simple profession of faith. "It was a lucky day for me that I met you, partner."

"And a lucky day for me. I got a notion you and me'll do big things together in this country. But we got to start right."

"That is true."

"Well, then, the minute we're settled down to minin' on some creek, I'm goin' to leave you long enough to drive the black Maria back to San Francisco. That and the team plumb overdid my credit with the city and I'm worried."

D'Arcy threw back his head and laughed. He was young and the world seemed very bright to him just then.

Vilmont and Jim Toy had made camp by the time D'Arcy and Bejabers reached the end of the line, and Francisco, McCready and Allen had taken the live stock off a little distance where the animals could graze.

"The gang we drove back from the head of the line are camped in that grove of oaks yonder," McCready warned D'Arcy. "Give 'em plenty of room."

On his way back to camp afoot D'Arcy saw Alvah Cannon advancing to meet him.

"Well, Cannon?" he demanded.

"Well, first off, I ain't lookin' for trouble, D'Arcy. What I want to say is this—me an' my party are a little shy on grub an' seein' as how you appear to have more than you need, the boys asked me to see could we buy some from you."

"It is true we have more than we need at

this time, but it is our plan to hold it for use this winter. Sorry, Cannon, but self-preservation is the first law of human nature. I have no food for sale."

Cannon turned abruptly and walked back to his party and a little later D'Arcy saw four of them, mounted, disappear into the hills. They returned in about an hour, driving before them a two-year-old steer; presently the carcass could be seen hanging to the stout limb of an oak-tree while busy hands dressed and skinned it.

"Do you s'pose they paid for that critter?" Bejabers queried.

D'Arcy shook his head. "It would never occur to that rabble to defer to the undoubted property rights of the people they term greasers. Bejabers, that is a sample of the fate in store for the native Californians. Within five years an Anglo-Saxon civilization will be busy stealing their lands also. Hello, here comes Cannon again. Wonder what he wants."

With truculent assurance Cannon strode into their camp. "I'll trade you a side o' beef for a fifty-pound bag o' flour," he announced.

"We purchased some fresh meat this morning at a rancho in the canyon back yonder, Cannon. Besides, your meat is stolen."

"You're sartainly a most onneighborly man," Cannon growled.

"You bet he is," Bejabers assured the fellow. "And lemme give you a word of advice. You keep away from this cai p. The next time you come projectin' around here somebody's goin' to have to drag you home."

Cannon stared at him contemptuously. "All right, little feller," he said, and departed.

"This gold-huntin's not goin' to be anything in the nature of a church festival," Bejabers opined. "I got a notion we're goin' to be mighty popular while our grub lasts—and if our generous natures lead us into starvation we won't have nobody to blame but ourselves. Let's make a rule now and stick to it. No grub loaned or given away. Them as don't come provided can go back where it's to be had. Up till now I've never beggred a helpin' hand to a neighbor in distress. But hereafter I'm heartless."

"Let us say rather, Bejabers, that you're practical. Well, so am I. No grub donated or loaned is our motto. That's final."

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear you say that," a well-bred voice spoke in back of them. "Two things attracted me to your camp: first, the undeniably delightful aroma of that stew which your cook is preparing, and second, an apparently erroneous belief that I would be welcome at your bounteous board."

Both turned, to be confronted by a man of an age somewhere between fifty and sixty years, but erect and vigorous and keen of eye. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles and luxuriant iron-gray "side-burns" and was dressed in uniform. D'Arcy stared at the man, noting his enormous gold epaulets and cocked hat, now heavily encrusted with dust, and wondered if a harmless luna'ic had not wandered into camp. But the ex-American Marine, Bejabers Harmon, had no such illusion. Long years of discipline brought him to attention now in the presence of an officer and a gentleman; automatically he touched his forelock and, for his courtesy, drew an answering salute.

"This gentleman, Dermot," announced Bejabers, "is a doctor in the British navy."

"You err in one particular, my astute friend, and that is in the matter of your tenses. I was a doctor in the British navy."

"Then why are you still wearin' the uniform?" Bejabers demanded.

"A fair question. I will answer it fairly. I had gone ashore in San Francisco from my ship, H. M. S. Invincible, which had entered the port that morning. Reports of the discovery of slathers of gold in the Sierra greeted us, so I am here—and since the impulse to desert his Majesty overwhelmed me while in uniform, naturally I am still in uniform and devilishly in need of a bath, a change of linen and a generous helping of that stew. In plain English, I have invited myself to dinner. It is, I admit, a

blow to learn that I am not welcome, but nevertheless, in so far as I am concerned, the invitation still stands. My card, gentlemen."

From a gold case this amazing individual produced an engraved card, and D'Arcy read:

Sir Humphrey O'Shea, Bart.
Captain, Medical Corps
H. M. S. Invincible

"What's a Bart, Dermot?" Bejabers queried.

"That is the abbreviation for baronet."

"Well, as far as I'm concerned, Dermot, the Bart's welcome to dinner." Without an instant's hesitation did Bejabers reverse his decision of a moment previous.

Sir Humphrey O'Shea bowed, in his alert old eyes a hope that Bejabers would name himself. "And to what former navy man am I indebted for this courtesy?" he queried.

"Bejabers Harmon, ex-sergeant of United States Marines, Sir. Shake hands with my pardner, Dermot D'Arcy, former captain of United States volunteer cavalry."

Sir Humphrey bowed grandiosely to D'Arcy. "Is the name, by any chance, spelled with an apostrophe, Captain?"

D'Arcy nodded and extended his hand. "You are welcome to share our stew, Sir Humphrey."

"Thank you both, gentlemen. I had an idea I would be. I was fortunate enough to observe your good work at the ferry landing this afternoon; hence I decided you were a generous man. Now, having ascertained that you are Dermot D'Arcy, I know you for a gentleman. By any chance, are you related to Sir Malin D'Arcy, of Galtee Manor, in Galway?"

"A very distant relation, Sir."

"You're a liar," Sir Humphrey declared with a cheerfulness and cordiality that robbed his statement of offense. "You're his son. The D'Arcys are all alike—like a litter of hound pups. I heard some years back that you were on the run, which would, of course, account for your present state of distant relationship to Malin. Like myself, you are a traitor to the king." He shook D'Arcy's hand with a heartiness that left no doubt of their fellowship in crime. "Your father and I were classmates at Trinity, Dermot. I seconded him in his first duel, which, by the same token, came close to being his last. You're a Trinity man, of course?"

D'Arcy nodded, smilingly.

Sir Humphrey glanced about him. "May I ask what those two cases contain, Dermot, my lad? The legend on each states that once they contained whisky."

"They still contain it, Sir Humphrey. Bejabers, will you do the honors on this memorable occasion?"

"Settin' 'em up for the Bart is where I shine, Dermot," Bejabers responded and proceeded to produce a bottle and some tin cups. "Where're you camped, Bart?"

"Here—for lack of a better place," the visitor replied easily. "Where would one in my deplorable condition elect to camp unless it should be with friends? Pardon me, gentlemen, if I locate a soft spot on which to sit down. I have ridden a burro bareback from the Alameda shore, which I reached in a skiff from San Francisco. Yonder stands my trusty mount, cropping his evening meal."

Sir Humphrey calmly folded a pair of blankets and stretched himself luxuriously, while his hosts gazed upon the remarkable man, peeped with interest and amazement.

"I have heard of you, of course, Sir Humphrey—"

"In the arena of activity to which my wandering fancy has now called me, my boy, I will be known hereafter as Doctor O'Shea, if you please."

"You will probably be called Doc O'Shea, Sir."

"He won't, neither," Bejabers decided. "If we call him Doc he'll have to foller his profession whether he wants to or not, when his heart's plumb set on minin'. His name's Bart. Bart, here's mud in your eye!"

"A fellow of infinite jest," the Bart



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murmured happily, and raised his cup. He smacked his lips. “By the toe-nails of Moses, that’s excellent liquor.”

“Have another, Bart,” the hospitable Bejabers suggested. He had already served the other members of the party, not excepting Jim Toy.

“I thank you, no. My stomach is too empty. Solids would be more to my liking. I take it, friend Dermot, that as an additional member of your party I am welcome.”

“You are, Sir, although I have half a notion that you will be as useless in the diggings as a fifth wheel on a wagon. Yes, you are very welcome, for old sake’s sake.”

The Bart cleared his throat. “I have a traveling companion,” he began. “A cultured and courteous young man whom I met in a gambling-house in San Francisco. His name is Obadiah Poppy—the Reverend Obadiah Poppy. He is a Bostonian. Unfortunately the young and reverend gentleman is abnormally addicted to the use of alcohol and other worldly delights. By the way, my dear Bejabers, I possess a most excellent pipe, but unfortunately I have lost my tobacco!”

The fascinated Bejabers handed the Bart his plug. “Thank you, Bejabers, thank you, my boy. And now a knife, if you please, to whittle a pipeful. Thank you again. The Reverend Obadiah Poppy, I would have you know, has not been unfrocked—as yet—although I imagine a natural presumption that such calamity might overtake him induced his family to decide that a trip around Cape Horn in a ship commanded by a master to whom rum is abhorrent might have a beneficial effect.”

“And did it?” Bejabers queried.

“Not—ah—noticeably, although his health would appear to be excellent as a result of the long months of enforced abstinence. Aside from this pardonable human weakness, I found him a charming fellow and concluded to—ah—cast in my lot with him. Accordingly we pooled our fortunes, purchased two burros and started. The Reverend Obadiah Poppy—

“Ain’t you sort o’ leanin’ on a reed there, Bart?” Thus the practical-minded Bejabers.

“We are all, to a certain extent, Bejabers, wobblers in the womb of fate. Let us therefore be charitable, my dear fellow. I should be delighted to present to you gentlemen the Reverend Poppy.”

Bejabers glanced around. At a little distance a lank young man, with a lank countenance, leaned wearily across the back of a burro, while the little animal cropped at the surrounding herbage. “That’s him, I suppose.” He glanced at D’Arcy, who gave mute consent to the dictum he realized Bejabers was about to enunciate.

“We can’t be bothered with no preachers,” the latter announced grimly. “As a seafarin’ man, Bart, you know mighty well a preacher’s bad luck!”

“I am sorry,” the Bart replied, “because your pronouncement places me in an embarrassing position. Having already cast my lot, as it were, with Mr. Poppy; and furthermore having accepted subsequently an invitation to join your well-equipped and delightful party, I am now placed in the position of having to desert Mr. Obadiah Poppy. As a gentleman I feel keenly—

“The man’s Irish,” Dermot D’Arcy interrupted, addressing Bejabers. “I know his kind. He has made up his mind to conquer us—

“My dear Dermot! Your father would be scandalized—

“Yes, I know you seconded him in a duel and I know you were classmates at Trinity. Indeed, you are a tradition there still. I know there isn’t a mean, ungenerous or ungallant drop of blood in your veins, but I happen to know that your family found you a berth in the navy in the hope that your amiable rascalities would occur far from home. Sir Humphrey, you are quite out of place in this rout of fortune-hunters, I assure you. Please return to San Francisco and rejoin your ship.”

“Impossible, my dear boy. I have been

court-martialed in the past; I fear one more would be fatal and bring dire disgrace upon the O’Sheas.”

“Personally, Bart, I’m free to say I like you. I got a notion you won’t lie,” Bejabers began, “but—

“But me no buts, I pray you, Bejabers. You are right. I do not lie; neither do I desert a friend. By the same token, neither does the gentleman from Galtee Manor.”

“You win,” D’Arcy laughed. “Bring over the Reverend Obadiah Poppy and we will make him welcome—temporarily. If it develops that he has possibilities we may agree to make the welcome permanent.”

“Obie, dear fellow,” the Bart called, “the sun is over the yardarm. Report.”

The Reverend Obadiah Poppy raised his lank form from the back of the burro and cried hoarsely, “Hurrah!” He reported hurriedly and was duly presented to the entire party, whereat he proclaimed himself charmed.

Bejabers poured him a stiff drink. “I reckon you need this, Reverend,” he informed the derelict, “but remember! Every drink of this is a nail in your coffin.”

“While you have the hammer in your hand, Mr. Harmon, drive in another,” the newcomer suggested sonorously.

The Bart rolled on the blankets and chortled at the sorry jest. “Did I not tell you he was a delightful companion? Sit down, Obie. I believe that stew is almost done.”

When supper had been disposed of D’Arcy sent out a relief to the stock guard in order that the guard might come in to eat and be edified by an erudite discussion of theology which had sprung up between the Bart and Mr. Poppy.

Bejabers’s eye caught D’Arcy’s and, obeying a slight inclination of the former’s head, he rose and followed Bejabers out of camp.

“I sort o’ feel the need o’ mental relaxation after listenin’ to them two,” the little man complained. “Let’s take a pasear down the line o’ camps and see what sort o’ neighbors we’re goin’ to have in the diggin’s.”

“You’re a dear fellow, Bejabers. I feel a little guilty permitting those two rascals to join our company, but upon my word, I didn’t have the heart to refuse them. They’re a pitiable pair, although, fortunately, they do not realize it.”

“We got a Chink and two deserters from the mercantile marine, two killers an’ three horse thieves already,” Bejabers replied, “so I reckon the addition of a Bart an’ a Reverend sort o’ adds to the social tone of the party. I can stand for them if you can.”

“They have no blankets; not even a change of clothing, Bejabers.”

“Reckon we’ll have to share up with ’em, son. Mebbe the misfortunates will work.”

“I doubt it.”

“I don’t. I have Jim Toy’s word for it they will. ‘No workee, no eattee,’ says the heathen. Still, they’re amusin’, Dermot, and a feller can never tell when a doctor’ll come in handy. And the preacher’s human.”

“Too human, poor devil.”

They strolled down the line of gold-seekers, and were appalled at the recklessness with which the adventurers were faring to the distant diggings. The majority of them were traveling on mule, horse or burro-back, few had vehicles, equipment was of the scantiest, and it was apparent that they were, for the most part, living on the country, which is to state that they helped themselves to the steers of the *rancheros* upon whose land they happened to camp for the night. All were cheerful, a bit noisy and exuberant, optimistic, impatient of delay.

There were no women in the long encampment, except in the camps of two groups of Hispano-Californians and their retainers; and these D’Arcy realized were now returning from the great horse-race and *fandango* at San Juan Bautista, for they recognized him and greeted him in friendly fashion.

With one of these groups, the Alcantara family, D’Arcy and Bejabers remained an hour, gleaning information about Alta California.



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These people occupied one of the later land grants between the Feather River and the Yuba, and Don Miguel Alcantara was passably familiar with the territory farther north. It appeared that watercourses which were mere creeks in summer but quite respectable rivers during the period of the rains and later, while the snow was melting in the Sierra above, abounded among the foot-hills on either side of the valley of the Sacramento. Some of them watered Spanish and Mexican land grants and might not be prospected for gold, but many streams flowed through the public domain.

Don Miguel was certain there would be no difficulty in securing an excellent location farther to the north than any of the gold-seekers had, to his present knowledge, penetrated.

On the whole Don Miguel, like the majority of his people, regarded the invasion very much as he would regard an invasion of locusts. "I have fears for my family, for myself and for my possessions," he said, "for these gringos do not like our people." Since the United States has come into possession of California, and by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo we have become American citizens, it seems that our fellow citizens do not regard us as such. We are still Mexicans, foreigners, interlopers between them and the spoils of conquest. They call us greasers. My friend, it is but a step from contempt to aggression."

"It will be almost a year before the country will be overrun, Don Miguel, but like you, I fear the later invasion. The vultures gather for the feast. By the way, I had the pleasure this afternoon of meeting young Romauldo Guerrero and his charming sister, Señorita Josepha. You are acquainted with Don José Guerrero, I dare say?"

Don Miguel nodded. "Don José is a fine fellow and his daughter is a saint. But the boy—ah, he is a worry to his family."

"A bit wild, eh?"

"A gambler, without interest in his father's affairs. Outwardly he is polite, but in his heart he is not. You know, of course, that Josepha is his half-sister?"

"I did not." Vaguely D'Arcy felt relieved at this news.

"He is by Don José's first wife. She was a quarter-bred Indian and very beautiful. Romauldo is a throwback. Don José's second wife was the daughter of an English shipmaster whose ship was wrecked near Ventura early in the present century. Her mother was a Carillo and there was no Indian blood in the Carillos. They were aristocrats. Josepha speaks English—a little. Her mother taught her."

"Her mother is dead, I take it."

Don Miguel nodded. "Two years ago."

"Where is their rancho?"

Don Miguel, like most of his kind, was more or less vague on distances. "Many leagues above the Yuba River, on the Sacramento, close to where the Arroyo Chico empties into it. It is an old grant, one of the first, if not the first, in Alta California. Four square leagues, I think it is, running from the east bank of the Sacramento well up into the hills. It is a glorious rancho."

"I noted at San Juan Bautista that young Tomas Espinosa was quite devoted to the Señorita. Tomas is a young gentleman of excellent taste in femininity."

"Ah, poor Tomas. It seemed there would be a marriage there, but at the last Josepha would not obey her father's desires. There was a quarrel before they left the Espinosa rancho. Don José is much distressed, but then what can one do with a high-spirited girl like Josepha? It is her English blood."

A warm glow of delight swept through D'Arcy as the garrulous old don imparted his gossip. That boy Tomas! Why, how could any girl of spirit be attracted to him? "I have a fighting chance," he exulted. "I wonder if I constitute the reason for the wrecking of that

well laid plan. By the powers, I have now a clear field. I must call at the Rancho Arroyo Chico. Yes, I will fare north, far in advance of the northern fringe of this invasion. I must work within riding distance of the Guerrero hacienda."

"It is whispered," Don Miguel continued, "that a gringo has captivated Josepha, but that he knows it not. Alas, that any man should be so dull!"

"Perhaps," D'Arcy suggested, instantly on his guard, "that is not because the gringo is dull. It may be that his heart is engaged elsewhere. Or it may be that—oh, it may be for a number of reasons. Undoubtedly Señorita Guerrero is in all respects desirable. I had the honor to be presented to her at the Espinosa rancho, but since I was a stranger there my opportunities to warm myself in the light of her presence were negligible."

"What will be will be," Don Miguel answered enigmatically, and fell to discussing horses, for he had passed the age of romance.

Their conversation was interrupted by a volley of pistol-shots far down the line of campers, and Bejabs Harmon sprang to his feet. "That shootin's close to our camp, Dermot," he declared, and started running.

D'Arcy followed at his heels; with drawn pistols the pair came dashing into the dim glow of their camp-fire, to find the camp deserted. Half-way between their camp and that of Cannon and his party, however, a group of men could be heard talking excitedly.

"Who's there?" Bejabs challenged.

"Ah, Bejabs, is that you? Is D'Arcy with you? Come here," the calm, cultured voice of the Bart answered. "It seems there's been an accident."

The partners hurried over to the group and Mr. Poppy struck a light and held it close to the ground. It flickered on a dead man's face.

"Who is he?" D'Arcy demanded. "Who shot him?"

"Me shootee him," Jim Toy spoke up. "Him come steal flour from wagon. Allee same catchee one sack. Jim Toy say: 'Dlop him. You no dlop flour I shootee.' Him no dlop flour so Jim Toy shoot. Lookee, boss. Here him sack flour."

Mr. Poppy moved his lighted taper and disclosed the bag of flour at the man's feet.

"Is anybody from Cannon's camp here?" D'Arcy demanded.

"I am here, D'Arcy," Cannon replied. "I heard the shootin' an' come over to see what the excitement was."

"This dead man belonged to your party. He was with you at the ferry this afternoon. Drag him home and in the morning you might bury him."

"The Chink had no call to kill him. What if he had lifted a sack o' your flour? The Chink'll have to answer for the killin'."

"To whom?"

"To the law."

"There is no law but the law of might, Cannon. Jim Toy was justified in killing a thief on sight, particularly when he caught him with the plunder. Who besides Jim Toy saw this man running with the sack of flour?"

"I did," said Mr. Poppy.

"The rascal disturbed our rest," the Bart complained. "Rather good shooting for a Chinaman, I should say, Dermot, my boy. We were all asleep around the camp-fire, with the exception of Jim Toy, who was taking his rest in the wagon and felt the sack of flour being withdrawn from under his person."

"Well, call one of your men and remove this body, Cannon," D'Arcy ordered. "And let this be a lesson to you and your rascally party. What we have we hold. Come, everybody. Back to our own camp."

They departed, leaving Cannon alone in the darkness beside his dead associate.

Once again D'Arcy saves the life of Romauldo, but with far greater danger to himself—and makes love in the moonlight to Señorita Guerrero at her hacienda—in Peter B. Kyne's Next Instalment

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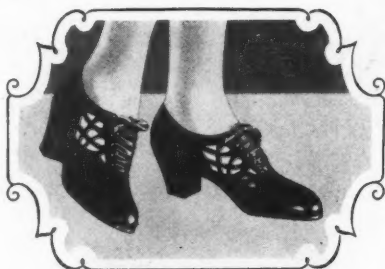
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Rich Man's Game (Continued from page 56)

the terrace after dinner. The glorious view of the ocean was framed blackly by a fresco of eucalyptus-trees and a soft, sprawling mass of live-oaks. Over the marble balustrade hung great cascades of roses. Against Mrs. van Normand's white shoulder nestled a great bunch of fluttering orchids. They quivered now to the quick breath she drew.

For she had barely caught herself in time. It did seem ridiculous at a moment like that to have ninety million dollars and not be able to offer part of them to this boy.

"I wanted a chance to try for the international team," he said slowly, looking across at her. "Maybe I couldn't do it. But my mother wanted me to, awfully. My mother was the finest horsewoman in America."

He grew shy after that, and got up and walked back and forth across the terrace.

"Things never broke right for my mother," he said, coming to stand beside Mrs. van Normand's chair. "She wanted me to make the American team. But I guess I'll have to forget about that. Polo is a rich man's game."

When he had gone, Connie van Normand sent for her friend and prime minister, Pell Atherton. He came at once.

"Pell," said Mrs. van Normand, her voice cold with concentration, "explain to me about Tommy's polo. I want to get this straight. Is he as good as they say he is? You've played in England and on Long Island. You ought to know."

"He's the best I've ever seen," said Pell.

"Why don't they give him horses?"

"Why should they?"

Mrs. van Normand sat very still, her eyes on the toe of one black and silver slipper. "How," she said at last, "does one go about buying polo-ponies?"

Pell Atherton gave her a sharp and slightly amused glance. "There are a number of ways. I can handle it for you, if you like."

"How many ponies ought a man to have?"

"Eight or ten—eight, anyway."

"I want," said Mrs. van Normand, and the way she said the two words conveyed the instant impression that she was accustomed to get what she wanted, "I want the ten best polo-ponies money will buy. I want the best string you can get together. Never mind the cost. Get 'em."

Pell Atherton got them.

Among them was a colbred named Dutch, who had cost twenty-five thousand dollars and who was said to know more polo than any other horse in the country.

And the rivalry from that time forth was never really between Mrs. van Normand and Sybil Raynes, as most people thought, but between Dutch and Sybil.

Sybil and Dutch came into Tommy Sherdel's life at about the same time.

Dutch came first.

Mrs. van Normand asked Tommy to play the pony to see how good he really was. Tommy played him once at Santa Barbara and then took him to Coronado for a series of three tournament games. When they came back Tommy was as utterly lost as a man can be. For Dutch knew more about polo than Tommy did. He was the perfect polo-pony, the one Tommy had dreamed about, the one he and his mother had planned for and talked about. He was past master of the game. Moreover, he was very wise and gentle and had a sense of humor, and recognized Tommy instantly as the man-god to whom he had been waiting to belong.

Tommy loved Dutch with all his heart. He loved him as such men do sometimes love a horse or a dog, with a love second only to that which they give the one woman or the first-born child.

He liked the other horses Mrs. van Normand had bought and wanted him to ride. They were great ponies. But Dutch he loved.

As for Sybil Raynes, Tommy met her at Mrs. van Normand's at a small dinner-party.

Now Mrs. van Normand wasn't entertaining much that season and her parties were noticeable, according to her enemies—of whom she had plenty, all of them women—for the absence of young and pretty girls. Connie van Normand, they said, was no fool. She wasn't taking any chances.

The mere fact that Sybil was there, brought by some young married cousins, argued that she wasn't considered pretty.

But—this happens every now and then—she reminded Tommy Sherdel of his mother.

Sybil Raynes hadn't specially wanted to come to Mrs. van Normand's dinner-party.

"I'd much rather stay home and read," she said to her cousin, when the royal command was conveyed to her.

"Don't be silly," said her cousin sharply. "Mrs. van Normand is the most important person in Santa Barbara. And you'll probably meet Tommy Sherdel there."

"She isn't important to me," said Sybil, with a slight grin. "And who is Tommy Sherdel?"

When told, her brown eyes showed a flicker of interest.

"But I'd much rather see him on a polo field than in a drawing-room," she said. "Most men you adore when they are playing polo or football are a fearful disappointment."

Her cousin stared at her disapprovingly. That was no way for a plain girl like Sybil to talk. "Have you anything fit to wear?" she asked coldly.

"Probably not," said Sybil cheerfully. "I never have. But it doesn't matter. I look just as bad dressed up."

Nevertheless, when Tommy Sherdel saw her standing there in her dowdy little dinner frock, without jewels and with no make-up except a little rice powder on her nose, he was stopped by a sudden sweet pang, as at some remembered melody or some old, dear fragrance.

Sybil Raynes had brown curls all over her head—they were her one beauty—and she had a funny brown little face and a certain brightness in her laugh. Also, she had come very recently from Georgia, and though many people couldn't understand her at all, her talk was music to Tommy.

Tommy, being rather slow of thought and action except on the polo field, had no idea that he had fallen in love at first sight. He only knew that he carried home a high fear that sang in his breast all that night, and that when he finally got to sleep he saw this girl, whom he had met but once, holding out her arms to him across a golden sea. And he woke with his heart thumping as it did after a hard ride on the polo field.

It was several days before he thought of calling her up. He kept hoping he would see her. Santa Barbara isn't such a big place, and he took to walking up and down its charming main street, glancing quickly at every woman who appeared. But though he saw all the rest of feminine Santa Barbara, he didn't see her.

When he called up, she sounded glad to hear from him. It never occurred to Tommy Sherdel that nearly every girl in Santa Barbara had given him every chance to call her up. He didn't care for girls and now he had all the true lover's humility.

As for going riding with him as he suggested, that she couldn't do. The nurse was out and she was taking care of Pat and Junior. But if he cared to come out and play on the beach with them, he might. The house was out beyond Montecito, just off the highway, a rambling white-stucco affair with a thatched shingle roof and bright blue trimmings.

Tommy never forgot the sight of her as she came across the sand to meet him, a small and very dirty little boy in a bathing suit clinging to each hand. She looked much younger than she had looked in Mrs. van Normand's stately drawing-room, and she was laughing so hard she could scarcely greet him. She had a way with children.



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When her cousins returned, the four of them were blissfully digging clams, in open defiance of a law which says clams must be allowed to grow up before they may be digged.

"Well," said the male cousin brusquely, "Sybil turned you into a nursemaid?"

"Have you, Sybil?" said Tommy.

"U-mmm," said Sybil.

"Don't go, Tommy," said Pat and Junior in chorus.

Now there was very little that went on in Santa Barbara that Connie van Normand didn't know about. Her friends did not fail to apprise her of Tommy's visit to the little Raynes girl, and when he took her, on the following evening, to Santa Barbara's very best picture show, they reported the matter without delay. And Connie van Normand, estimating affairs through half-closed eyes, moved instantly into battle.

The next afternoon she drove Tommy out to the stables where her horses were kept and together they made the rounds, ending with Dutch, who greeted his master with every mark of adoration known to a horse.

Mrs. van Normand had never looked so dashing in all her life. She had left waste and destruction behind her, in the shape of two hysterical maids and a devastated dressing-room, but the results were worth it. Oh, a very dashing lady in a sport suit of some subtle shade of green, with a sable collar that rolled up over the chin in just the smartest and most flattering way, and a cream sport hat whose mere simple lines had cost more than a bird of paradise. The cunning little sport sandals with the enormous heels had been created especially for her. Her gauntlets had cuffs of bright silver and around her tiny ankle, under her sheer stockings, she wore the most fetching slave-bracelet of emeralds.

"Aren't they a pretty good string?" she said.

"They're marvelous," said Tommy Sherdel, stroking the nose of Dutch, who was rooting in his pocket for carrots.

"What do you suppose I bought them for?" she asked, with cool directness.

Young Sherdel looked at her. He had been wondering.

"They ought to be played at the international tryouts next month," said Mrs. van Normand, her eyes on his. "Do you want to take them?"

Tommy Sherdel flushed hotly, darkly. Partly with excitement, partly with some new embarrassment caused by the directness of her gaze. He towered above her, and Mrs. van Normand found her heart beating hard, harder than she liked, for he was so young and strong and slim, and she loved his wide-open blue eyes in his dark face, and the sunburned edges of his hair, and—oh, she really loved him terribly!

That made it more difficult than she had anticipated.

"Do you want them?" said Mrs. van Normand, and just then Dutch gave a low whinny, as though he felt he was not getting his share of attention.

Tommy Sherdel was silent, startled. He knew now that something unusual was actually happening. The air was tense with it. This woman's eyes were hot with emotion.

"I got them for you," said Mrs. van Normand.

"But—I couldn't take such a gift," said Tommy gravely.

Mrs. van Normand knew how to drive a bargain. And she knew the moment when cards must be laid on the table.

"You could take such a gift from—from your wife, couldn't you, Tommy?" she said breathlessly.

The boy's face had gone white beneath his tan.

Dutch whinnied again, softly, pleadingly. The lilac bushes near the gravel walk gave out a sweet perfume. The sound of things buzzing filled the air.

He stared at her.

Then Connie van Normand laughed, and put her hand on his arm and gave it a quick

squeeze. Connie never refused any of the jumps. She was in this now, she would see it through to the last ditch.

"I'm proposing to you, my dear boy," she said impudently. "I know it isn't done, but that never stopped me doing anything. Moreover, I am trying quite openly and shamelessly to bribe you with a string of polo-ponies, and a chance to devote your life to the game. It's a sort of reversal of the old days when rich gentlemen induced young girls to marry them for their money. The world's upside down nowadays, anyway. I am actually trying to get you to marry me for my money, Darling, but—I think you're a little fond of me, too, and we could have such a lot of fun and I—I adore you, Tommy. I do really."

He found himself alone, after that. There was the hum of a motor, and he had a flash of a small and very elegant town car and of a lady in green going away from him, her sparkling face framed in the little jewel-like window. She even waved a green and silver gauntlet at him, and grinned, but not very steadily.

He found himself alone with the perfume of the lilacs beating sickeningly in his nostrils, like waves of ether as a man comes out from an anesthetic. She had said something, during the conversation, about thinking it over.

He thought it over all night. He walked his room and the perspiration stood out on his brow.

Gosh, what a position for a man to be in! Seemed simple enough at first, but it wasn't so simple, really. There were so many angles.

Now that he had been forced to it, he knew that he loved Sybil. But he had no reason to believe that she loved him, and even if she did, what had he to offer her? Literally nothing but himself and his love, and he wasn't conceited enough to think that was much of an offer.

Then there was Connie van Normand. Had he been fair to her? Had she believed that he—loved her? Had she believed he couldn't speak, because of her great wealth?

Things came back to him now—idiot that he was—things she had said about a rich woman being denied happiness if the man she loved happened to be poor.

He liked Connie. She had actually asked him to marry her. And everything kind and chivalrous and tender in the boy shrank from inflicting the hurt of a refusal. That would be a tough thing for a woman to take.

Besides, he was tempted, horribly tempted in a way. No use to deny that. No use to pretend that he was unmoved by this offer she had made him. He thought of having all the money he wanted for polo, of that string she had got together, he thought of Dutch. He thought of the game, which had been his first and for many years his only love. If he married Connie van Normand, he could devote his life to it. She was a good pal, Connie.

"What shall I do?" said Tommy Sherdel wretchedly, in the dawn. After all, if she loved him, it was a fair bargain.

Then he groaned. He was thinking of Dutch. Because if he said no to this startling proposal, he would never ride Dutch again. He would have to give up polo. Gosh, what would life be like without polo?

He balanced them, very humanly, young and haggard, in a pearly, fog-laden dawn.

On one side, a plain girl with brown curls—whom he loved and who might some day grow to love him.

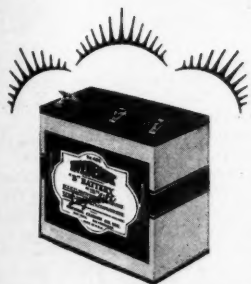
And on the other polo, and Dutch, and the fascinating Connie van Normand.

Not the simplest choice in the world.

And then, quite suddenly, for no reason at all, he had a vision of his mother. He couldn't see her very clearly, her face and body were hidden in a mist. Only her eyes were clear and brave. He had seen that same expression in them the morning Ravenwood's great colt died—brave and clear and without tears in the face of defeat.

Polo had been her game. She had taught him to play it and love it. He must do now what he knew she would want him to do.

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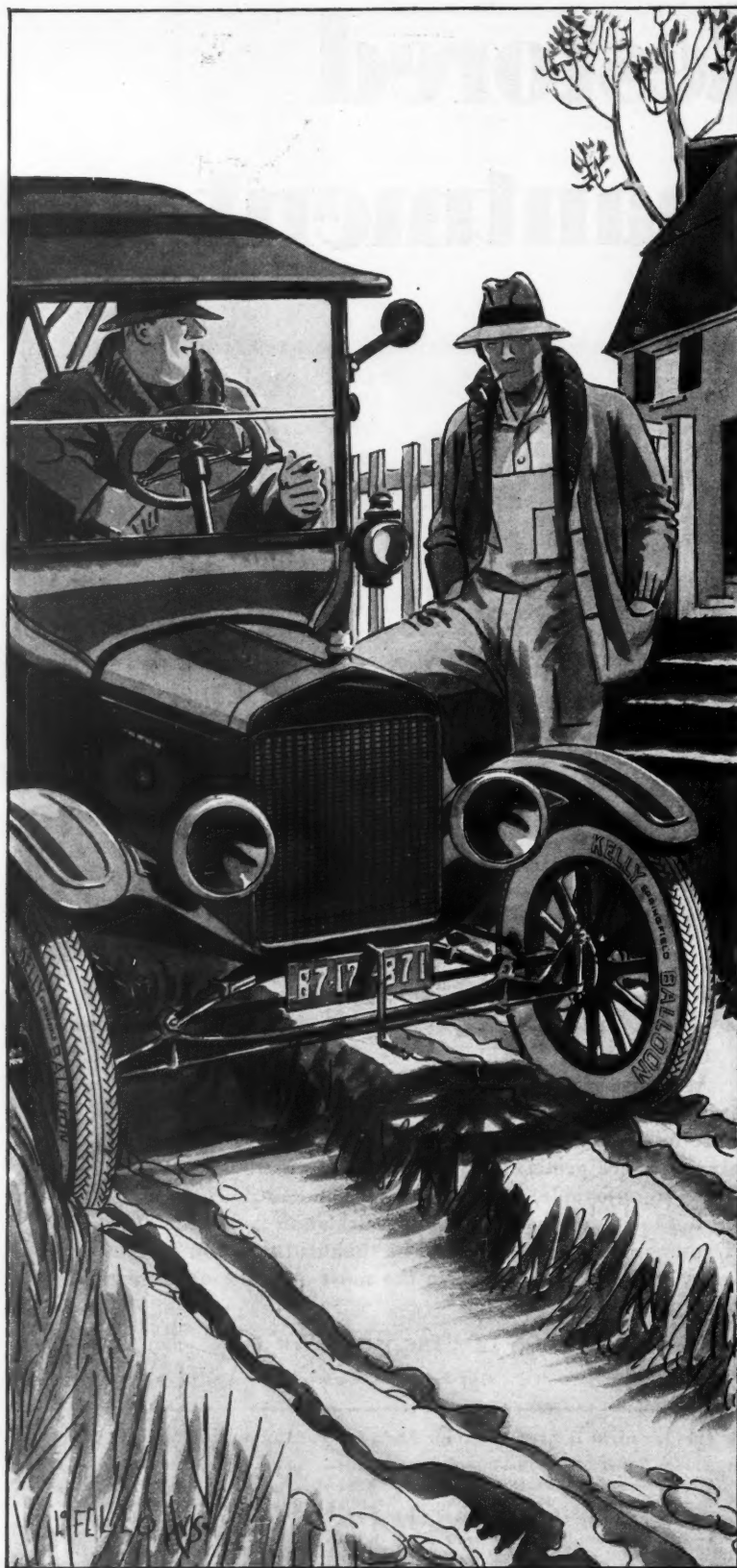
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WJAR—Providence	WCAE—Pittsburgh	WOC—Davenport	WGY—Schenectady
WEEI—Boston	WSAI—Cincinnati	WCCO { Minneapolis	WHAS—Louisville
WDAF—Kansas City	WTAM—Cleveland	St. Paul	WSB—Atlanta
WFI—Philadelphia	WWJ—Detroit	KSD—St. Louis	WSM—Nashville
	WMC—Memphis		

Pacific Coast Stations—9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO—KGO—San Francisco	KFI—Los Angeles
KFOA—KOMO—Seattle	KCW—Portland

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"Stepping high with those new Kelly-Springfields, aren't you, George?"

"Nope! Just got the best—doesn't cost any more!"

First of all, it being now daylight, he went down to the stables where Dutch was kept. He was there a long time.

Then he went up to Connie van Normand's great house, amid its acres of marvelous gardens and groves of live-oak trees.

She kept him waiting quite a long time, but she had made good use of it.

"Please take good care of Dutch," said Tommy Sherdel simply. "He's the best pony in the world."

"Am I to take it that you are rejecting my heart and hand?" said Connie.

Tommy took her hand and kissed it. "Goosh, I'm sorry," he said, and left the lady with her ninety million dollars and eyes that for the first time in her life were utterly blind with tears.

The house by the sea was shuttered and silent. But Tommy rang the bell violently. A man can stand just so much.

"It's terribly early," he said, when the girl came out, "but I've been up all night."

"Have you?" said Sybil Raynes interestedly.

"Sybil," said Tommy Sherdel, in the most commonplace manner, without any frills at all, unless the throb in his voice and the light in his eyes and the tenseness of his whole fine body might be called frills by a young girl in a sea-scented veranda, "do you think you could ever love me and if I get enough money maybe marry me?"

"Yes," said Sybil.

And then Tommy forgot all about Dutch and polo and international matches and everything in the world except the light in her eyes and the glory in his own soul.

"Mama," said Pat, "Sybil is kissing Tommy on our front porch."

His mother sped a swift glance through the French doors. "Pat," she said, "you come here this minute and eat your oatmeal."

"Oh, all right," said Pat philosophically. "Anyway, if she kisses him so much maybe she won't be all the time wanting to kiss me."

One of Those Women

(Continued from page 61)

she was granted a visé and"—R looked up a date among the papers—"and on the twenty-fourth of January last sailed from Rotterdam to Harwich. Since then she has danced in London, Birmingham, and other places. She was arrested last Wednesday at Hull."

"What for?"

"Espionage. She was transferred to London and I went to see her myself at Pentonville."

"How did you get on to her?"

"I thought it odd that the Germans should allow her to dance quite quietly in Berlin for weeks and then for no particular reason decide to put her out of the country. It would be a good introduction for espionage. And a dancer who was not too careful of her virtue might make opportunities of learning things that it would be worth somebody's while in Berlin to pay a good price for."

"I thought it might be as well to let her come to England and see what she was up to. I kept track of her. I discovered that she was sending letters to an address in Holland two or three times a week and two or three times a week she was receiving answers from Holland. Hers were written in a queer mixture of French, German and English—she speaks English a little and French quite well—while the answers were written entirely in English; it was good English, but not an Englishman's English, flowery and rather grandiloquent; I wondered who was writing them. They seemed to be just ordinary love-letters, but they were by way of being rather hot stuff."

"It was plain enough that they were coming from Germany and the writer was neither English, French nor German, and why did he write in English? The only foreigners who know English better than any Continental



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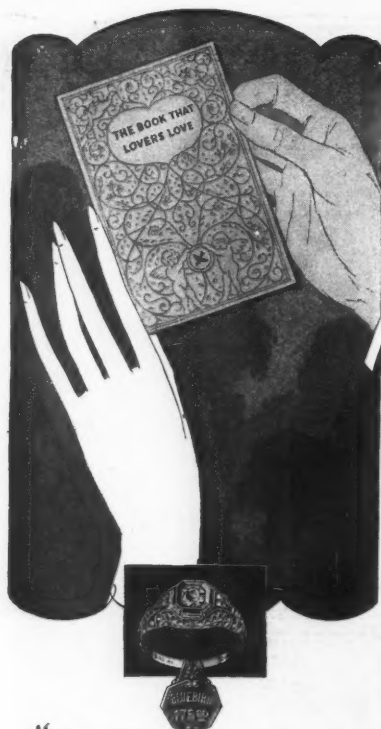
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tongue are Orientals. I came to the conclusion that Giulia's lover was one of that gang of Indians that were making trouble for us in Berlin. I had no idea it was Chandra Lal till I found the photograph."

"How did you get that?"

"She carried it about with her. It was a pretty good bit of work, that. She kept it locked up in her trunk with a lot of theatrical photographs, photographs of comic singers and clowns and acrobats; it might easily have passed for the picture of some music-hall artiste in his stage dress. In fact, later, when she was arrested and asked whom the photograph represented, she said she didn't know, it was an Indian conjurer who had given it her and she had no notion what his name was."

"Anyhow, I put a very smart lad on the job and he thought it queer that it should be the only photograph in the lot that was made in Calcutta. He noticed that there was a number on the back, and he took it, the number, I mean—of course the photograph was replaced in the box. We cabled to Calcutta and in a little while I received the grateful news that the object of Giulia's affections was no less a person than the incorruptible Chandra Lal. Then I thought it my duty to have Giulia watched more carefully. Presently I got a very pretty body of evidence against her."

"How was she getting her stuff through?"

"She wasn't getting it through. She wasn't trying to. The Germans had turned her out quite genuinely; she wasn't working for them, she was working for Chandra. After her engagement was through in England she was planning to go to Holland again and meet him."

"Of course I didn't care about her; it was him I was after. Well, as soon as I'd got the goods on her I arrested her. I had enough evidence to convict a regiment of spies." R put his hands in his pockets and his pale lips twisted to a grimace. "Pentonville's not a very cheerful place, you know."

"I left her to stew in her own juice for a week before I went to see her. She was in a very pretty state of nerves by then. The warden told me she'd been in hysterics most of the time. I must say she looked like the devil."

"Is she handsome?"

"You'll see for yourself. She's not my type. I dare say she's better when she's made up and that kind of thing. I talked to her like a Dutch uncle. I put the fear of God in her. I told her she'd get ten years. She went all to pieces and at last she confessed everything."

"Then I told her that I'd let her go scot free if she'd get Chandra to come to France. At first she didn't understand. She absolutely refused, she said she'd rather die, she was very hysterical and tiresome, but I let her rave. I told her to think it over and we'd have another talk about it in a day or two."

"In point of fact I left her for a week. She'd evidently had time to reflect, because when I came again she asked me quite calmly what it was exactly that I proposed. She'd been in jail a fortnight then and I expect she'd had about enough of it. I put it to her as plainly as I could and she accepted."

"I don't quite understand," said Ashenden.

"Don't you? I should have thought it was clear to the meanest intelligence. If she can get Chandra to come into France, she's to go free, either to Spain or to South America, with her passage paid."

"And how the devil is she to get Chandra to do that?"

"He's madly in love with her. He's longing to see her. His letters are almost crazy. She's written to him to say that she can't get a visé to Holland—I told you she was to join him there when her tour was over—but she can go to Switzerland. That's a neutral country and he's safe there. He'll jump at the chance. They're to arrange to meet at Lausanne."

"When he reaches Lausanne he'll get a letter from her to say that the French authorities won't let her cross the frontier and that she's going to Thonon, which is just on the other side of the lake from Lausanne, in France, and she's going to ask him to come there."

"What makes you think he will?" Ashenden asked.

"She must make him if she doesn't want to go to penal servitude for ten years."

"I see."

"She's arriving from England this evening in custody and I should like you to take her down to Thonon by the night train."

"Me?" said Ashenden.

"Yes, I thought it the sort of job you could manage very well. Presumably you know more about human nature than most people."

"And what do you expect me to do when I get the lady down to Thonon?"

"I leave you a free hand. I've made a few notes that may be useful to you. I'll read them to you, shall I?"

Ashenden listened attentively. R's plan was simple and detailed. Ashenden could not but feel an unwilling admiration for the brain that had so neatly devised it. Presently R suggested that they should have luncheon and he asked Ashenden to take him to some place where they could see smart people.

When they had eaten their luncheon and were drinking their coffee Ashenden went back to the subject that was in his thoughts.

"That Indian fellow must be a rather remarkable chap," he said. "One can't help being impressed by a man who had the courage to take on almost single-handed the whole British power in India."

"I wouldn't get sentimental about him if I were you. He's nothing but a dangerous criminal. Our job is to get him and when we've got him to shoot him."

"Of course. He's declared war and he must take his chance. I shall carry out your instructions—that's what I'm here for; but I see no harm in realizing that there's something to be admired and respected in him."

R was once more the cool and astute judge of his fellows.

"I've not yet made up my mind whether the best men for this kind of job are those who do it with passion or those who keep their heads. Some of them are filled with hatred for the people we're up against and when we down them it gives them a sort of satisfaction like satisfying a personal grudge. Of course they're very keen on their work. You're different, aren't you? You look at it like a game of chess and you don't seem to have any feeling one way or the other. For some sorts of jobs it's just what one wants."

Ashenden did not answer. He called for the bill and walked back with R to the hotel.

His train started just before eight. He had taken a berth in the *wagon-lit*, but R had told him that Giulia Lazzari was traveling in a first-class carriage, so when he had disposed of his bag he walked along the platform. He found the carriage in which she was, but she sat in the corner, looking away from the light, so that he could not see her face. She was in charge of two detectives who had taken her over from English police at Boulogne. One of them worked with Ashenden on the French side of the lake of Geneva and as Ashenden came up the man nodded to him.

"I've asked Madame if she will dine in the restaurant car, but she prefers to have dinner in the carriage, so I've ordered a basket. My companion and I will go into the diner in turn so that Madame will not remain alone."

"That is very considerate of you. I will come along when we've started and have a chat with her."

"She's not disposed to be very talkative," said the detective.

"One could hardly expect it," replied Ashenden.

Giulia Lazzari was just finishing her meal when he went back. From a glance at the basket he judged that she had not eaten with too poor an appetite. The single detective who was guarding her opened the door when Ashenden appeared and at Ashenden's suggestion left them alone.

Giulia Lazzari gave him a sullen look. "I hope you've had what you wanted for dinner," he said as he sat down in front of her.

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She bowed slightly, but did not speak. He took out his case.

"Will you have a cigaret?"

She gave him a glance, seemed to hesitate, and then, still without a word, took a cigaret. He struck a match and lighted it. She did not look at all as Ashenden had expected. For some reason he had imagined she was fair, perhaps from some notion that an Oriental would be more likely to fall for a blonde, but she was quite dark. Her hair, mostly hidden by a close-fitting hat, was black and so were her eyes. She was far from young; she might have been thirty-five, and her skin was lined and white. She had at the moment no make-up on and she looked haggard.

There was nothing beautiful about her but her magnificent eyes, and she was bigger than Ashenden had expected. He thought she must be too big to dance gracefully. It might be that in Spanish costume she was a bold and flaunting figure, but there in the train, shabbily dressed, there was nothing to explain the Indian's infatuation.

She gave Ashenden a long, appraising stare. She wondered evidently what sort of man he was. He could see that her sullenness was only a mask; she was nervous and frightened. She spoke in French with an Italian accent.

"Who are you?"

"My name would mean nothing to you, Madame. I am going to Thonon. I have taken a room for you at the Hôtel de la Place. I think you will find it quite comfortable."

"Ah, it is you the Colonel spoke to me of. You are my jailer."

"I hope not for very long. I have in my pocket your passport with all the formalities completed to permit you to go to any neutral country you choose."

She threw herself back against the seat of the carriage. White, with those great black eyes, in the poor light, her face was suddenly like a mask of despair.

"It's infamous. Oh, I think I could die happy if I could only kill that old Colonel! He has no heart. I'm so unhappy."

"I am afraid you have got yourself into a very unfortunate situation. Did you not know that espionage was a dangerous game?"

"I never sold any of the secrets. I did no harm."

"Surely only because you had no opportunity. I understand that you signed a full confession." Ashenden spoke to her as amiably as he could.

"Oh, yes, I made a fool of myself. I wrote the letter the Colonel said I was to write. Why isn't that enough? What is to happen to me if he does not answer? I cannot force him to come if he does not want to."

"He has answered," said Ashenden. "I have the letter with me."

She gave a gasp. "Oh, show it to me—I beseech you to let me see it! I love him."

"I have no objection to doing that. But you must return it to me."

He took Chandra's letter from his pocket and handed it to her. She snatched it from his hand. She devoured it with her eyes; there were eight pages of it, and as she read the tears streamed down her cheeks. Between her sobs she gave little exclamations of love, calling the writer by pet names, French and Italian.

This was the letter that Chandra had written in reply to hers telling him, on R's instructions, that she would meet him in Switzerland. He was mad with joy at the prospect. He told her in passionate phrases how long the time had seemed to him since they were parted, and how he had yearned for her, and now that he was to see her again so soon he did not know how he was going to bear his impatience. She finished it and let it drop on the ground.

"You can see he loves me, can't you? There's no doubt about that. I know something about it, believe me."

"Do you really love him?" asked Ashenden. "He's the only man who's ever been kind to me. It's not very gay, the life one leads in these music-halls, all over Europe, never resting, and men—they are not much, the men

who haunt those places. At first I thought he was just like the rest of them."

Ashenden picked up the letter and replaced it in his pocketbook. "A telegram was sent in your name to the address in Holland to say that you would be at the Hotel Gibbons at Lausanne on the fourteenth."

"That is tomorrow."

"Yes."

She threw up her head and her eyes flashed. "Oh, it is an infamous thing that you are forcing me to do! It is shameful."

"You are not obliged to do it," said Ashenden.

"And if I don't?"

"I'm afraid you must take the consequences."

"I can't go to prison," she cried out suddenly, "I can't, I can't; I have such a short time before me; he said ten years. Is it possible I could be sentenced to ten years?"

"If the Colonel told you so, it is very possible."

"Oh, I know him! That cruel face. He would have no mercy. And what should I be in ten years? Oh, no, no!"

At that moment the train stopped at a station and the detective waiting in the corridor tapped on the window. Ashenden opened the door and the man gave him a picture-postcard. It was a dull little view of Pontarlier, the frontier station between France and Switzerland.

"Will you write this postcard to your lover? It will be posted at Pontarlier. Address it to the hotel at Lausanne."

She gave him a glance, but without answering took it and wrote as he directed.

"Now on the other side write: 'Delayed at frontier but everything all right. Wait at Lausanne.' Then add whatever you like—tendresses if you like."

He took the postcard from her, read it to see that she had done as he directed and then reached for his hat.

"Well, I shall leave you now; I hope you will have a sleep. I will fetch you in the morning when we arrive at Thonon."

The second detective had now returned from his dinner and as Ashenden came out of the carriage the two men went in. Giulia Lazzari huddled back into her corner. Ashenden gave the postcard to an agent who was waiting to take it to Pontarlier and then made his way along the crowded train to his sleeping-car.

It was bright and sunny, though cold, next morning when they reached their destination. Ashenden walked along the platform to where Giulia Lazzari and the two detectives were waiting. Ashenden nodded to the latter.

"Well, good morning. You need not trouble to wait."

They touched their hats, gave a word of farewell to the woman and walked away.

"Where are they going?" she asked.

"Off. You will not be bothered with them any more."

"Am I in your custody, then?"

"You're in nobody's custody. I'm going to take you to your hotel and then I shall leave you. You must try to get a good rest."

The proprietor showed them the room that had been prepared for Madame Lazzari. Ashenden turned to him.

"That'll do very nicely, I think. I shall come down in a minute."

The proprietor bowed and withdrew.

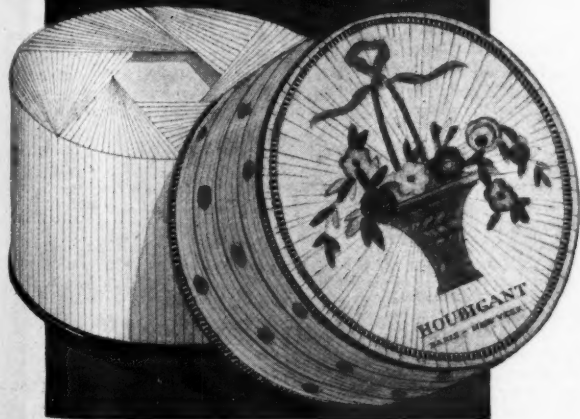
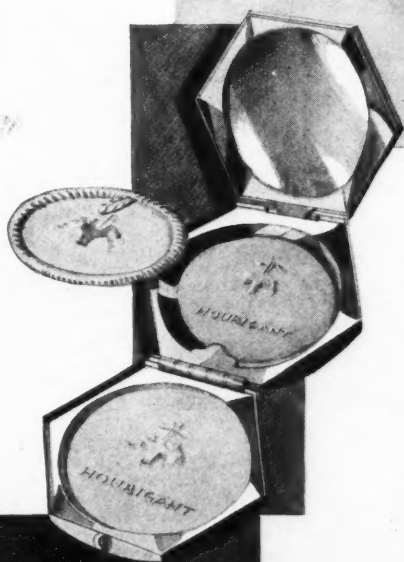
"I shall do my best to see that you are comfortable, Madame," said Ashenden. "You are here absolutely your own mistress and you may order pretty well anything you like. To the proprietor you are just a guest of the hotel like any other. You are absolutely free."

"Free to go out?" she asked quickly.

"Of course. You are as free in the hotel as though you were in your own house and you are free to go out and come in when you choose. I should like an assurance from you that you will not write any letters without my knowledge nor attempt to leave Thonon without my permission."

She gave Ashenden a long stare. She could

your
Face and
your
Fortune



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not make it out at all. She looked as though she thought' . . . dream.

"I am in a position that forces me to give you any assurance you ask. I give you my word of honor that I will not write a letter without showing it to you nor attempt to leave this place."

"Thank you. Now I will leave you. I will give myself the pleasure of coming to see you tomorrow morning."

Ashenden nodded and went out. He stopped for five minutes at the police-station to see that everything was in order and then took the cab on up the hill to a little secluded house on the outskirts of the town at which he stayed on his periodical visits to this place.

Soon after dark—for even at Thonon, though it was in France, it was thought desirable to attract attention to Ashenden as little as possible—an agent from the police-station came to see him. His name was Felix. He was a little dark Frenchman with sharp eyes and an unshaven chin. Ashenden offered him a glass of wine and they sat down by the fire.

"Well, your lady lost no time," the agent said. "Within a quarter of an hour of her arrival she was out of the hotel with a bundle of clothes and trinkets that she sold in a shop near the market. When the afternoon boat came in she went down to the quay and bought a ticket to Evian." Evian, it should be explained, was the next place along the lake in France and from there the boat went to Switzerland. "Of course she hadn't a passport so permission to embark was denied her."

"How did she explain that she had no passport?"

"She said she'd forgotten it. She said she had an appointment to see friends in Evian and tried to persuade the official in charge to let her go. She attempted to slip a hundred francs into his hand."

"She must be a stupider woman than I thought," said Ashenden.

But when next day he went about eleven in the morning to see her he made no reference to her attempt to escape. She had had time to arrange herself, and now, her hair elaborately done, her lips and cheeks painted, she looked less haggard than when he had first seen her.

"I've brought you some books," said Ashenden. "I'm afraid the time hangs heavy on your hands."

"What does that matter to you?"

"I have no wish that you should suffer anything that can be avoided."

"If you only knew how I hated you!"

"It would doubtless make me very uncomfortable. But I really don't know why you should. I am only doing what I have been ordered to do."

"What do you want of me now? I do not suppose you have come only to ask after my health."

Ashenden smiled. "I want you to write a letter to your lover telling him that owing to some irregularity in your passport the Swiss authorities would not let you cross the frontier, so you have come here, and you propose that Chandra should join you."

"Do you think he is a fool? He will refuse."

"Then you must do your best to persuade him."

She looked at Ashenden a long time before she answered. He suspected that she was debating whether by writing the letter and so seeming docile she could not gain time.

"Well, I will write what you say."

"I should prefer you to put it in your own words."

"Give me half an hour and the letter shall be ready."

"I will wait here," said Ashenden.

"Why?"

"Because I prefer to."

Her eyes flashed angrily, but controlling herself, she said nothing. On the chest of drawers were writing materials. She sat down at the dressing-table and began to write. When she handed Ashenden the letter he saw that even through her rouge she was very pale.

"Now add: 'The man who is bringing this

is Swiss, you can trust him absolutely. I didn't want the censor to see it.'"

She hesitated an instant, but then wrote as he directed. "How do you spell *absolutely*?"

"As you like. Now address an envelope and I will relieve you of my unwelcome presence."

He gave the letter to the agent who was waiting to take it across the lake. Ashenden brought her the reply the same evening. She snatched it from his hands and for a moment pressed it to her heart. When she read it she uttered a little cry of relief.

"He won't come."

The letter, in the Indian's flowery, stilted English, expressed his bitter disappointment. He told her how intensely he had looked forward to seeing her and implored her to do everything in the world to smooth the difficulties that prevented her from crossing the frontier. He said that it was impossible for him to come, impossible; there was a price on his head, and it would be madness for him to think of risking it. He attempted to be jocular—she did not want her little fat lover to be shot, did she?

"He won't come," she repeated.

"You must write and tell him that there is no risk. You must say that if there were you would not dream of asking him. You must say that if he loves you he will not hesitate."

"I won't. I won't."

"Don't be a fool. You can't help yourself."

She burst into a sudden flood of tears. She flung herself on the floor and seizing Ashenden's knees implored him to have mercy on her. "I will do anything in the world for you if you will let me go."

"Don't be absurd," said Ashenden. "Do you think I want to become your lover? Come, come, you must be serious. You know the alternative."

She raised herself to her feet and changing on a sudden to fury flung at Ashenden one foul name after another.

"I like you much better like that," he said.

"Now will you write or shall I send for the police?"

"He will not come. It is useless."

"It is very much to your interest to make him come."

"What do you mean by that? Do you mean that if I do everything in my power and fail, that—"

She looked at Ashenden with wild eyes.

"Yes, it means either you or him."

She staggered. She put her hand to her heart. Then without a word she reached for pen and paper. But the letter was not to Ashenden's liking and he made her write it again. When she had finished she flung herself on the bed and burst once more into passionate weeping. Her grief was real, but there was something theatrical in the expression of it that prevented it from being peculiarly moving to Ashenden. He saw now why R had given him this peculiar task; it needed a cool head and an emotion well under control.

He did not see her next day. The answer to the letter was not delivered to him till after dinner, when it was brought to Ashenden's little house by Felix.

"Well, what news have you?"

"Our friend is getting desperate," smiled the Frenchman. "This afternoon she walked up to the station just as a train was about to start for Lyons. She was looking up and down uncertainly so I went to her and asked if there was anything I could do for her. I introduced myself as an agent of the Sûreté. If looks could kill I should not be standing here now."

"She walked away—she evidently thought it was no use to try to get on the train. But I have something more interesting to tell you. She has offered a boatman a thousand francs to take her across to Lausanne."

"What did he say to her?"

"He said he couldn't risk it."

"Yes?"

The little agent gave his shoulders a slight shrug and smiled. "She's asked him to meet her on the road that leads to Evian at ten o'clock tonight so that they can talk of it

again and she's given him to understand that she will not repulse too fiercely the advances of a lover. I have told him to do what he likes so long as he comes and tells me everything that is of importance."

"Are you sure you can trust him?" asked Ashenden.

"Oh, quite. He knows nothing, of course, but that she is under surveillance. You need have no fear about him. He is a good boy."

Ashenden read Chandra's letter. It was eager and passionate. It throbbed strangely with the painful yearning of his breast. Love? Yes, if Ashenden knew anything of it, there was the real thing. He told her how he spent long, long hours walking by the lake side and looking towards the coast of France. How near they were and yet so desperately parted! He repeated again and again that he could not come and begged her not to ask him to; he would do everything in the world for her, but that he dared not do, and yet if she insisted how could he resist her? He besought her to have mercy on him.

And then he broke into a long wail at the thought that he must go away without seeing her, he asked her if there were not some means by which she could slip over, he swore that if he could ever hold her in his arms again he would never let her go. Even the forced and stilted language in which it was written could not dim the hot fire that burned the pages; it was the letter of a madman.

"When will you hear the result of her interview with the boatman?" asked Ashenden.

"I have arranged to meet him at the landing-stage between eleven and twelve."

Ashenden looked at his watch. "I will come with you."

They walked down the hill to the quay, and waited in the lee of the custom-house. At last they saw a man approaching and Felix stepped forward.

"Antoine."

"Monsieur Felix? I have a letter for you; I promised to take it to Lausanne by the first boat tomorrow."

Ashenden took the letter and by the light of Felix's electric torch read it. It was in faulty German.

"On no account come. Pay no attention to my letters. Danger. I love you. Sweetheart. Don't come."

He put it in his pocket, gave the boatman fifty francs, and went home to bed. But next day when he went to see Giulia Lazzari he found her door locked. He knocked for some time; there was no answer. He called her.

"Madame Lazzari, you must open the door. I want to speak to you."

"I am in bed. I am ill and can see no one."

"If you do not open the door I shall send for a locksmith and have it broken open."

There was a silence and then he heard the key turned in the lock. He went in. She was in a dressing-gown and her hair was all disheveled. She had evidently just got out of bed.

"I am at the end of my strength. I can do nothing more. You only have to look at me to see that I am ill. I have been sick all night."

"Would you like to see a doctor?"

"What good can a doctor do me?"

He took out of his pocket the letter she had given the boatman and handed it to her. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked. She gave a gasp at the sight of it and her pallid face went green. "You gave me your word that you would neither attempt to escape nor write a letter without my knowledge."

"Did you think I would keep my word?" she cried, her voice ringing with scorn.

"No. To tell you the truth it was not entirely for your convenience that you were placed in a comfortable hotel rather than in the local jail, but I think I should tell you that though you have your freedom to go in and out as you like, you have no more chance of getting away from Thonon than if you were chained in a prison cell. It is silly to waste your time writing letters that will never be delivered."

"Cockon!" She flung the opprobrious word

at him with all the violence that was in her. "But you must sit down and write a letter that will be delivered." "Never. I will do nothing more. I will not write another word." "You had better reflect a little." "Reflect! I have reflected. You can do what you like; I don't care." "Very well, I will give you five minutes to change your mind." Ashenden sat down on the edge of the unmade bed. "Oh, it has got on my nerves, this hotel. Why did you not put me in the prison? Why, everywhere I went I felt that spies were on my heels. It is infamous, what you are making me do. Infamous!" She spoke in a high shrill voice. She went on and on. At last the five minutes were up. Ashenden had not said a word. He rose. "Yes, go, go!" she shrieked at him. "I shall come back," said Ashenden. He took the key out of the door as he went out of the room and locked it behind him. Going down-stairs he hurriedly scribbled a note, called a boy and dispatched him with it to the police-station. Then he went up again. Giulia Lazzari had thrown herself on her bed and turned her face to the wall. Her body was shaken with hysterical sobs. Ashenden sat down on the chair in front of the dressing-table and looked idly at the odds and ends that littered it. He thought of the hundreds of rooms she must have occupied in third-rate hotels in the course of her wandering life from provincial town to provincial town in one country after another. He wondered what had been her origins. She was a coarse and vulgar woman, but what had she been when young? And what men must she have known in all these years! There was a sudden knock at the door and Ashenden immediately cried out, "Entrez." Giulia Lazzari sprang up in bed to a sitting posture. "Who is it?" she called as the door was boldly swung open. She gave a gasp as she saw enter the two detectives who had brought her from Boulogne. "You! What do you want?" she shrieked. "I'm afraid you must get up, Madame Lazzari," said Ashenden. "I am delivering you once more to the care of these gentlemen." "How can I get up! I'm ill, I tell you. I cannot stand. Do you want to kill me?" "If you won't dress yourself, we shall have to dress you. Come, come, it's no good making a scene." "Where are you going to take me?" "They're going to take you back to England." One of the detectives took hold of the woman's arm. "Don't touch me, don't come near me!" she screamed furiously. "I'll dress myself." Ashenden watched her as she took off her dressing-gown and slipped a dress over her head. She forced her feet into shoes obviously too small for her. She arranged her hair. Ashenden wondered if she would have the nerve to go through with it. R would call him a fool, but he almost wished she would. She crammed a hat down on her head. Ashenden made a gesture to the first detective and he took a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket and advanced towards her. At the sight of them she started back violently. "Non, non. Je ne veux pas. No, not them. No. No." "Come, *ma fille*, don't be silly," said the detective roughly. As though for protection—very much to his surprise—she flung her arms round Ashenden. "Don't let them take me, have mercy on me. I can't, I can't!" Ashenden extricated himself as best he could. "I can do nothing more for you." The detective seized her wrists and was about to affix the handcuff when with a great cry she threw herself down on the floor. "I will do what you wish. I will do everything." On a sign from Ashenden the detectives left the room. He waited for a little while till she

had regained a certain calm. She was lying on the floor, sobbing passionately. He raised her to her feet and made her sit down. "What do you want me to do?" she gasped. "I want you to write another letter to Chandra." "My head is in a whirl. I could not put two phrases together. You must give me time." But Ashenden felt that it was better to get her to write a letter while she was under the effect of her terror. He did not want to give her time to collect herself. "I will dictate the letter to you. All you have to do is to write exactly what I tell you." She gave a deep sigh, but took the pen and paper and sat down at the dressing-table. "If I do this and—you succeed, how do I know that I shall be allowed to go free?" "The Colonel promised that you should. You must take my word for it that I shall carry out his instructions." "I should look a fool if I betrayed my friend and then went to prison for ten years." "I'll tell you your best guarantee of our faith. Except by reason of Chandra you are not of the smallest importance to us. Why should we put ourselves to the expense of keeping you in prison when you can do us no harm?" She reflected for an instant. She was composed now. It was as though, having exhausted her emotion, she had become on a sudden a sensible and practical woman. "Tell me what you want to write." Ashenden hesitated. He thought he could put the letter more or less in the way she would naturally have put it, but he had to give it consideration. "I didn't know I loved a coward," he started. "If you loved me you couldn't hesitate when I ask you to come"—underline *couldn't* twice." He went on—"when I promise you there is no danger. If you don't love me, you are right not to come. Don't come. Go back to Berlin where you are in safety. I am sick of it. I am alone here. I have made myself ill by waiting for you and every day I have said he is coming. If you loved me you would not hesitate so much." "It is quite clear to me that you do not love me. I am sick and tired of you. I have no money. This hotel is impossible. There is nothing for me to stay for. I can get an engagement in Paris. I have a friend there who has made me serious propositions. I have wasted long enough over you and look what I have got from it. It is finished. Good-by. You will never find a woman who will love you as I have loved you. I cannot afford to refuse the proposition of my friend, so I have telegraphed to him and as soon as I shall receive his answer I go to Paris. I do not blame you because you do not love me, that is not your fault, but you must see that I should be a stupid to go on wasting my life. One is not young forever. Good-by. Giulia." When Ashenden read over the letter he was not altogether satisfied. But it was the best he could do. It had an air of verisimilitude which the words lacked because, knowing little English, she had written phonetically, the spelling was atrocious and the handwriting like a child's; she had crossed out words and written them over again. Once or twice tears had fallen on the pages and blurred the ink. "I leave you now," said Ashenden. "It may be that when next you see me I shall be able to tell you that you are free to go where you choose. Where do you want to go?" "Spain." "Very well, I will have your papers prepared." She shrugged her shoulders. He left her. There was nothing now for Ashenden to do but to wait. He sent a messenger over to Lausanne in the afternoon, and next morning went down to the quay to meet the boat. There was a waiting-room next to the ticket-office and here he told the detectives to hold themselves in readiness. It was with some excitement that Ashenden watched the boat come in and the little group

of people gathered at the gangway. He scanned them closely but saw no one who looked in the least like an Indian. Chandra had not come. Ashenden did not know what to do. He had played his last card. There were not more than half a dozen passengers for Thonon and when they had been examined and gone their way he strolled along the pier. "Well, it's no go," he said to Felix, who had been examining the passports. "The gentleman I expected hasn't turned up." "I have a letter for you." He handed Ashenden a letter addressed to Madame Lazzari on which he immediately recognized the spidery handwriting of Chandra Lal. At that moment the steamer from Geneva which was going to Lausanne and the end of the lake hove in sight. It arrived at Thonon every morning twenty minutes after the steamer going in the opposite direction had left. Ashenden had an inspiration. "Where is the man who brought it?" "He's in the ticket-office." "Give him the letter and tell him to take it back to the person who gave it to him. He is to say that he took it to the lady and she sent it back. If the person asks him to take another letter he is to say that it is not much good as she is leaving Thonon." He saw the letter handed over and then walked back to his little house. The next boat on which Chandra could possibly come arrived about five, and having at that hour an important engagement with an agent working in Germany, Ashenden warned Felix that he might be a few minutes late. When Ashenden had finished his business he strolled leisurely down to the lake. It was light still and from the top of the hill he saw the steamer pulling out. He quickened his steps. Suddenly he saw someone running towards him and recognized the man who had taken the letter. "Quick, quick!" he cried. "He's there." Ashenden's heart gave a great thud against his chest. "At last." He began to run too and as they ran the man, panting, told him how he had taken back the unopened letter. When he put it in the Indian's hand he turned frightfully pale ("I should never have thought an Indian could turn that color," he said) and turned it over and over in his hand as though he could not understand what his own letter was doing there. Tears sprang to his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. ("It was grotesque—he's fat, you know.") Then he asked when the boat went to Thonon. When he got on board the man looked about but did not see him; then he perceived him standing alone in the bows. "Where is he now?" asked Ashenden. "I got off first and Monsieur Felix told me to come for you." "I suppose they're holding him in the waiting-room." Ashenden was out of breath when they reached the pier. He burst into a waiting-room. A group of men gesticulating wildly were clustered round something that lay on the ground. "What's happened?" Ashenden cried. "Look," said Monsieur Felix. Chandra Lal lay there, his eyes wide open and a thin line of foam on his lips, dead. His body was horribly contorted. "He's killed himself. We've sent for the doctor. He was too quick for us." A sudden thrill of horror passed through Ashenden. When the Indian landed Felix recognized from the description that he was the man they wanted. There were only four passengers. He was the last. Felix took an exaggerated time to examine the passports of the first three, and then took the Indian's. It was a Spanish one and it was all in order. Felix asked the regulation questions and noted them. Then he said: "Just come into the waiting-room for a moment. There are one or two formalities to fulfil."



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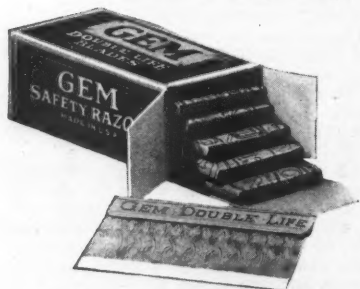
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Chandra hesitated, then followed the official to the door of the waiting-room.

Felix opened it and stood aside. "Enter," Chandra went in and the two detectives stood up. He must have suspected at once that they were police officers and realized that he had fallen into a trap.

"Sit down," said Felix. "I have one or two questions to put to you."

"It is hot in here," Chandra Lal said; and in point of fact they had a little stove there which kept the place like an oven. "I will take off my coat if you permit."

"Certainly," said Felix graciously.

Chandra Lal took off his coat, apparently with some effort, and he turned to put it on a chair, and then before they realized what had happened they were startled to see him stagger and fall heavily to the ground. While taking off his coat Chandra had managed to swallow the contents of a bottle which was still clasped in his hand. Ashenden raised the arm and put his nose to it. There was an odor of almonds.

For a little while they all looked at the man who lay on the floor. Felix was apologetic.

"Will they be very angry?" he asked.

"I don't see that it was your fault," said Ashenden. "Anyhow, he can do no more harm. For my part I am just as glad he killed himself. The notion of his being executed did not make me very comfortable."

In a few minutes the doctor arrived and pronounced life extinct. "Prussic acid," he said to Ashenden.

Ashenden nodded. "I will go to see Madame Lazzari," he said. "If she wants to stay a day or two longer, I shall let her. But if she wants to go tonight, of course she can."

Ashenden once more climbed the hill. When he entered the hotel he was seized on a sudden with distaste for its cold banality.

He went up-stairs and after a brief knock opened the door of Giulia Lazzari's room. She was sitting in front of her dressing-table, and it was thus that she saw Ashenden as he came in. Her face changed suddenly as she caught sight of his and she sprang up.

"What is it? Why are you so white?" she cried. She turned round and stared at him and her features twisted to a look of horror.

"*Il est pris*," she gasped. "He's taken."

"*Il est mort*," said Ashenden. "He's dead."

"Dead! He took the poison. He had the time for that. He's escaped you after all."

"What do you mean? How did you know anything about the poison?"

"He always carried it with him. He said that the English would never take him alive."

Ashenden reflected for an instant. She had kept that secret well.

"Well, now you are free. You can go wherever you like and no obstacle shall be put in your way. Here are your ticket and your passport and here is the money that was in your possession when you were arrested. Do you wish to see Chandra?"

She started. "No, no."

"There is no need for you to do so. I thought you might care to."

She did not weep. She seemed apathetic. "A telegram will be sent tonight to the Spanish frontier to instruct the authorities to put no difficulties in your way. If you will take my advice you will get out of France as soon as you can."

She said nothing, and since Ashenden had no more to say he made ready to go.

"I am sorry that I have had to show myself so hard to you. I am glad to think that now the worst of your troubles are over and I hope that time will assuage the grief that I know you must feel for the death of your friend."

Ashenden gave her a little bow and turned to the door, but she stopped him.

"There is one thing I would like to ask," she said, "I think you have some heart. What are they going to do with his things?"

"I don't know. Why?"

Then she said something that confounded Ashenden. It was the last thing he expected.

"He had a wrist-watch that I gave him. It cost twelve pounds. Can I have it back?"

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A Thousand Times I Wished It

I HAVE idled through the idyllic days of bloomtime along the Riviera; those dazzling days when all that lovely land is aflame with flowers and dreamy with their perfume.

I have reveled in the enchantment of Japan at Cherry Blossom Time; that magic time when quaint Nippon intoxicates the eyes with its gorgeous burst of cherry buds and intoxicates the nostrils with a symphony of scent.

But for sheer ecstasy of fragrance, in all the world I know of nothing that thrills and enralls like the fairy breath of Orange Blossoms when it's Spring in South-eastern California.

I shall never forget the rapture that came to me with my first full inhalation of that wondrous scent.

Each spring since then I have journeyed across the continent to joy anew in the bliss of that entrancing

fragrance. Its charm for me is almost hypnotic.

As I write, California's billowing seas of orange trees are three thousand miles away. Yet the picture of their bloom and the spell in their perfume come to me across the miles with a vividness and lure that leave me all aquiver.

A thousand times I have wished that some day someone might discover a way to capture that ecstatic fragrance and imprison it in bottles—so that I and others might summon its enchantment whenever we choose and wherever we happen to be.

And now my wish has been answered. From a treasured bottle in my hand comes the unforgettable fascination of California's springtime orange flowers, the fragrance I love above all others.

It is a bottle of Raquel Orange Blossom Frangencia.



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Countless efforts have been made to distill that witchery into parfum. Raquel has succeeded. Raquel Orange Blossom Frangencia is the true entrancing breath of the living blossoms as they flower on the trees.

Until recently only a traveled few have been privileged to know this treasured parfum. So that others also may each delight in its entrancement and with it each enhance her charms, Raquel Orange Blossom Frangencia is now obtainable at select stores.

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Raquel Inc. ~ 475 Fifth Avenue ~ New York

Love in Provence

(Continued from page 85)

don't see why I should deny myself a last solace."

"In that case why not the Château Lafitte?" I asked.

"That would have killed me outright," replied Tombarel, inhaling a great whiff of smoke. "I mean to live as long as possible, so as to torture that animal Guisol."

We argued the point of Guisol's animal fiendishness for some time. Perhaps I half convinced him, for, after a while, he retired, as it were, to a second line of defense.

"Eh bien," said he, "I shall not be the first one to be poisoned through a man's insensate ambition."

"What ambition?" I asked.

"Why, to become Mayor of Creille." He spoke as though it were a question of usurping the throne of an Empire.

"Who was the man?" I asked.

"It's a long story. It happened long ago. *Mon Dieu, que je souffre!* Would you mind pouring me out a dose of that medicine?"

He pointed to a small bottle on the *table de nuit*. It was chlorodyne, time-honored remedy for familiar and troublesome maladies.

"Ah! That does me good . . . Yes, that poisoning affair was a long time ago, when I was young. I was young once, my dear Fontenay, and my hair was as black as the raven's wing and I was a very pretty fellow. I don't deny I had my little successes."

I looked at him with portrait painter's eye, and tried to translate him back through many decades. Yes, he must have been a remarkably pretty fellow.

"I've often wondered," said I, rather diffidently, "why you have remained a bachelor."

His eyes flashed. "Do you want to know? It's all mixed up with the poisoning affair—the mad ambition of the man who wanted to become Mayor of Creille. I'll tell you."

I suggested that, in his present weak condition, the effort might overtax his strength. He literally waved aside my objections. He would tell to me, as a man and friend, what he had never told to a human being.

As usual, I can tell Tombarel's story only in a half-and-half sort of way. Now and then the echoes of his resonant voice haunt me and my own narrative power seems inadequate to convey his picturesque phrasing.

It was a long time ago, anyhow. Tombarel under thirty, yet already having succeeded to his inheritance, his father's land-surveying practise in Nice and the comfortable *mas* with vineyard and olive lands in Creille. Creille is remote even now, in the days of motors, from the tourist track; but forty years ago it must have been as remote and as God-forgotten a spot as existed on the face of this planet.

Once a week a ramshackle, hooded diligence transported travelers from the town to Nice and from Nice to the town. A seventeenth-century journey between London and York was scarcely more perilous or more lengthy. Yet Creille, on the sun-kissed top of its hill, had ever been a light-hearted and happy place.

In those days it was ruled by a rude but able mayor, one César Balignon. He had a *quincaillerie*, or tinware shop, which afterwards was bought up by Guisol and incorporated in his colossal establishment—*Aux Arcades de Creille*.

"You see," said Tombarel, "how things chain themselves together." Balignon was a lank, thin, swarthy, bearded man who had fought in the war of 1870 and retained the wide scar of a saber cut across his face. He was republican of the extreme right. *La patrie avant tout*. Under his benign reign, Creille was undisturbed by the far-off squalls of political factions. It was a little paradise, said Tombarel.

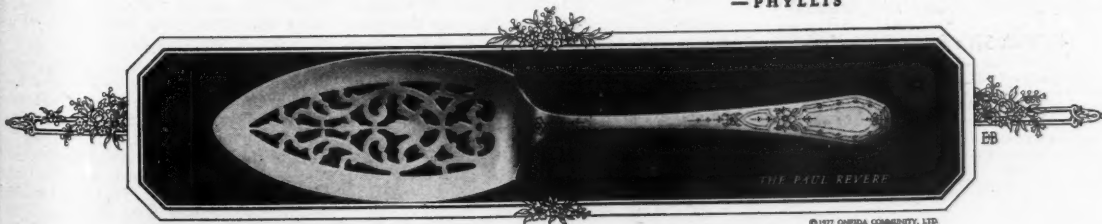
Into this paradise there crept, according to Tombarel, a serpent, a well-to-do silk merchant from Lyons, a certain Camille Monnot, a

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widower with the most delectable of daughters. Her name was Solange, but her father and all her intimates called her Froisette.

"C'est à ce petit nom-là—it was that funny little invented name," cried Tombarel, "that first put it into my head to go mad. It was like her, in a way—expressive. Her dull parents couldn't have connected the two things together. Look. *Froisette*—that means crushed, crumpled, doesn't it? Well, then, in her twenty years she seemed daintily crushed and crumpled. She was slender, and her clothes, thin silk and chiffon, fell into all kinds of enchanting irregularities of careless material. And her face was as though the *bon Dieu* had taken it between his hands and crumpled it into the form of a laughing flower.

"A little mutinous nose, dancing eyes; and when she smiled everything smiled, from the dimple on her chin, the twist of the corner of her lips, the little wrinkled contour of her cheek-bones—to say nothing of the eyes of a radiant soul—right up to the sweet little lines of her forehead.

"Ah, *mon vieux*," sighed Tombarel, "only once in a lifetime does one meet with such an incarnation of the vividness, the laughter, the sweet and basic significance of life. You think I'm an old dotard. But no. Old memories of the soul remain hard and fixed... They called her Froisette, Lord knows why—but to me she was always—though I never called her so—Froisette, with a double s—one whom God had taken and molded into the infinite rippling of a gentle waterfall."

You must take Tombarel's description of her for what it's worth. I never saw the lady, a cross between a God-crumpled flower and a waterfall, of forty years ago. All that matters is that he fell headlong, madly in love with her.

When this happened, Monsieur Camille Monniot had not yet come to Creille. He had a small villa on Montboron at Nice, to which he and his daughter could repair when the fatigues of silk-merchandising in Lyons became overexhausting.

A humdrum matter of business, of social or family relations, had led to young Tombarel's acquaintance with the Monniots. He had been bidden to dull dinner-parties at which he had presented himself correctly attired in close-buttoned frock coat and wearing bright yellow dogskin gloves which he didn't draw off until he was seated at table.

He had little chance of private conversation with Mademoiselle Solange, alias Froisette; but his eyes spoke balades and hers supplied the refrain. Young people had to get along as best they could in those days, when every young woman was supposed to be an innocent lamb and every young man was, by the nature of things, a ravening wolf.

Yet he managed his courtship in the way of his generation. When she handed him his cup of after-dinner coffee, his little finger would touch the tip of her little finger, which she would not switch back in shocked embarrassment, and he knew that she felt the same delicious thrill that shivered through his being.

On rare occasions, at formal balls—and French formal balls among the bourgeoisie of the 1880's were ceremonies of dismal state—they waltzed once or twice together during the evening. A jury of matrons could have passed unshocked through the arch between their two bodies. An armored palisade of corset saved his gloved hand clasping her waist from outrageous pressure on the tender form beneath. Yet there was enough of her nearness to intoxicate the young Tombarel. The scent of her hair was in his nostrils, her breath was on his cheek, and now and then the eyes in the rosy ripple of a face smiled into his. And there were whispers.

"You look adorable tonight, Mademoiselle."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Am I not blessed with the sense of sight?"

"I am most pleased that you find me passable."

"I said 'adorable,' Mademoiselle."

If he had said more, at this stage of his

infatuation, he would have been outraging his sense of the eternal proprieties. This sense was ingrained. Tombarel came of an ancient stock. His great-great-grandfather had wide lands in Gascony, whence he had migrated to Provence, and had the title of *vidame* and called himself, with every kind of justification, de Tombarel. But Tombarel's father, land surveyor in Nice, had dropped the particle of nobility, and Tombarel had never worried his head about it.

All this to impress on you the fact that even as a young man, raven-haired, lofty-browed, idiotically costumed according to French middle-class convention, Tombarel was the same great gentleman as the one who, at the point of death, had ordered for my entertainment the last bottle of the greatest wine in his cellar. The instinct of generations of breeding dictates his attitude towards Froisette.

You may say it was tepid love-making. But, as each age has its manners, at any rate it was effectual. Tombarel and Froisette were blissfully happy, without having exchanged a single thought on what might constitute a good time, or their friends, or the contemporary no-drama, or the limitation of the family.

Now comes in Monsieur Camille Monniot. Monniot was a thick-set, low-browed citizen of Lyons. He had a square head surmounted by a thatch of upstanding shoe-brush black hair. He had a mustache curling upwards to points that almost reached his eyes. He had a habit, horrid according to Tombarel and to me also, of being shaved only twice a week, so that for most of his life he presented to the world a face smirched with black stubble. He had shaggy eyebrows and the little reddish-brown eyes of a ferret. His hands were pudgy and hairy.

Even at this point of the story I guessed that Tombarel never liked the man.

Camille Monniot was not a sympathetic fellow. He was a trifle purse-proud. He loved his ease. Like most Lyonnais of his type, he devoted himself to succulent eating.

His daughter had insensibly grown to be a barrier between him and the petty world of household cares. He saw no reason why Froisette shouldn't minister to his material comforts till the end of time. He dismissed all aspirants to her hand.

Young Tombarel was in despair. Only once a month could he set eyes on Froisette. Then came the opportunity. Nice was too commercial, too much like Lyons to suit the retiring silk merchant. He craved the sweet solitude of the mountains, where he could build a retreat for his old age.

There was a site, said Alcide Tombarel, aglow, within the commune of Creille, on a bit of rising ground just outside the town, which he could purchase for Monsieur Monniot for two sous.

And that is how Camille Monniot came to Creille. Tombarel surveyed the land, busied himself with architect and contractors, and thus, in the twinkle of an eye, arose the Castello Miramare, the mountain home of Monsieur Camille Monniot of Lyons.

"I saw to that," said Tombarel, stretching out his white-clad arm at me. "You may have found me now, old dying Provençal that I am, a bit impulsive. But when I was young, *mon Dieu*!"—he swung the arm and laughed the laugh of anyone but a dying man—"I worked miracles of lightning energy."

Monniot and his daughter, it appears, were dazzled by the lightning swiftness of his creation of their mountain home. There came halcyon days. Tombarel claims to have invented the modern week-end. During the dull days of the week he practised his profession at Nice. On Saturdays he repaired to look after his property in Creille. Perhaps, he admitted, he absented himself more than was right from his office. He was never in love with his profession. In his case, said he, it was the profession of an *artiste manqué*—an artist who had failed. Had he not gone through the Beaux Arts in Paris?

Well, there they were, the three of them at Creille. It would be idiotic to suppose that in

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their intimate association during the building of the Castello Miramare, Tombarel and Froisette did not find many unconventional opportunities for talks heart to heart. The devil of it was that Froisette had no dragon of a mother, not even a gorgon of an aunt, and Tombarel was a happy orphan. They told their love. They kissed and did all sorts of silly things. But the bullet-headed shoe-brushed little beast of a Camille Monniot stood between them, inspiring them with the fear of some strange and unimaginable bourgeois god!

Again, I must remind you, we are talking of France of forty years ago. The *Code Civil* gave a chance parent—every father is a chance parent—absolute control over his unmarried children till they reached a green old age. It was a perilous business to get married in France, forty years ago, without parental consent.

Luckily, they were in no overviolent hurry. Froisette was only nineteen, and, loving each other idealistically, they were happy enough to await whatever happy turn might be taken by fortune's tide. For instance—said Tombarel:

"Ce cochon de Monniot was bull-necked; he had folds of fat at the back of his collar; he stuffed himself with fat food, Lyons sausages, truffled ducks, *côtelettes de veau Rossignol* in which the slab of Périgord foies gras must be twice as thick as the veal. And he despised our exquisite little wines of the country. He must drink his two bottles of heavy Burgundy a day. Apoplexy must surely get him. At least, when one is young, one is buoyed up with hope."

Now, this hectoring, egotistic sensualist had not long installed himself on the outskirts of Creille before he began to make himself objectionable. By some means or the other—bribery and corruption, said Tombarel—and mind you, for all their history I have only Tombarel's word, and he disliked the man for excellent reasons—he secured a seat on the municipal council. There he came into immediate conflict with César Balignon, the lank village Abraham Lincoln of a Mayor. Monniot belonged to the political extreme left and had radico-socialistic ideas of improving the land. He wanted to instal a newfangled drainage system.

"Imbécile!" cried Tombarel. "Not to know that if he once began to disturb the sacred filth of centuries, the whole community would have perished like flies!"

He wanted to run the council with the pernickety precision that governed the board meetings of his wretched Lyons *Société Anonyme* of Silk. He did worse. His malignant cunning prompted him to pay for the re-leading of the roof of the little old church, which for generations had leaked comfortably on worshippers during the mountain rains. He advanced money to Guiol's father for the extension of his modest little draper's ten-foot-square shop under the arcades of the Place de la Mairie.

Left to himself he would have pulled down the three or four hundred years old façade and erected a new gewgaw building. It was Tombarel who, working in secret, frustrated his vandalistic scheme. In those days he knew young architects who were still in the ateliers of illustrious masters. The word was passed from aspirant to master, from master to the Ministry of Fine Arts, from the Ministry of Fine Arts, peremptorily, to the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, who forbade the removal of a stone from the frontage of the Place de la Mairie.

"It was all very difficult," said Tombarel, "seeing that I loved Froisette. Ah! mon cher, figures-vous—"

The nightshirted and leonine patriarch, a worldly Ezekiel, wandered off into an idyll of early love. Stolen meetings on May nights, in the dark little valley between the crest of Creille and the lower eminence of the Castello Miramare. The moon sailing the heavens. The near mountain slopes on the other side of the gorge checkered black and silver in the moonlight. The scent of lilac and wistaria and magnolia on the heavy air.

"If my father found me here, he would kill me."

"Not he."

"He would send me to a convent."

"Bah! Lose his precious housekeeper and be at the mercy of a cook and a *valet de chambre*! *Jamais de la vie.*"

"He would kill you, Alcide."

"It would take a hundred fathers to kill Alcide Tombarel."

So he boasted in his young strength, and Froisette thought him magnificent, as indeed he was. At any rate Tombarel said so, and he ought to know.

"Ah!" sighed Tombarel. "I was a fine specimen of manhood in those days, with the chest of a bull and muscles like iron. I could have picked Monniot up by his rolls of fat with one hand and swung him about like a *panier à salade.*"

All the time, of course, he was a welcome though formal visitor at the Castello Miramare. Once Monsieur Monniot, over coffee and cigars on the loggia, took the young man into his Macchiavellian confidence. He was getting on in years. He must provide for his daughter's future. She would have to marry, alas! But whom? He anticipated a cry from Tombarel by adding quickly: "I am a wealthy man. I am ambitious. She must make a great marriage. Her dowry will be five hundred thousand francs."

Tombarel almost jumped out of his skin. "Mon Dieu!"

The other held up his fat hand. "But the man she marries must produce at least an equivalent amount. It is not Camille Monniot who is going to keep his daughter's husband in idleness."

"That is a great sum," said Tombarel. He felt as though he were a worm crushed beneath the heel of this colossal millionaire. Abjectly he reported the conversation to Froisette.

"C'est de la blague," she replied.

Bluff or not, it impressed Tombarel and inhibited a growing determination to put on his yellow gloves and pay a visit of ceremony to demand in marriage the hand of Mademoiselle Solange Monniot.

It was about the time that Monniot began to talk to Tombarel and his supporters, most of them bribed protégés, of the inefficiency of the tinsmith Balignon, Mayor of Creille. This ignorant peasant, a reactionary of the Second Empire, was a stumbling-block in the path of progress. He was two hundred years behind the times; antediluvian. Now, if he, Camille Monniot, were Mayor of Creille...

That was the beginning of it all. As the days went by, Tombarel gathered not only from Monniot himself but from the confidences of Froisette that this had become an *idée fixe*, an overmastering passion, in the brain of Camille Monniot. Henceforward he appeared to devote his life to the eventual overthrow of César Balignon.

"I don't know what's the matter with him," said Froisette, during one of the stolen meetings. "He no longer thinks of his food, and yesterday he drank wine from a bottle which even I, who only drink a thimbleful, knew to be corked."

Tombarel received the news without dismay. The sooner the good man could be certified as a lunatic, the better.

To me one of the endearing qualities of the essentially Latin Tombarel is his lusty yet childlike cynicism.

It was the Fête of Saint Go-Go. Many of the towns in Provence celebrate an apocryphal saint whose origin is lost in the ironic symbolism of the Middle Ages. Cannes goes wild every summer over the Feast of Saint Jin-Jin. Saint Go-Go and Saint Jin-Jin are as Gothic as the gargoyles on churches, and sprang from the same human impulse.

It was the feast, then, of Saint Go-Go, which as all the world knows is celebrated in July. There is no fear of rain to mar festivities. It was such a Fête Saint Go-Go as Creille had never seen. Old Guiol—father of the suspected

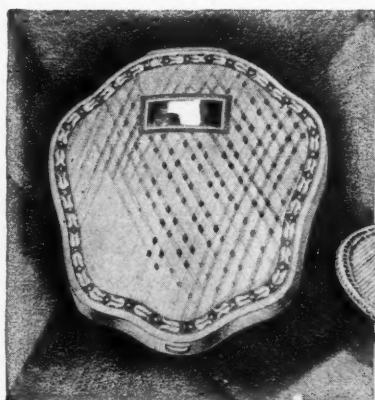
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poisoner of my friend Tombarel—had sent to Paris for a vast stock of tricolor flags, and, financed by the astute Monniot, was able to sell them at four sous apiece to the populace. The tortuous, cool and smelly streets of Creille were ablaze with the red, white and blue. There would be illuminations and a display of fireworks in the evening. The astute Monniot again.

Nobody worked except a few flabby waiters, hired from Nice, who strove to maintain the service at the little café. It was the Fête Saint Go-Go, and no one thought of celebrating it otherwise than after the manner of their ancestors. And it was their ancestors' costumes that they wore: men mostly in white, short-jacketed, with red sashes girt around their waists and swaggering under the floppy *béret* such as survives as the head-dress of the Chasseurs Alpins; the women gay in striped skirts and colorful cross-bodices and dainty frilled caps.

Young Alcide Tombarel, through ancestry the *grand seigneur* of Creille, put on his heirloom of a black velvet knee-breeches suit, jacket short and open showing silk shirt with Bryonic collar, tied in front by crimson strings; a gallant to make any maiden's heart beat.

Thus attired he attended Monsieur Camille Monniot, *Conseiller Municipal*, and Mademoiselle Solange Monniot on the councillor's municipal functions. There was a place of honor allotted to him on the platform in front of the town hall.

"But why?" asked Monniot.

"My prescriptive right," replied Tombarel carelessly.

Podgy little Monniot, to impress the town with a sense of his appreciation of the occasion's solemnity, wore full evening dress. Froisette with the aid of a friendly female soul had run up an enchanting Provencal costume.

There were speeches from Balignon the Mayor, imposing in his grandfather's inordinately tall silk hat and tightly buttoned blue frock coat and his tricolor sash, from the *cure*, from Monsieur Camille Monniot, to the massed picturesque populace in the little arcaded square. There was retirement into the town hall, where the mayor offered the traditional *vermouth d'honneur*.

Then, when the *Conseil Municipal* reappeared on the platform, came the traditional dancing around the Place de la Mairie; dancing of the *farandole* to the melancholy yet curiously inspiring music of the bands: long drums beaten only on one end and shrill fifes. The July sun blazed down on the baking square; but no one heeded. The circles of the *farandole* pursued their monotonous yet joyous course.

Camille Monniot, resplendent in evening dress, with a vivid green silk handkerchief spread from waistcoat opening half-way up his shirt, looked benignly on, as though he were the author and originator of the festivities. He patted gaunt Mayor Balignon on the shoulder.

"*Mon cher ami*, why don't we get a good band from Lyons?"

"Because, Monsieur, this is Provence and not the Lyonnais."

It was at that moment that Tombarel caught in Monniot's eyes a gleam of hate.

Froisette, excited delight in every rosebud crumple of her adorable face, stood by Tombarel's side.

"Monsieur," said he with ceremonious doffing of black velvet *béret*, "it is the Fête Saint Go-Go when all things are permitted. But it is only courtesy to ask you if you will deign to permit—"

Monniot had to permit. Tombarel led Froisette down into the whirling square.

Picture him, young, dark, raven-haired, with raven beard scrupulously trimmed, as handsome as you please, black-velveted, swaggering down the two or three rough wooden stairs, holding by her finger-tips the dear and dainty maiden of his heart.

Hand in hand they joined the circle of the *farandole* and danced till they were tired. It was really a dance of courtesy by way of ending the morning's ceremonial. In the afternoon

there would be the great bowls competition in which all the neighboring townlets took part.

And they would dance again, to the tune of any old sou-collecting band, waltzes and polkas and weird country dances; and there would be much feasting and drinking of inordinate quantities of wine and beer; and much rough love-making. And so it would continue till the late evening, when all the revelers of the place would follow the elfin music of the fifes and drums in one last mad saraband.

"You like my people?" asked Tombarel, with the air of a young reigning prince.

"I adore them," laughed Froisette, with her hands on a panting breast.

"I have an idea," said he. "Leave me to it. Don't be afraid."

He led her gallantly up the wooden steps to the platform where the Mayor and Corporation were solemnly awaiting the end of the morning's proceedings. He bowed low to Mademoiselle Solange Monniot, and *béret* in hand, addressed her father *coram publico*.

"Monsieur Monniot," said he, "as I mentioned before, this Fête de Saint Go-Go, in our country, is a day of special privilege. I profit by it to demand from you the hand of your daughter Mademoiselle Solange in marriage. I may say that I have her full permission to take this step."

Monniot looked around him in his ferrety way and met the eyes of the whole *Conseil Municipal*. His fat face grew congested with conflicting emotions. To acquiesce gracefully would mean the surrender of his paternal rights and his proclaimed ambitions. Wherefore he loathed the elegant young man. On the other hand, to play the heavy father and spurn the suitor in public would be to incur the obloquy of the town.

Until today he had not realized the significance of Tombarel. Hitherto he had regarded him as a respectable young Nice land-surveyor of no great account, and the owner of a few poverty-stricken *hectares* of vine and olive and a ramshackle farmhouse in Creille. Today he saw him, velvet-clad, going, as I have said, like a prince among his own people. He addressed the unbending Mayor carelessly as "*mon cher Balignon*," and always Balignon bowed deferentially to Monsieur Tombarel.

Tombarel rose like a star above Monniot's limited horizon. Tombarel, whom he had hitherto patronized as a pleasant but poor young fellow, was the most important man in Creille. Tombarel, with a two-hundred-year clear ancestry behind him, was the last surviving *gentilhomme* of the commune.

The eyes of the *Conseil Municipal* were upon Camille Monniot, those of the Mayor peculiarly stern. The fantastically high silk hat of another epoch added an eerie authority to his lank, rugged figure. Froisette, scared for the first time in her life, gripped Tombarel's velvet sleeve. Monniot had to say something. He said:

"*Mon cher Monsieur*, I don't conceal from you that you take me by surprise; also that you do me a great honor. Will you do me the pleasure of lunching with me, so that we can discuss the matter in private?"

Tombarel in florid phrase conveyed to all the fact that he was Monsieur Monniot's most devoted servant to command. Everybody was satisfied.

Tombarel lunched at the Castello Miramare. Froisette, opposite him, shimmered a quivering ecstasy. The *précis*, in diplomatic language, of the after conversation between Tombarel and Monniot consists in the latter's pronouncement.

"I have my reasons for desiring to be Mayor of Creille. I see for myself that in Creille you are all-powerful. On the day that I am Mayor of Creille, you shall marry my daughter."

Tombarel went away rather more muddled-brained than heavy-hearted. How the devil was he to work the deposition of the excellent Balignon, who had dandled him, a curly-haired infant, on his knees? To say nothing of politics. There, Tombarel and Balignon stood shoulder to shoulder.

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He tore his hair. He perspired freely in the airless gloom of an August night as he discussed the matter with Froisette.

"What can I do? Your father is mad. Let us go away. Let us fly together. Let us go to England, Greece, Brazil, although I don't know the barbarous languages they talk there. Anyhow, you and I can talk together in our beautiful tongue."

She laughed. I wish I were old enough to have known her. Tombarel said she was the incarnation of the goddess of delicate laughter.

"Ne te foute pas la rate, chéri."

Now when a well-bred young woman, of forty years ago, could tell a young man not to dislocate his spleen, it means that she was his for the taking.

"Don't worry, my beloved. Don't go about like the dismal hero in the old opera—I saw it once in Lyons—English—'La Fiancée de Lammermoor'—Ra-avenswood—n'est-ce pas? You are somewhat like him at the present moment."

She put forward a proposition suggested by her father. Wouldn't Balignon retire on acceptance of a pleasant sum of money?

"My best beloved angel," groaned Tombarel, "if I made such a suggestion to Balignon, he would put his tricolor sash around him and banish me from the commune. We have a fierce pride, we people of the mountains."

She flung her arms about him. "That's why I love you!" she cried.

Well, naturally, that was the end of any sense in that particular conversation.

Tombarel went about his week-day duties in Nice surveying land with lamentable inaccuracy, and spending ineffectual Sunday hours with Balignon, the tinsmith, in vain endeavor to find some weak spot in his armor. But the more they talked, the more in sympathy with Balignon and his ideals did he become.

The news of his demand in marriage had flown from the instant of utterance all through the little town. The news of a definite engagement had not been announced. Tombarel found himself in an embarrassing position. To questions he answered:

"Ça va très bien. But family affairs—lawyers—all the complications . . ." And once he lied with diabolic inspiration: "No one knows—but she is a Protestant. I'm a Catholic. The dispensation of the Pope is necessary. And that's a long affair." Partly to gain time and save his young and handsome face.

"But, Alcide chéri, what is all this I hear?" asked Froisette. "I'm no more a Protestant than you. It's true that my father is anticlerical and forbids my going to mass, to confession—"

"So much the better," said Tombarel. "Laissez-moi faire."

Froisette, her heart in Tombarel's hand, would have done whatever Tombarel listed.

"Why the blazes didn't you carry her off and tell the universe to be hanged?" I asked.

"Because, mon ami," the nightshirt-clad Tombarel replied with an uplifted hand, "because," said he, "I happened to be a gentleman of the old régime and Froisette was not another man's wife—in which case there wouldn't have been any question of boot and saddle—but the most sacred and innocent flower of maidenhood."

I sat rebuked, having to attune myself to the fine moral values of a France of forty years ago.

The days went on. The mania of Monniot to become Mayor of Creille grew in intensity. Tombarel pressed his suit to no avail. The answer remained the same: "The day I am Mayor of Creille, you shall marry my daughter."

"But if your daughter is married, or at least publicly betrothed to Alcide Tombarel, your chances will be all the greater."

Monniot waved away the subtle suggestion. The Lyonnais mind is even more crafty than the Provençal. He worked underground, advanced moneys to needy landowners in the commune on generous terms. Outwardly, as

far as manifestations of respect were concerned, the Creillois treated him as a benefactor. But Tombarel knew that not one of them would vote for him at the next municipal election.

Fate ordained that very early in the new year, Balignon should fall on evil days. He had a son, a good and dutiful son, who, seeking wider horizons, had set up for himself as a *quincaillier* in Paris. A wicked partner robbed him of his all, so that he was about to become bankrupt. César Balignon, to save his son, handed over his own little fortune! Creditors pressed César Balignon, Mayor of Creille.

"But what is this I hear, my dear Balignon?" Monniot asked one day. "Why not have a word with me? Everything can be so easily arranged."

"You are very generous, Monsieur Monniot," said Balignon.

"We are all brothers in Creille. Come and lunch with me tomorrow."

The harassed Balignon accepted. Tomorrow was a Sunday—one of the blessed Sundays when Tombarel, escaped from Nice, was privileged as a probationary fiancé to take his mid-day meal at the Castello Miramare. He always arrived half an hour too early.

On this particular day, the gaunt and worried Mayor arrived at the same hour as Tombarel. This, however, was by arrangement. While Tombarel and Froisette talked in the clear sweet sunshine on the loggia, the two elders were closeted in the dimness of Monniot's private room near by.

Presently the door opened. Both appeared on the threshold.

"That is your last word, Balignon?"

"My last word, Monsieur," said the iron-faced Mayor of Creille, looking very stern.

"We'll arrange this otherwise," said Monniot, with an air of false geniality, and Tombarel noted that his little ferret's eyes gleamed blood-red. "You'll take an *apéritif*, Balignon?"

"Volontiers," said Balignon stiffly.

"Mon enfant," said Monniot to his daughter, "will you fetch some of our old absinthe?"

In these modern days it's almost impossible to realize that, once upon a time, the most delicious beverage devised for man by a large-hearted Devil ran through France in the same full stream as whisky runs through Scotland.

Froisette departed on her errand. The three men on the loggia overlooking the olive and pine-clad slopes on the farther side of the gorge, talked of indifferent things. But to anyone far less sensitive than Tombarel it was obvious that host and guest had passed through a fiery furnace of a conversation. To Tombarel it was obvious that Monniot had offered to buy the Mayoralty of Creille from Balignon and had met with a patriot's indignant refusal. While thanking God that he hadn't acted on Froisette's light-hearted suggestion, he passed an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. He didn't like the look of Monniot, with his congested face and blood-red little eyes.

Froisette, fresh as the warm January morning, appeared on the terrace with silver tray on which were the bottle and three glasses and sugar and flat spoons and carafe of water. She set the tray on a little japanned table. She set the chairs—three chairs.

"It is I, my dear Balignon, who know how to prepare an absinthe à la mode de Lyon. It takes time. Froisette, will you show Monsieur le Maire and Monsieur Tombarel our roses?"

He waved them away. To prepare three glasses of absinthe perfectly, pouring water over the lumps of sugar that sat on the flat perforated spoon, drop by drop, so that the mixture is perfectly curdled, does indeed take time. The trio passed down the loggia steps into the terraced rose-garden.

"But listen!" cried Tombarel to me, with a great gesture. "This is the point of all the rubbish I have been uttering. At the corner of the steps I turned—I know not why—God sends messages now and then to men—and I saw Monniot slip a vial from his waistcoat pocket and pour the contents into one of the glasses. What do you think of that, *hein*?"



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After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

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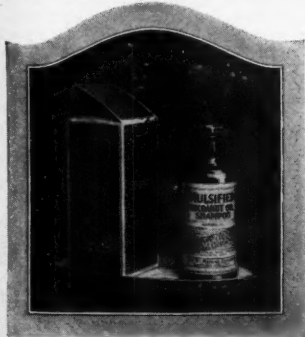
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Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.



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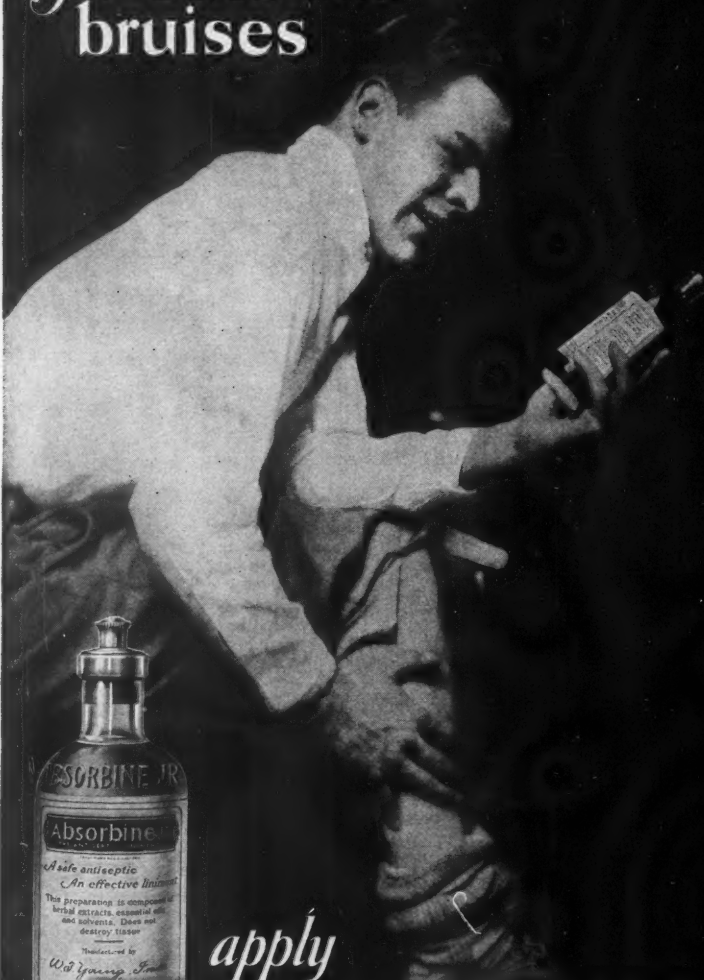
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"Luckily I discover I have left behind my yellow packet of Maryland cigarettes. Again an arrangement of the *bon Dieu*. I retrace my steps. I keep my eye on the glass. Monnot suspects nothing. But that glass has a little tiny chip on the rim. I retrieve my cigarettes. I do not join the two in the rose-garden. I stand, appalled, at the bottom of the stone steps.

"Imagine what I have witnessed! The contents of a little vial, the size of one's little finger, poured into the strong, aromatic absinthe. What to do? *Ah, mon vieux!*"

The sweat stood on his old brow after all the years. He wiped it with an impatient hand.

The voice of Monnot summoned them. They mounted the stairs to the loggia. The three opalescent glasses stood in front of the three chairs.

"*Mon cher ami*," said Monnot to Balignon, indicating a chair, "will you be so kind as to be seated?"

And before the seat of Balignon was the glass with the tiny chip.

Froisette, *jeune fille*, having no concern with men over their *apéritifs*, went into the house on her domestic duties.

"It was then," exclaimed Tombarel, in his vivid way, all flashing eyes and tragic gestures, "that I had the God-sent inspiration of a lifetime. I looked into the blue above the mountains on the other side of the gorge and I rose to my feet with a sudden cry. 'Look! Look! An eagle!' 'Where?' 'There.' I pointed..."

If ever a man saw an eagle in azure ether where never eagles soared it was Tombarel in bed stretching out his arm and staring into space.

"I pointed. 'There! There!' They both rose—advanced a few paces towards the balustrade. In a lightning movement I changed the two glasses. Monnot had the chipped glass before his chair."

The two men turned after a while. They saw no eagle against the exquisite purity of the blue January sky. They laughed at Tombarel. He made apologies. Eagles had been seen in the Midi. But it must have been a trick of vision.

Monnot raised his glass.

"To your health, Monsieur le Maire," He drank. "It's good, isn't it?"

Monsieur Balignon sipped. "It is perfect," he replied politely.

"Our little conversation this morning must be forgotten," said Monnot. "All I ask is to be the good friend of this beloved town of Creille—the town of my adoption... *Oh, mon Dieu! Oh, mon Dieu!*" He clapped his hands before his eyes, rose from his chair, nearly upsetting the table, staggered back a pace or two and fell flat.

Whatever was the poison from the vial he would have administered to Balignon, it killed him on the spot. When they rushed to him, he was dead.

"Dead as a shot rabbit," said Tombarel, on a soft intonation.

"And it was you who killed him," said I, rather stupidly, after an interval, in which I strove to adjust moral and dramatic values.

"What else could I have done? Let the brave Balignon, with the scar across his face from a German saber, be murdered in cold blood? Never in life!"

"But you might have found fault with the absinthe, thrown the stuff away, even if you didn't want to denounce Monnot," said I.

Tombarel lay back weakly on his pillow and replied wearily: "My good Fontenay, when one is young, or even when one is old, one can't think of everything at once. Balignon was saved and his would-be murderer was hoisted, as it were, with his own petard."

The suddenness of the climax of his narrative bewildered me. I wanted to know what the police and the law and the Code Napoleon had to say about the death of Camille Monnot. It appeared that, in that palmy era of France, no official worried himself extravagantly. The local physician smiled with satisfaction at the

fulfilment of his prophecy that one of these days Monsieur Camille Monniot would die of apoplexy. So of an unquestioned apoplexy did Camille Monniot die.

"Eh bien, mon cher ami," said Tombarel, after Angélique had revived him with a glass of his precious old 1840 brandy, a glass of which I naturally had to drink in his company, "you see that I'm not such an old fool when I say that the mayoralty of Creille has been a matter of life and death."

"Still," said I, "our friend Guiol—"

"I have been reflecting all the time you have been here," said Tombarel. "I was wrong. He has not the man's strength of character that is requisite to kill another man. He is a poor woolly sheep. I dismiss him."

He made a gesture of dismissal, as though Guiol were the least to be considered of God's creatures.

"In fact," said he cheerfully, "a lonely old man with many responsibilities may be pardoned for little divagations of the brain."

The short December sunshine had long since faded. Angélique had drawn the curtains and brought in the lamp. Tombarel loomed fantastic in the shadows under his canopied bed. There was a silence. At last said I:

"But—if I'm not indiscreet—Mademoiselle Monniot—Frosette?"

He spread his arms straight, like one crucified, and looked up at me from his pillow.

"Didn't I begin by telling you why I have remained a bachelor? How could I marry a girl whose father I had killed? It was tragic. It rent my soul for many years. It rent hers. *Mon Dieu!* When one loves there must be nothing hidden. I told her. She went into a convent. I saw her this morning. I thought I was going to die—and I sent for her."

I stared at him. The aged, shriveled and shrunken nun whom I had seen, head bowed, her rosary and cross dangling wide of her body, was the goddess of a girl whose cheeks God had once taken between His hands and crumpled into rose petals or the laughing little waterfalls of the mountains.

H. R. H.

(Continued from page 77)

conviction. "It's a statement of fact, and evidently necessary to your story."

"Well, yes, it is. The consequence of this was that I was asked if I would travel to a certain country in order to be seen and interviewed. They wanted to look me over like a horse before buying me."

He forced a smile.

"I consented to go. I was rather excited. My fare—everything was arranged for, and I left England. After a lot of traveling I arrived in a great city, was met by a court official, was shown into a court carriage and was driven to a palace where I was received as a guest. On the following day I was accorded an interview by the royal father of my prospective pupil. I had to pass the vet.

"It was a very curious interview, the first I had ever had with royalty. We were quite alone, his Majesty and I, except for a Russian wolfhound which lay in front of the fire in the small room, a sort of library, looking out on an immense garden. The weather was warm—the month was April—but his Majesty informed me that he was '*très frileux*.'"

"He was one of those large but very thin men with big bones who somehow can't help looking formidable. And he made me feel at once that he was a king. I don't exactly know how he did it, but it was so.

"After my bow and his greeting he asked me to sit down and proceeded to catechize me, showing very considerable cleverness, but not bothering much about subtlety. He had very pale eyes, curiously pale and apparently vague. But they were not vague. They were very acute. When they had satisfied themselves about me his Majesty gave me a brutally frank sketch of his heir apparent.

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"He began by stating that the Prince was a hypocrite, but qualified this immediately by adding that it was almost impossible for a youth in his position to be anything else. He continued with the announcement that the Prince had excellent abilities, was piercingly sharp under a cloak of indifference, and was slippery—'*très fin, très rusé même!*' I inquired about his Royal Highness's age and was told that he was just twenty, but already '*très amoureux, très porté vers les femmes.*'

"When he had let this last statement sink in he went on to draw the picture of a very strange and complicated boy, or rather youth. I remember clearly the net impression that was conveyed to me.

"In the first place it was almost incredibly un-English. I say incredibly. Remember that I had traveled very little. I wasn't a cosmopolitan. I was a very English Englishman."

"And so you are still," I thought, as I said, "I quite understand."

"In the King's picture the Crown Prince was represented as solitary in mind, acute, reserved, wild, sensual, artistic, arrogant, yet subject to outbursts of familiarity during which he was ready to be hail-fellow-well-met with people far beneath him, even with servants, with sailors on the royal yacht, with jockeys, wrestlers, grooms. He was given to fits of melancholy. His Majesty gave me some hints about these that I won't trouble you with. He had no idea of the value of money, and was often extravagant, but frequently expressed his hatred of the gorgeous life and a great longing for simplicity.

"And simplicity," I remember his Majesty said to me, in his rather harsh voice, 'is the last thing to be found in a royal palace.'

"One trait in his son the King laid great stress on—his unconventionality. This seemed to trouble his Majesty more than any other quality in the Prince.

"We never know what he is going to do," the King said. 'Laughter might come from him during a funeral or tears in a ballroom.'

"From the English point of view that seemed to suggest hysteria and I asked whether the Prince was hysterical. But this seemed to anger the King, who replied that his son was thoroughly masculine. 'Though,' he added with a touch of fine sarcasm, 'not in the English way.'

"I felt myself delicately rebuked, but I wondered why I had been sent for as probably suitable for the position of tutor to such an incomprehensible young man.

"The King must have divined my thought, for he said that he believed very much in the stability of the English character, the determination of the public school and varsity Englishman to do what he conceived to be his duty, and above all in the English readiness to shoulder responsibility.

"I am going to send my son traveling," he added. 'And I want a well educated man, not a courtier, to travel with him. I specially asked for a man who was not unconventional. It is a great mistake for royalty to be unconventional. The people expect conventionality from us and are at home with it. Unconventionality is all very well among artists. We are not artists. We are figureheads. We are symbols. The greatest mistake royalty can commit is to be unconventional before the eyes of the crowd.'

"I could not trust my son to an original, however clever he might be. The young are so susceptible to infection. But the sycophancy of courtiers is not good for him at present because of his natural arrogance, which I wish to correct. Be as frank with him as you like. I shall put him in your charge. But remember it is a great trust. He is going to be a king.'

"When he said that I felt, I remember, a sudden recoil, a desire to give up the job that was offered to me. I even felt a sensation of being near danger, and I said that I doubted whether I was quite fitted to take charge of his Royal Highness.

"I consider you are," said his Majesty brusquely. 'Let us consider it settled.'

Boyd Norton stopped speaking for a moment and I said:

"How old were you at that time?"

"Only twenty-four, but I looked and probably seemed twenty-eight or thirty. I believe I was the austere type of undergrad, at any rate in appearance."

As I looked at him in the dimness of night under the trees I felt little doubt of that.

"Well?" I said at last, as he didn't say anything more.

"We visited first Constantinople."

"But," I said, "you haven't described your introduction to your royal pupil."

"Useless! Useless!" he said impatiently. "All that would take too long. I'll tell you. You'll feel him in a moment."

"Oh, well—"

"The Prince traveled in strict incognito. There were to be no official receptions, no visits to courts, nothing of that kind. Two men servants went with us, a traveling courier—that was all. There wasn't even an equerry. I took the equerry's place. I was really less a tutor than a gentleman in waiting. Lord, it seemed odd at first!"

"Did he make you feel at ease?"

"No. But it wasn't the royalty—the fact that he was royal, I mean—which affected me uncomfortably; it was the man himself, the individual, the human being."

"You disliked him, then?"

"No. He fascinated me. And I disliked being fascinated by him."

"Why?"

"My conventionality, I suppose. There was something in him, I felt, some quality which I didn't possess, which was foreign to my temperament, which nevertheless enticed me, lured me, might even overcome me."

"Do tell me what it was if you know," I said.

"What it was?" Norton said slowly. "I think it was a profound unconventionality, drastic, deeply rooted, in the Prince's nature. And this was particularly strange because he was the heir to a throne. His father was right, dead right. The prince was a royal Waring, and I was—what I was, a stiff, young intellectual, an austere product of Balliol, but bearing the burden of normal manhood nevertheless, and therefore capable of being enticed by the wild fascination of a nature quite different from mine."

"Plato speaks of the kind of madness which is imputed to him who, when he sees the beauty of the earth, is transported with the recollection of the true Beauty; who would fly away, if he could; who is as a bird fluttering, looking upward, careless of the world below. The Prince was subject to that kind of madness. The beauty of the earth transported him at moments till—well, I scarcely know how to put it—"

Norton hesitated and stared into the darkness.

"His soul seemed to run wild," he said at last, awkwardly, self-consciously. "At Seraglio Point one evening—" He stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" I said.

"That was the first time I noticed this trait of his. It alarmed me, but it stirred me. I saw vast horizons opening out—beyond Balliol. The danger was that when the Prince got into this—this condition, being very young, and as the King had said, '*très amoureux*,' and being transported with the recollection of the true beauty, he wanted the love of women, was given to seek for the ideal beauty out of nature in woman. I had great difficulties with him at such times, and I—I had great difficulties also with myself. I was only twenty-four."

"I quite understand," I said.

"Then I felt the great danger to me of his fascination, and hated it. It was as if he were trying to fasten wings on me. I dreaded yet longed to fly—as he did."

"Was he pleasant with you?"

"Often, but not always. At first he seemed to resent my presence, to regard me as a bear leader. My Englishness didn't suit him. He was very distant with me, wrapped himself in aloofness, was moody, cold and silent. But

gradually a change came. He got accustomed to me, I suppose. Or perhaps he was pricked by an interior mischievousness. I have often thought so. Perhaps he wanted to expel the stiff Englishman. He tried to make me drunk more than once.

"He tried, too, other means of turning me into a boon companion. I resisted. I felt bound to resist because of my situation. I was his tutor. The King had confided him to me. I was in a peculiar position of trust, wasn't I?"

"Most certainly you were."

"I remained within my defenses. But I felt a great pull to make a sortie—a great pull. The Prince had a tremendously strong personality, and I was more and more conscious of it as I grew to know him better."

"Was he handsome?"

"No. He was tall, thin, big-boned like the King, with almost the same curious pale eyes, and a dominating look. But he wasn't handsome. His features were blunt, almost coarse—except his mouth. That was sensual, and yet refined. He had a delightful smile, a delightful voice and, when he chose, extraordinary charm of manner. And he had an attraction which is mysterious and which, I think, outweighs most other attractions."

"What's that?"

"Complete indifference to opinion."

"I know what you mean. But the King told you he was a hypocrite. Was he?"

"I think he was. But it was a natural hypocrisy, not a hypocrisy induced by any fear of his fellow men—of me, of anyone. He concealed from pure love of concealment, as a miser hides a glittering coin in order to gloat over it in solitude. That's a natural enough trait in a solitary. And the Prince had a solitary mind. His outbursts of frankness were only occasional, like his familiarities with those below him of which I had evidence now and then. He was clever and subtle, as his father had told me, and eminently able to conceal what he wished to conceal."

"A complicated being?"

"Dreadfully complicated, but never uninteresting. From Athens we went to Naples. We arrived there in August when the city was practically given over to the Italians. Neither of us had been there before."

"Now I must tell you that the Prince really traveled in the strictest incognito. The servants and the courier knew they would be dismissed instantly if they said who he was. He was known as Count de Rivardo. He was not one of those who, when traveling incognito, love to give the show away. On the contrary he was careful not to give a hint of his identity to anyone. I am quite positive that Donna Teresa di Casa Montana had no suspicion that he was heir to a throne—"

"But who was she?"

"She was the most beautiful Italian girl I have ever seen, a Roman, spontaneous, clever, full of fire and life. I fell in love with her."

"You!" I exclaimed.

"I saw his difficult smile in the darkness. 'Of course you thought it was the Prince.'

"I—I really don't know why I should," I stammered. "But as you laid such stress on his being '*très amoureux*,' I naturally—"

"Forgot I was once a young man. There's not much to remind you of that fact now. Donna Teresa was little more than a girl. But already she'd been married and had separated from her husband. We never knew him. She was spending the summer in Sorrento. I made her acquaintance in the Hotel Cocumello there. The Prince had asked me to go over to see whether I could find a suite of apartments suitable for him, as he found Naples too hot."

"It took me eight days to find that suite. I nearly didn't find it at all. I was horribly afraid of the fascination of the Prince."

"Afraid for yourself?"

"No. For someone else. For the girl, who had taken a very strong fancy to me. During those eight days I was guilty of a grave dereliction of duty. Deliberately I took a holiday. Deliberately I left the Prince by himself in Naples. Deliberately I pretended to be

searching for rooms when there was a delightful suite standing empty at the Hotel Cocumello. I was in love for the first time and everything else could go hang. I was to blame.

"Till then I had been absolutely conscientious. At that moment I became conscienceless. Donna Teresa was beautiful and ardent. But she had a mind. She was strongly mental. She had been splendidly educated. She was even a good classical scholar. We could talk. Actually she found me a very interesting man because of my knowledge. It attracted her to me instead of repelling her. Can you wonder that—"

"No," I said. "Any man might be forgiven—at your age."

Again the faint smile came on his lips. "Do what I have never been able to do, then," he said. "Forgive Boyd Norton for his lapse."

"Done!" I said.

"I was recalled to facts by a telegram from the Prince—'*Qu'est-ce que vous faites à Sorrente*—*Rivardo*.'"

"Then I wired that I had found rooms and started for Naples, telling Donna Teresa of course that I was coming back immediately with my friend Count de Rivardo. She said: 'Come back, with your friend or without him.'"

"Her reply quieted my nerves, gave me a new feeling of safety. I believed that she had fallen in love with me. The belief gave me confidence in myself."

"When I got to Naples I found the Prince in a very strange condition. All the time I had been in Sorrento he had been with the Neapolitan boatmen and fishermen, treating them, making merry with them, playing the guitar with them under the moon, letting go with them and their girls. Letting go!"

"When I came all Naples was talking about '*Questo Conte strano, questo Conte bizzarro, questo Conte di opera comique*!' The Mediterranean, with its devilish summer beauty, its devilish summer heat, had got at the Waring in the Prince. But I found him in one of his worst fits of melancholy, cursing destiny for having dedicated him to eventual kingship."

"A king," he said, "hasn't a dog's chance for happiness. Those fellows I've been with while you've been away never suspected me of my crime of royalty. If they had, we should have had the usual dull time. They're the most natural fellows the world holds, but an *Altezza Reale* would have brought even them to the bow-and-scraps level."

"He let out a sort of prolonged growl, barbarous and astoundingly expressive."

"The natural man—or beast—isn't royal," he said. "And can never feel royal. We royalties are really the damned among men and those who envy us are the biggest fools on the Devil's earth."

"Let us start for Sorrento, Sir," I said.

"Of course. But what have you been doing there all this time?" he asked.

"Then I told a lie. 'I was waiting to see if I could get a satisfactory suite for your Royal Highness. Some people have just gone and the rooms are free now.'"

"I wasn't a philosopher then. You know Plato's definition of true philosophers? They will never intentionally receive into their mind falsehood, which is their detestation, and they will love the truth."

"What women mold us into!" I said.

"Don't blame her!" he said, rather sharply. I realized that her arrow had gone deeply into the quarry.

"We took the steamer to Sorrento and went to the hotel. The Prince was delighted with his rooms. But an unfortunate thing occurred. When the director was showing them to him he—the Prince—said, 'Who was in them till yesterday?' I never knew what caused him to ask this question. It may have been suspicion. He was very acute. The director replied that the rooms, which were very expensive, had been empty for several weeks. The Prince made no comment then, but when the director had left us he said to me casually, 'Evidently they misinformed you about the

rooms.' He said no more, but from that moment I knew that he distrusted me."

"When he saw Donna Teresa and found that she and I had become friends, of course he knew at once the reason of my insincerity. But he never alluded to it. As the King had said he was '*très fin*.'"

Boyd Norton turned a little in his chair, and looked at the tiny house.

"Of course," he said, "you can guess part of what happened."

"I suppose the Prince fell in love with Donna Teresa."

"Why d'you stop there? Don't you suppose anything else?"

"Well, you have said that he had great fascination. Perhaps she fell in love with him?" I said, but doubtfully. I didn't want to hurt Norton's sensitive pride.

"The Prince did fall desperately in love with Donna Teresa. You are right there."

"But she didn't care about him?"

"Let me give you a scene. I can remember it almost verbatim. Three days after the Prince's arrival I happened to find her alone in the garden towards evening. She said to me: 'Why are you so formal with your friend? He isn't much more than a boy, is he?'"

"Just twenty," I said.

"Why are you so ceremonious with him?"

"Am I? I didn't know it."

"And he seems to think it's quite natural."

"He likes to have his own way. He's much richer than I am. I'm really his traveling companion."

"You're worth much more than he is. I'm sure you know ten times as much. I don't like to see you give way to a boy who's inferior to you."

"D'you dislike Rivardo?" I said.

"I can't understand him," she said. 'He carries a peculiar atmosphere with him. He's not like other men. He seems to me more than they are, and less.'"

"Why less?"

"Well—and why more?" she retorted.

"But I only repeated my question."

"Of course he's very well bred," she said.

"Anyone can see that. But I can imagine him wallowing. You could never do that."

"Perhaps I haven't the courage," I said, rather bitterly. I feared she was becoming interested in the Prince. 'He's fallen in love with you,' I said.

"Oh," she said scornfully, 'boys of that age fall in love with any woman who's reasonably good-looking.'"

"And your good looks are unreasonable," I said.

"I'm glad you think that," she said.

"Just then the Prince came into the garden. There was an evil expression on his face."

"Norton," he said, in his coldest, most arrogant manner, 'would you be so very kind as to go up to my sitting-room and see if I left my cigar case there?'"

"I hesitated. I very nearly refused to go, for Donna Teresa's big velvety eyes were on me. But my sense of the Prince's royalty overcame my angry reluctance. I went. But I didn't look for the cigar case and I didn't go back."

"In that moment was born an acute antagonism between his Royal Highness and me. And in that moment, too, was born Donna Teresa's surprised contempt for me. Naturally she couldn't understand. And I couldn't explain matters to her. At least I felt I couldn't then."

"Then—only?" I said.

But he ignored the remark and continued:

"The situation in the Hotel Cocumello can be described in few words. The Prince and I were both desperately in love with Donna Teresa. She was, I know, greatly attracted by me. Yet something in the Prince both repelled and attracted her. Although he was so very young I was haunted by the fear that she might fall in love with him eventually if time were given him to exercise his peculiar gift of charm upon her. And I was haunted also by another dread, that her ignorance of my position in regard to the Prince, and also of his true position in the world, might lead her to a

complete misunderstanding of my character."

"Then there was the now acute secret antagonism between the Prince and myself to complicate matters still further. It was veiled, of course. The Prince was coldly polite to me, and I was carefully courteous to him. But he now hated me for the advantages of mind which I had over him in Donna Teresa's eyes. And I loathed my subservient situation as a paid commoner in his service. I saw, I felt, I knew in every fiber that I was losing ground in Donna Teresa's eyes. She couldn't understand how I, the elder and wiser of the two, could give in to the Prince's caprices, could be the victim of his whims."

"She began to attribute my behavior to the sheer weakness of my character. I was afraid lest she should attribute the Prince's dominance to the strength of his. I longed to make things clear to her. I longed to tell her who Count de Rivardo was. But if I did? Wouldn't the glamour of Royalty put an end at once to any chance I might have with her? In striking a blow on behalf of my character, shouldn't I destroy my last hope as a lover?"

"And I had no right to give away the Prince's secret, which I had promised the King never to reveal while we were traveling."

"Such a situation as ours could hardly continue for very long. It ended abruptly in the following way:

"One evening after dinner his Royal Highness, Donna Teresa and I went out into the garden and sat down near the sea. I was in a condition of acute nervous excitement. Donna Teresa had upbraided me that day with what she called my servility to my young companion. Her anger proved to me that she really cared for me, but I was afraid that unless things were made clear to her she would become utterly disgusted with me, and in her disgust would lose all affection for me."

"After we had been in the garden for only a few minutes the Prince turned to me and said:

"Norton, I stupidly forgot to write that letter to my father about our ascension of Vesuvius. I want it to go tomorrow. I wish you'd go in and do it. You are better at description than I am. Take your time! Make it worth reading. I'll write in a beginning and end later."

"Mechanically I moved to get up. But I saw Donna Teresa's eyes upon me. There was an expression in them that made me feel that the critical moment for me had arrived. I must assert myself now, or go down to the bottom in her estimation. I refused to go in."

"You can do it yourself tomorrow, Rivardo," I said.

"Donna Teresa's eyes praised me. But the Prince was furious."

"I wish you to do it now," he said brutally.

"I got up. I was trying to control myself. I made a movement to go, but Donna Teresa's eyes stopped me. I stood and looked at her."

"Go, Norton," said the Prince. 'I'll take care of Donna Teresa.'"

"Very well," I said. I turned to Donna Teresa. 'I leave you in the charge of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of — to whom I am traveling tutor,' I said. 'Now perhaps you understand certain things that have troubled you in my behavior. I'm the paid companion of a future monarch.' I stopped. Then I added, speaking to the Prince, 'And, by heaven, from tonight I'm a red Republican!' Then I left them."

Norton stopped speaking.

"What on earth happened?" I said.

"Happened? You remember I told you that the King said of his son that he was profoundly unconventional, and that they never knew what he was going to do?"

"Yes, I remember."

"He didn't come in till long past midnight. I was still up. I had waited. I shall never forget his expression as he came into the room. He looked like a sick man."

"I'm glad you gave it away," he said.

"Why—Sir?" I said.

"Sir, from a red Republican!" he said, with a sneer. 'I'll tell you why. That woman,



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Teresa, really cares for you. But when she found out who I was she offered herself to me. Royalty makes me sick. A royalty hasn't a dog's chance for real happiness because he can never be sure he's in touch with sincerity. Better life in the rough! he muttered. 'Life at the bottom! There a man has his feet on God's solid earth and knows when a woman loves him!'

"He turned his back on me and went into his bedroom. I knew that he hated Donna Teresa. At that moment I hated her too."

Boyd Norton got up and stretched himself. It seemed that for him the story was over. But naturally I wasn't satisfied.

"But after that?" I asked, getting up too.

"Don't you remember that very many years ago a certain Crown Prince disappeared when he was traveling in Italy with a tutor? There was a tremendous scandal, a tremendous hue and cry. The tutor was blamed. He was said to have led the young Prince into temptation, to have plunged with him into orgies at Naples, to have corrupted him, to have been grossly false to his trust. Don't you remember?"

"Wait!" I said. "Yes—of course! I begin to remember. But—but the tutor's name was surely Graham something—Graham—I remember now—Graham Grant, wasn't it?"

"It was, and so's mine. But I pass here as Boyd Norton."

I was silent for a minute. Then I said, "And what's become of Waring?"

"Since he gave us all the slip? Well, I believe they found him after many months, somewhere in Morocco. But he never came back to court. I don't know where he is now or what he is."

"Nearly naked, perhaps, browned by some torrid clime, lying half hidden under a furred lateen sail, going away into the west to overtake the sun—like Waring."

"As long as he's happy!" said Norton.

Women Are Wiser

(Continued from page 39)

trial I might win him back," Faith told her.

"Not the way Mr. Brennan suggested. You might keep Roger, but you would lose him. What every woman knows is that her husband is really just a little boy. But what she has to learn is to let him think he is a great big noble man. The minute a woman lets a man know she is holding him under her thumb—and he stays there—she hasn't a man at all."

"In the hope that you really will understand, I'm going to tell you something that I have never, heretofore, breathed to a soul, especially not to my husband. Will you take my keys"—she extended them—"and unlock the right-hand drawer of my desk?"

Faith did as she was told and awaited further instructions.

"There are several packages of letters there, most of them tied with bits of old ribbon—those are from my husband both before and after marriage. But there is another with a rubber around it, much like the packet you hold in your hand. That is the one I want. Do you find it?"

"Yes," Faith handed it to her.

"Mr. Brennan, as you know, is a great influence for good in this city. His example is an inspiring one, even to himself."

"That last phrase may sound incomprehensible so I will try to explain. Long ago I discovered that he was a human being and not a sort of deputy of God. By that I don't mean that he is a hypocrite. Most of his instincts are right and he really lives up to the standard he sets—most of the time. Any deviations from that standard are more surprising to himself than to anyone else and he has been his own severest judge and jailer."

"But there have been many temptations."

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He is a strong man, a very masculine one, and his self-imposed tasks of civic reform have brought him into contact with women. Sometimes some of them confused the cause for which they were working with the man who was at the head of it, and have brought their tribute to the priest instead of laying it on the altar which he serves.

"Devotion from a woman is something which a man finds it difficult to trip over without noticing the way she does her hair and takes care of her complexion. After a man notices a woman, nature has a high-handed way of ignoring the laws with which men have fenced off the jungle.

"The letters in this package are probably quite similar to the ones which you have in yours. The only difference is that these are twenty-five years old. Mr. Brennon has never seen them, at least not since they have been in my possession.

"We can take those letters in to him and by merely laying them on his desk we can humiliate him so that he will crawl to me and to you. What shall we do? We women talk much of emancipation from the control of men. Here are we, two of us, who have the power and the opportunity to wield a lash that will make our husbands forever subject to our slightest wish.

"If we use our power we will have no more need ever to ask for anything or to exchange our love for livelihood. All we have to give up is the curious whimsical devotion which men, as part of their pose, like to bestow on those who they think are standing on the stair just one step lower than themselves.

"I have faced the problem alone for a good many years, as you can see, and I have been fearfully weak about making a decision. As it is, we are living in a little play with make-up covering our defects even from each other, speaking lines, even, that have been prepared in advance, and with scenery that is beautiful only on the painted side.

"What shall I do, what shall we do, you and I—tear off the masks, turn the scenery around to show that it is only canvas and never listen again to lying poetry, or shall we go on with the conscious dream with this little ache in our hearts to tell us that it isn't all quite true? I don't know. What do you say?"

Mrs. Brennon had not been at all emotional in stating her case. On the contrary, she had been very matter-of-fact, with her wrinkled old hands lying lightly clasped in her lap.

In view of those wrinkled, nearly useless hands Faith's question seemed almost absurd. "You do love him?"

"Yes. Quite as much as I love Roger and in much the same way. Women always are older. Nature puts age into our hearts at birth just as she keeps spring always burning in the breasts of men. I don't know why. Marrying a man is much the same as giving birth to him and quite as painful. And they forget. My dear, that is the worst, they forget. And women must never notice—not if they want them to come back."

Faith left the house still carrying the package of Roger's letters. They were in her hands, unread, when she got home. There, at last, she laid them on her tiny desk.

Before dinner she telephoned to her mother-in-law. "I have burned them," she said briefly. "And I'm going to try to be one-half as lovely as you are."

Roger was a little late for dinner. During the interval of waiting Faith had a few bad moments of indecision. Part of it was wondering if perhaps, after all, it might not be better to bind him to her more closely by fear; the other was the pure stage-fright of an actor about to play a part for the first time.

Fortunately Roger had something else to occupy his mind so he did not notice her nervousness.

"Dad has been down to the office all the afternoon," he explained. "He even drove me home. Acted kind of sorry for me and apologetic as if he had been putting a little cyanide in my tonsil alcohol. The last thing he did was

A DIGESTIVE AID that does its work in silence!



"One of the things I like best about Gastrogen Tablets," writes Mrs. J. L. Williams, of 409 W. 13th St., Austin, Tex., "is the absence of gas and hiccups after you take them.

"I used to take an occasional dose of soda for indigestion, and never could escape these unpleasant after-effects. But Gastrogen Tablets do their work so quietly that if my discomfort had not vanished it would have been hard for me to believe I had taken anything at all."

PERHAPS you, too, have been annoyed like Mrs. Williams. If you have, you will be glad of the news that Gastrogen Tablets offer such prompt relief from indigestion without the usual disturbance of gas and rumblings in the stomach.

The objection to soda bicarbonate is the alkaline residue it leaves in the stomach, which hampers normal digestion and brings on the gas and hiccups that make one so conspicuously miserable.

Gastrogen Tablets are harmless and effective

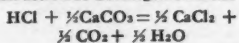
Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda. They are compounded of antacids that cannot act except in the presence of acid. So, after neutralizing the acidity



Of Interest to Physicians and Druggists Only

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:
 $\text{HCl} + \text{NaHCO}_3 = \text{NaCl} + \text{CO}_2 + \text{H}_2\text{O}$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:



of the stomach, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes from the system harmlessly and unchanged. You get quick relief—you get effective relief—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the medical term for the social error of belching).

* * *

Gastrogen Tablets work so quickly that they drive away the discomfort of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 or 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today—try them next time your dinner brings you distress—you'll be surprised and delighted at the quick and comfortable relief they bring, and their spicy, aromatic flavor is something you will think of as a treat.

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SUITE D-228 GOOD HEALTH BLDG.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

to give me a fifty percent increase in pay and drive me around to a florist's and pick out these orchids for you. Something has made him darn sentimental. Got any idea what it is?"

Faith shook her head.

"And you still love your old man," he questioned, kneeling at her feet, "even if he has got whiskers?"

"Yes," Faith declared, holding his head tight against her body. In her eyes, which he did not see, was misty light, the light that babes wake up to find in those of the mother who bends over them. "I do, I do," she declared, repeating it as if to reinforce her own faith.

He picked her up bodily—it was convenient to grab her by the knees the way she stood—and swung her over his shoulder.

"All right, then, I'll ride you up-stairs and you can sit on the dresser and catch the bristles as they fall to stuff a sofa-pillow with. I bought a new can-opener today that's just the thing to shave with."

Faith finally began to laugh. Maybe it was the way she had been jounced up and down on his shoulder. Maybe it was sheer relief at realizing that she was going to go on listening to his nonsense until her hands, too, were wrinkled and useless but not very sad. Perhaps—

Half across the city his father came into his wife's room and bent over for a kiss. His eyes were haggard, too, and the circles under them were darker. He clung for a moment to the wrinkled hand that lay in her lap.

"I'm worried, Dear, and afraid," he said. All the high authority, the dominance was gone from his voice. "I'm wondering if we did the right thing for our boy."

She considered a moment. Then she gently disengaged her fingers from his clasp and touched his head soothingly. "Yes, Dear, I'm quite sure that we have done the right thing for our boy."

Before they went down to dinner he noticed the packet of ancient envelopes fastened with a spiritless rubber band.

"What's this," he asked, with a return to his more familiar, confident mood, "a collection of love letters to the queen by the court jester while the king was in the counting-house?"

"No," she answered. "Perhaps you had better look at them."

He started to remove the elastic. It came apart in his hands and the envelopes fell, disordered, on the table. He picked up one and opened it. He looked at the folded sheets within, then picked up another and another and scanned them rapidly.

"But these are only blank sheets of your new stationery folded up and put in a lot of old envelopes. What on earth did you do that for?"

His wife smiled; finally she laughed as she smoothed her skirt as mothers do.

"That, John dear," she said, "is something I am never going to tell you."

Butterfly Goes Home

(Continued from page 65)

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and the soprano quavered "Nearer, my Go-d, to Thee." The minister, a good, lanky Methodist, took for his text, "judge not that ye be not judged," and pointed out the fires of Hell to those still on earth.

They carried her to the little graveyard with its tangled grass and fall roses. The faint breeze caught the minor strain as they lowered her into the grave:

"E'en though it be-e a cro-oss
Tha-ut rais-eth m-m-me!"

All over!

They turned away, the village people who loved and the hundreds who had come in morbid curiosity. And correspondents caught

the first train back to St. Louis. "Great sob stuff!" they said to each other over poker games and between drinks. And they put it over big.

While the nation was burying Lila Innis down in Somerset, Missouri, New York police and private detectives were trying to close in on her slayer.

The three men who had visited her that evening had at last been found. Robert McArthur, whom you know as the producer of "Fluffy Ruffles" and "Dreamy Eyes," explained his silence by saying he'd been out of town and really hadn't seen the papers! Barry Lang, a notorious backer, had accompanied him, on both the visit and the out-of-town trip; and Burton Jameson, a young doctor, frankly said he'd kept still for fear of the harm it would do his practise.

Not that he was in any way connected with the crime—he'd merely stopped by to see Miss Innis on a semi-professional call; he'd treated a summer cold for her a few weeks earlier. The other visits, too, were professional, it seemed; McArthur had a part in a new musical comedy that he thought she'd be interested in; and Barry, who was furnishing the money, had happened to go along.

"We had a couple of drinks around, then she sent us home a little after midnight and pushed Doctor Jameson along with us, because she was expecting another guest, she said."

Everyone was willing to believe that any one or all three of them had murdered her, collectively or individually, in anger, lust or revenge. But their alibis held up under police fire. The police let the three men go and started on the track of the unknown guest.

The case was baffling because there were no clues. None. The murderer had left nothing. He had taken nothing; no jewelry that could be traced from pawnshop to thief; no—

But letters! For even before reporters swarmed the tiny rooms, her desk was in utter confusion. Suppose the Unknown Guest had written her letters that he wanted back. Suppose she had refused; suppose . . .

Who wanted Lila Innis out of the way?

Her diary—Little Book, she called it—was running for a column a day in one of the tabloids, and in it she poured out her heart to Dinty, and she begged him to get a divorce or tell her good-by, to free her from his love or to marry her.

I love you, Dinty. God knows I love you. And you love me. But we can't go on like this.

The shopgirl and stenographer ate it up in the subway.

You are sick, O my darling! Why can't I be there with you instead of her! We must die together, Dinty—promise me that!

How the schoolgirl loved that!

I won't write if you don't want me to, but why didn't you call today? Is she in town? . . . Your flowers came. I put them on the pillow beside me . . .

Expurgation added to the thrill.

Later:

O God, don't let Dinty grow tired! You can't—you won't!

On and on, cheap stuff but sincere. Almost indecently sincere.

Who was Dinty? Had they quarreled? Had he gone there that night to break it off? Had she refused and threatened with exposure? Had he then committed the crime to avoid scandal? Or had his wife—

Reporters seized on that. Of course! A woman's crime—that was why the revolver had not been used: too bloody and messy. That was why the knots had been tied so awkwardly. That was why . . . Jealousy! The wife had found the mistress and—

"Who is Dinty?"

Every head-line asked you and every edition



"—have you ever had a real 'vacation' appetite?"

Eat heartily—and enjoy it!

Motoring days bring "vacation day" appetites—and, consequently, very often Indigestion.

Who can escape the lure of the road stands that slap you in the face at every turn of the road?

So be prepared to help your stomach bear the abuse it gets by having handy plenty of Pep-O-Mint Life Savers when you take a trip. They really are a wonderful aid to tardy digestion.

* * *

Indigestion is a miserable thing. So many people suffer this way. If they only knew that simple old method our grandfathers used—peppermint.

And now it is available in a new and really convenient form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

It sounds very simple and old-fashioned. But Pep-O-Mint Life Savers really do the trick. Try them after meals when that heavy, loggy feeling comes over you—or to relieve the discomfort of indigestion. Pep-O-Mint is displayed at all good stores; also Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve and Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package.

They are
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P. S.

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gave a different answer. They investigated every name in the book and used the new third degree on every possible prospect. Public gaze was focused on a dozen men in turn while their intimate lives were bared. Then quite by accident they found him.

Rudolph, the elevator boy, born to be the envy of six million souls, saw him whiz by in a taxi one day and, subconsciously remembering the quiet, dark man with deep-set eyes and tiny mustache, leaped in a cruiser and gave pursuit.

It was Philip D. Morton, son of G. H. Morton, founder and head of the house of Morton, Levy and Crawley.

Yes, he knew Miss Innis. His wife knew her too. "We tried to befriend the poor girl," he went on in his carefully modulated voice, "and assist in her career."

"You mean by paying her bills?" asked the Chief bluntly.

"Well—in whatever way she needed help," Mr. Morton met the issue suavely. But he had not seen her for several days prior to the—er—accident, nor had his wife.

"But you are Dinty?"
"She called me that," he admitted, "but our relations were purely Platonic. And my wife—"

The lady herself, cold and blond, was also then in custody. What head-lines! "Broker Held for Innis Murder!" "Wife Accessory!" "Millionaire Confesses!" And the confession showed Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Morton in the light of two patrons of art, two good Samaritans, who had befriended, to their own undoing, an emotional, hysterical girl.

"Yes, I knew Miss Innis loved my husband," Mrs. Morton told the reporters calmly, "but he never gave her the slightest encouragement, and, in fact, begged me to ask her to let him alone—she caused such scenes!"

"I felt very sorry for the girl naturally," said Mr. Morton, "but she seemed quite hopeless."

Letters? Oh, no! The diary?
"That," said they both decidedly and concertedly, "was the emotional outlet of a high-strung and imaginative girl whose love had been spurned."

And that was that. Lila was a fool. They were generous saints.

But they clearly had nothing to do with the murder, as a Long Island hostess and houseful of guests testified, for they were forty miles from New York for twenty-four hours both before and after the crime. No one was satisfied, but what could be done? People can't be jailed for conceit and smug hypocrisy.

So the papers dismissed them with slashing sarcasm and fell back once more on theories. They would have been glad enough to let the story drop—it was dead so far as news was concerned—but the public wouldn't permit it.

The best brains in the country were working on the problem, also the worst. Hundreds of letters poured in every day with suggestions and solutions. Finally one paper offered \$5000 for any theory that might prove true, and a rival publication, not to be outdone, \$5000 for the solution that sounded most plausible. And, as you can imagine, that started something.

Down in Memphis a man confessed and described in detail the commission of the crime—only he added a revolver and razor. Another told minutely just how and why—at the request of Philip D. Morton; but it seemed he'd been locked in Sing Sing for twenty years.

Theory after theory: bootlegger or gangster; a moron's attack; a religious fanatic who forced her to prayer before he sent her soul to Hell. On and on. It became the national game, tucked in between crossword puzzles and "Ask Me Another!" with each man playing his own system.

And mine—

I told you that I didn't know Lila Innis. But her name looked strangely familiar, or faintly familiar, as I bought a paper that October morning and caught the subway down-town.

Lila Innis! Now where—? I read the story hurriedly between jolts and swayings. Now where had I—rather, where could I have known a girl like that?

For I'm the secretary to a well-known author's agent, and my friends are mostly teachers, librarians, and interior decorators—staid mid-Westerners like myself—and none of them, I felt sure had ever mentioned Lila Innis.

But the name stuck, all the way to Times Square, and I fought my way through that hurtling mob up the stair to the rhythm of those words. It buzzed like a horse-fly in my ears, like a mosquito.

I reached the office, just off the Avenue, and sorted the morning mail. A bill from Dodd's for Mr. Fielding, another from Carson's... Maybe it was that girl in the flesh-colored bathing suit at Bass Rocks, where I spend my vacations—no, that was Dennis... Peter Marshall was sending two stories... Alfred Haynes his new novel... Perhaps one of our clients—no, our list included no "dancing daddies."

I laid Mr. Fielding's mail on his desk, shoved back the rest, and buried my head to think. For I knew there was no more work for me till I'd traced it down—you know how a thing like that can madden you!

Like a flash it came to me. Automatically I arose and went to the card catalog and looked under "prospective clients." (That's really a joke, for Mr. Fielding doesn't want any new ones. However, enthusiastic young authors often seize on his name and send in their effusions, which we return if they enclose stamps and drop in our files if they don't. But we keep a record, for he believes in system and it gives me something to do.)

There it was—her name. In my own handwriting.

Innis, Lila:—West 115th St.

"When in Rome".....Nov. '24

"Awakening".....Jan. '26

I went to the files. Yes, there they were. I skimmed through them rapidly: the first, a cheap, conventional story of "the easiest way"; the second, a meretricious bit of melodrama. I dropped them back in their place. I didn't believe in murder in general, but the slaughter of would-be authors might be classified under various heads.

But in spite of my contempt for her literary efforts I followed the case closely. And day after day gave new life and meaning to her pitiful little stories.

I read them again.

"When in Rome" wasn't a story at all, but a long, rambling account of a heroine she called Evadne and her vain attempts to find work as a singer in New York.

Evadne, it seems, was a country girl with a fresh voice only partially ruined by village training. She arrived in New York with \$168.96, or some equally ridiculous sum, and the definite ambition to take the place left vacant by Patti, Nordica, et al. She found a tiny room and a singing teacher; and both took more of her money than she had expected.

So she applied timidly but confidently for a position as soloist in one of the Fifth Avenue churches. That was respectable and she had sung in the church back home. What was said to her on that occasion helped her to realize her relative place in this swinging firmament, and she drifted rapidly down to begging for choir work in churches far out of the beaten path.

She learned then that an agency was the thing, and that perhaps she could get a few engagements for concerts, entertainments, et cetera. Then followed the stereotyped hours of waiting in one dingy office after another to be told:

"Nothing just now. Dull season, you know. Come back a little later and we'll see."

But somehow, even when there were vacancies, they seemed to go to other girls.

"You gotta hand 'em a line," one confided as

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An advertisement based
on the opinion of
9651* physicians



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Mary Lewis,

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Mary Lewis

"Can I really smoke without irritating my throat,
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Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927



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For it's weathering that ages. That's why the shoulders, for instance, are younger than the face.

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(Hinds Cream also makes a fine base for powder. The powder clings—for hours.)

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HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

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Prevents sunburn
Prevents windburn
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Softens skin
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Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM, the protecting cream for the skin.

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This coupon not good after October, 1928

she tasted her lipstick with relish. "And that get-up!" She eyed Evadne's cheap suit and faded hat. "What's the racket, dearie? This ain't no hand-out joint! Sob-stuff don't get yuh nowhere in this game. Yuh gotta be a sport and take what comes!"

Then Evadne—what a name!—bought a lipstick and a cheap velvet dress and shingled her hair and learned to smile. She stopped asking for church work and took dancing lessons on the side. Then followed another round to third-class vaudeville agencies and ads for chorus girls "with or without experience."

"Yuh gotta be a sport and take what comes!" It rang in her ears. She was fighting stuff, all right, and she put up a game but bewildered fight. She was younger and prettier than that hardened brunette—why had they chosen her? Her voice was clearer, her step lighter . . . why? why? Gradually she came to see: a word here—a smile—a nod—a toss of the head—silence at the wrong time . . .

She took a position—she got a job as waitress. Melba slinging hash! Farrar calling "Two over!" Garden scraping cabbage!

What was it all about? And where was she getting? She was selling her body now to "Schweiger's Restaurant—Gents—Ladies Invited" for six dollars a week plus tips. What was the use? . . .

Two weeks later she signed a contract, and a very fair contract, for a specialty song and dance in Bert Winter's Revue.

"When in Rome . . ." No story at all, you can see. Or rather, a story that called for O. Henry's touch and not the conventional, sentimental style of Lila Innis.

I took out the carbon of the letter I had sent her:

Your story, thoroughly commonplace both in theme and in treatment, could have been written sixty years ago . . .

Sixty—or a hundred and sixty—or a thousand.

Your manuscript will be returned upon receipt of twenty cents in stamps.

But she had never cared for the return. For Lila Innis moved a few days later, you remember, from that narrow, pinched room to her suite just off the Drive. And she was one of the season's finds a month or so later, when she sang and laughed and danced in the Peach-Blossom chorus of "The Foibles."

And after that, you recall, "The Primrose Path," and then the lovely Lila had stepped gracefully out of costumes and showed her blond beauty to Broadway on the other side of the footlights. She could sing the loudest and drink the longest at their parties. Gayest of them all, good sport, good pal, it was then she became known as "the laughing blonde."

But a few months later they began to miss Lila Innis. She dropped in only rarely at their favorite clubs and seemed far-away and distant, and they accused her of being in love. Her new apartment on the Drive was open to them—sometimes—for a carousing rendezvous, and sometimes not.

They speculated idly on who was paying the bills.

It was then she found time to write the second story. The first was a stilted account of a girl's experience; the second, a turbulent history of a woman's deception.

Marcelle, who was Evadne grown a few years older, is in love "darkly, desperately, madly, passionately" with a man she met quite casually at a summer resort. Then she learns he is married, to a woman cold and forbidding—there follows a bitter and lashing description of Mrs. Philip D. Morton. He begs her to marry him as soon as he is free, and they "drift on and on in the sea of their love"—to which you may give the broadest interpretation.

Their prenuptial bliss is shattered, however, by a change of mind on the part of the

rite, who divorce after Tears. Marcelle re that it was tion on his and he contin his request mistress still loves h times on in

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wife, who decides she doesn't care for a divorce after all.

Tears. Pleading. Scenes. And finally Marcelle realizes that Dinty is tired of her, that it was love on her part but only infatuation on his. In a fit of anger she accuses him and he confesses that his wife's attitude was at his request—that he preferred Marcelle as his mistress . . . Wretched, unhappy, the girl still loves him too much to let him go and continues on in the irregular relation.

Cheap, impossible as stories, they gave me insight into the turbulent heart of the murdered girl. And I followed every clue, every word.

It must have been a month later, when police had given up searching, when papers were lost in another story, when Lila Innis had taken her place with Charlie Ross, William Desmond Taylor, and the Hall-Mills case, that I cleaned out my desk at the office. And I found, dropped behind the lower drawer, two envelopes I'd pushed aside the morning of the murder. One was a circular ad, but the other was a manuscript, folded into a square envelop.

There was no return address, but inside, typed in the upper left corner: "Lila Innis, midnight, October the third."

Lila Innis! Just three hours before she was murdered.

And she called it "The Wages of Sin."

It was in no sense a story. It did not pretend to be. It was the awful, fearful wailing of a soul in torment. A soul who is alone, so wholly alone in this desolation we call the world. A soul bereft of hope, a soul that looked in Hell.

The scripturalist would say she had broken God's laws and was paying. A psychologist would say it was the natural reversion to the puritanical standards of her youth. A weaker girl would have clung to them or laughed them carelessly aside and forgotten. A stronger one would have carried them steadily with her or reasonably put them aside and lived her own way. But poor little Lila . . .

She kept up the pretense of another name: Lily. Lily, who had "bartered her soul for opportunity" and found ambition dead within her. Lily, who had loved and tasted the brackish waters of life! Young, pretty, talented, with all life before her—and what a mess she'd made of things!

"I didn't realize . . ."

Why didn't she realize? People had warned her, everyone, of the dangers of the city.

"But I didn't believe," she whispered. "If someone could only make them know, girls like me . . . If there were only some way to make them see . . . If I could only . . . only . . ."

For a long time she sat there, this Lily of the story, thinking.

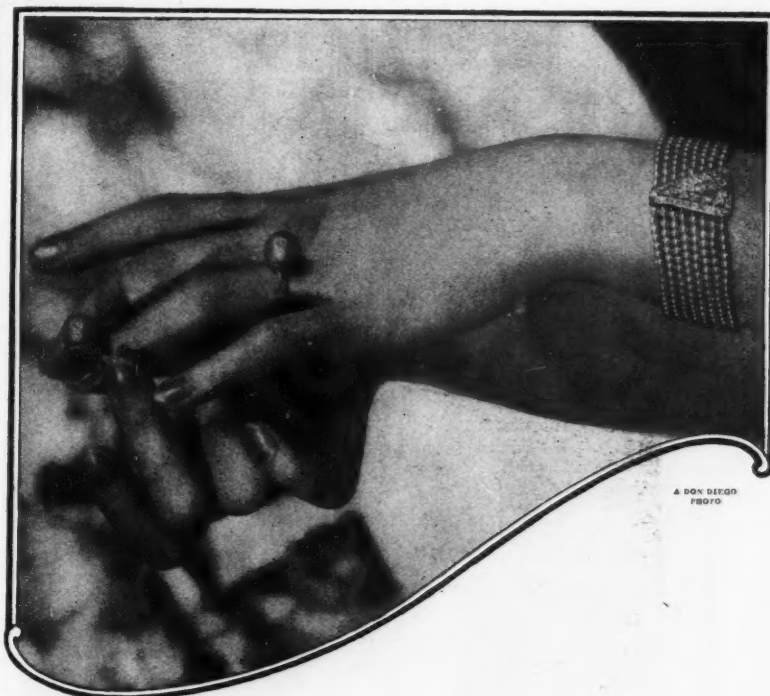
"Then suddenly she rose, tore off her evening gown and slipped into a negligée. Unbound her hair and whipped it into confusion. Upset the chairs, crashed glasses, twisted her own wrists, lashed her own body with a strap.

"Then she took from a drawer a precious bit of cyanide—enough for a regiment, they had told her—and carefully balanced the paper that held it on her own golden head. Slowly she knelt, bound her body to the chair—carefully, carefully! Tied her throat with a golden gossamer stocking—steady, steady! Awkwardly fastened her hands behind her—there!

"A tiny toss of the head. The paper topples—falls. A few grains touch her tongue.

"That is all."

So her story ended. You may draw your own conclusions. But I only know, if she did it as a sort of hari-kari, a gesture of protest in warning, she succeeded beyond dreams; for the name of Lila Innis is known throughout the world, for her story shows so clearly how a butterfly goes home.



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J. L. Hudson Company	Detroit, Mich.
Kaufmann's	Pittsburg, Pa.
LaSalle & Koch	Toledo, Ohio
Lebeck Bros.	Nashville, Tenn.
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co.	Houston, Texas
McCurdy & Co., Inc.,	Rochester, N. Y.
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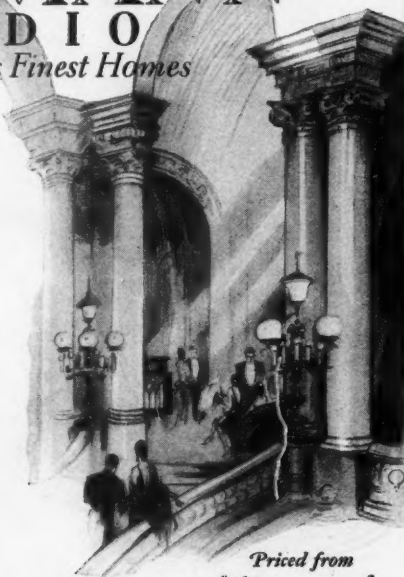
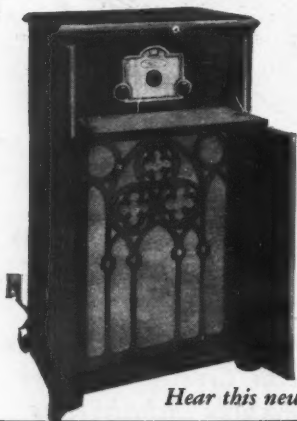
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The Mad Carews

(Continued from page 81)

heard. "Take this business of Joe Tracy, for instance," he went on. "We've talked about Joe. Joe was never anything more to me than a hired hand on the farm. I don't hold it against you that he was more than that to you. We've talked that all out long ago. If things were what they might be, I'd have you invite Joe to spend a few days with us—have him come over and take supper with us, at least. We could treat him as an old flame of yours—have our little joke about it—laugh over it—and forget it. Instead of that, we don't talk about it. Don't you see what I mean?"

"I do," she said, clenching her fingers until they ached.

He was on his feet suddenly, looking down at her. "The truth is, little enemy, we can't go on like this. We're not built that way. I'm not—and you're not. There was a night last July—the night Lily Fletcher came to see you—when I kissed you, because I couldn't help myself. Perhaps you have forgotten that you kissed me, too—with all your soul in it. Or perhaps you think I didn't know it."

She struggled to meet his look, to quiet the swift beating of her heart. In the ravine farther up the Mountain a night owl hooted dismally, and the dry grass on the slope sighed under the faint wind.

She hardened herself against the appeal in his voice. "That," she said, scarcely above a whisper, "was only—only physical." And although the rapier-like words seemed to be killing something in her heart, she added, "I had experienced that—before."

She had turned her head far to one side so that she might not look at him. She could not look at him. One look at him now and it would be the end. She could resist him no longer. But no—there were the eyes of Zenka, with their veiled brilliance, and the red, unquestioning mouth of Zenka.

His voice spoke again, unbearably gentle, reasonable. "Perhaps you will tell me, then, just why you married me instead of Joe Tracy, Elsa."

She felt that he was tearing the words with sheer physical effort out of the grip of his own pride. What should she tell him now? Should she tell him at last that there had never been a time when she had not loved him, that she had married him because her own blind love had driven her to him, that she loved him now with all the passion of her being, hungrily, devastatingly? She drew herself up against the tree, rigid, cold from head to foot.

She heard her own voice at last, as if it were the voice of a stranger, in a low murmur that was shocking to her ears. "I married you, Bayliss—because I was afraid. I was afraid that I might marry him—and become a—farm drab on a sheep ranch in South Dakota. I thought a marriage without love—any kind of marriage—would be better than that. I had seen so much—of that."

For a seemingly endless time he said nothing. Elsa's spine began to ache against the birch trunk. She felt that she could not bear it another instant. Then Bayliss came so close to her that she could hear his uneven breathing. She fancied that she could hear the dull throbbing of his heart.

"Elsa," he said coldly, "you are lying to me. There are those in the world who could do just what you say you did. But you're not one of them. What you're telling me is that you took me for a convenient way out of a situation. I'm telling you that you didn't—that you couldn't. I'm not going to say any more about it. You can't stand it—and I can't."

"Two things—two things only—have made it possible for me to stand it as long as I have. One is the fact that I'm cursed with a love for you that is simply an obsession. It's the nearest thing to worship that I have ever known. The other is the suspicion that some fate has picked me to settle the account for the Carews

—to even up the score for a family of men who have always got what they wanted.” She drew in her breath sharply and raised her face to his. “Even—even the wife of Nate Brazell,” she said, sick from her inward trembling.

There—she had told him at last! Faintness crept down over her, like the deepening of the dark. She was aware that he was looking at her with a strange scrutiny, and then his sardonic laughter pierced her ears.

“So that’s it! Well, I don’t blame you, at that. I might tell you—but what’s the use! It would only bore you and it would sound funny as the devil to me. But I’m not quite so rotten as that—not quite. When a man worships a woman, Elsa—well, he worships her. That’s something for you to remember. But I’d rather have you hate me with all your heart than have you accept me and—and tolerate me.”

Then he was gone. She remained for a long time, leaning inert against the tree, watching his figure vanish among the shadows on the slope below. At once the whole universe about her became a human rhythm. She felt beneath her the breathing of the great, dark lungs of the earth, the tremendous excitement of its vast heart, and above it—white stars and fair space, dreams of its mighty spirit. Life, love—dreams these, too. Shadows in the wind.

She did not see Bayliss again that evening. In the morning Gorham told her that he had gone to Hurley and would not be back until dark.

She moved about the house like one who had come back a stranger to a place that had long been familiar. Bayliss had gone to Hurley, she knew, so that she might have the day to herself after their talk last night among the birches. A day for what? A day in which to dwell alone with her pride, to look about her at all the reminders of his love and his patience, to discover again the insistent yearnings which her heart held and her lips refused to speak. It was intolerable.

In the afternoon she set out on foot through the fields that lay toward the Bowers farm. She had no clear intention of visiting her mother in her present mood. She knew only that it was good to walk, to feel the firm and reassuring earth beneath her feet, to lift her face to the clean, untroubled blue of the skies.

A mood of unaccountable happiness filled her. The world moved off, grew small, became a tiny sphere in space, its ponderous contours dimmed by distance, its petty conflicts gone from sight. A feeling of shame possessed her. Where now was her pride, her jealousy, her questionings and conceits? Where now was anything but love, flaming, absorbing, ecstatic?

The mood persisted with her when she finally came into the kitchen where her mother was preparing supper. It lifted her beyond the round of dull complaining, shed its warmth upon the mean routine that enveloped the lives of Steve Bowers and Uncle Fred, and when she started back once more across the fields, cast its silver hue upon the mist that lay over the hollow, web whitening upon web.

Where the ground lifted from the level



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prairie to the slope of the Mountain, she paused and looked up toward the buildings nestling against the side of the hill. There was a light there. Her first thought was of Gorham. Then she remembered that he had told her at noon that he was going north to visit a cousin beyond Sundowner. It could not be Gorham's light. Bayliss had come home, then. Her heart quickened as she started up the slope.

It was not until she had reached the pathway leading from the barns to the house that an inexplicable feeling of uneasiness suddenly assailed her. She moved up the pathway slowly, opened the door and stepped into the hall. Closing the door softly behind her, she stood for a moment with her hand upon the knob and looked into the living-room. Bayliss had started a fire and was standing before it, his feet wide apart, his hands behind him.

He turned quickly and looked toward her. "Hello, Else!" he called. "I was just going out to look for you."

"I was over at Mother's," she explained. "I had no idea you would be home so early." She took off her hat and pushed back her hair. Her forehead was wet. Then she stepped into the living-room. "Gorham told me—"

She felt the breath gather cruelly in her throat. Zenka Brazell, curled daintily in one of the big chairs, was uncoiling herself with slow deliberation, drawing herself up with a disarming, childish smile.

"I come here again," the girl said in that soft voice of hers that had been a burning memory in Elsa's heart for days. "I was very lonely—so I come to see you. Maybe I trouble you? You don't care?"

"Why, certainly not, Zenka!" Elsa said. Her voice sounded curiously hollow, flute-like.

She glanced at Bayliss again and realized that he must have just come in. He had not yet taken off his light overcoat. She did not dare to look at his face.

"Did you have supper in Hurley, Bayliss?" she asked.

But she could not wait to hear his answer. Her entire body had been seized with trembling. Almost running, she made her way blindly to the kitchen. She closed the door behind her and stood in the middle of the floor, crushing her clenched hands to her temples, struggling frantically to control herself. Bayliss was coming through the dining-room. She turned as he flung the door open.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, closing the door behind him and stepping toward her. She felt his fingers close upon her shoulders, cutting into the flesh. "What's the matter with you? You're white as paper."

"Nothing—nothing," she heard herself mutter from lips that no longer seemed a part of her. "I'm—I suppose I'm a—a little tired."

Without looking at him she felt his long, deep scrutiny. "Stop this!" he commanded finally. "You're acting like a fool! I know what's the matter. I've been back less than ten minutes. I found her sitting on the doorstep when I came. Nate's been away since yesterday afternoon—drunk—in Sundowner. She's afraid to meet him when he comes home."

"I don't care—I don't care!" she protested.

His fingers pressed cruelly into her shoulders. "I do care! You've got to listen to me! She wants to stay here tonight. I told her she couldn't stay. I told her she must not come here again. She's going to stay with Fanny Ipsmiller tonight. I'll take her as far as Brazell's pasture and she can go the rest of the way herself. But she's going to walk. Do you hear me?"

"Yes—yes—I hear you! It doesn't matter."

Without another word he stepped back from her, opened the door and went into the dining-room. A moment later she heard him call to Zenka from the hall. She heard the obedient, low inflection of the girl's voice. Presently the outer door opened—and closed. Elsa sank down upon a chair.

When she rose at last and went into the living-room, her limbs were like water. Sitting down upon the couch was like giving way beneath an enormous weight.

With his accusing eyes Bayliss had scourged her for her doubt of him. His look had been a challenge and she had met it with simpering weakness. She who had been so strong but an hour before, she who had gathered to herself the very strength of the earth as she had walked through the fields, she who had taken into her own hands the direction of her life!

How long was it now since they had left? Her eyes sought the clock where it stood upon the mantel. Bayliss Carew . . . going through the white enchantment of the Hollow with the girl Zenka, who must be, in the deep underflow of his consciousness, a phosphorescence luminous and dark! She would go stark mad, delivered over to this following, following them with her mind.

She got up quickly from the couch, took her coat from its place in the hall and hurried into the open air. A madness seized her, sent her running from the house, out upon the road now and down, down into the Hollow—running so that the breath ached in her throat. An exhilaration unlike anything she had ever known swept through her. It was neither joy nor anxiety nor fear nor hope. She felt stripped of a clumsy garment. She was strong and light and free, a naked runner under the cold flow of starlight. She thought nothing more of Zenka now. She thought only of Bayliss.

She must get to him—now! She must find Bayliss, she must tell him—tell him now . . . A single gunshot tore down the dark walls of the sky, shook the hanging gossamer of the mist. It roared through her body, shattered her mind.

She knew that she had stopped in the middle of the road and yet her feet seemed to be running forward still, insensible now, beating their numb tattoo upon the hard ground. She remembered now . . . Nate Brazell standing before her in the road, his gun across one arm . . . "You keep that han'some man o' yours to home, see?"

"Bayliss—Bayliss!" She called his name aloud, over and over again. A dense cloud was descending over her consciousness; she fought against it, opened her eyes wide, stumbled forward again. "Bayliss—Bayliss . . ."

A dark shape was emerging toward her out of the shadows of the dwarf oaks at the bend in the road. It seemed to waver, to spread out like a blot in the pale glow of the stars. "Bay—" His name as she uttered it sounded like a shrill scream through the thick silence that was dropping down about her . . .

She knew that for the first time in her life she had fainted. But now it was pleasant here, at the side of the road in the glimmering Hollow, to lie inert with Bayliss holding her, stroking her temples, saying something in a very low voice. She moved a little so that she could look closely at his face.

"Feeling better, little enemy?" he asked her.

She did not want to speak. She wanted to touch him, to drink him in, to know that he was real. She clung to him, desperately. "Are you hurt, Bay?"

"Not a scratch. But don't talk now. Just lie quiet for a moment."

She lay back in his arms. "What happened?" she asked him.

He brought his head down close to her, his cheek touching her hair. "That drunken fool, Nate," he told her. "I was coming back—past the pasture. Zenka went on to stay with Fanny. He stepped out into the road ahead of me with a shotgun in his hands. We had words. When—I refused to tell him where Zenka was he lifted his gun. It went off before I could get it away from him. I threw it into the slough."

"Where—where is he now?"

"He's lying in the ditch up there. He'll come to after a while and go back home and sleep it off."

Elsa drew herself, trembling, against him. "That shot, Bay! I'll hear it for the rest of my life," she told him.

His arms closed about her again and she sat very still, looking eastward where the mist had lifted and revealed the gray-silver sea of the

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sedge. Out of it she imagined a thin, mysterious sound came, a remote and eerie crackling. "How are you feeling now?" he asked her.

"Take me home, Bay," she whispered.

He got to his feet and lifted her with him. For a brief second they stood together under the starlight. She lifted her hands and drew his head suddenly down to her and kissed him. He caught her up then and a deep warmth surged through her, strong and sensational as pain. Tears flowed from her eyes—she felt them wetting his cheeks, his lips.

"Take me home, Bay, take me home," she whispered again.

From between her flickering lashes the road ahead blurred and wound erratically upward toward the Mountain.

All day long Elsa dwelt in a consecrated region beyond any evil, any sadness. Whenever she went out into the yard before the house, she could look down and see Bayliss at work on the fall plowing in the field to the eastward. She would stand there for many minutes, with a lost, rapt gaze out over the rain-haunted land. The gray, moist air felt along her cheek, her throat, with a tenderness that brought tears of sheer bliss to her eyes, and she would return again to the house with a singing in her blood.

In mid-afternoon Gorham returned from Sundower. Elsa, seeing him coming along the roadway through the Hollow, wondered absently whether the news of Bayliss's meeting with Nate Brazzell had by any chance got abroad in the district. Her thoughts turned to Zenka. Had the girl spent the night with Fanny Ipsmiller, or had she returned home?

Gorham drove into the yard and Elsa walked down toward the barn as he took the horse out of the shafts.

"Did you have a good visit with your cousin?" she asked him.

"Fine. I thought I'd be gettin' back earlier, but it ain't always easy to break away," Gorham said with a smile. "Then I spent a couple of hours in town I wasn't countin' on. I s'pose you heard the news 'bout old Nate Brazzell, eh?"

Elsa felt a sudden uneasiness come over her at the question. "Why, no, Gorham. We haven't heard anything. What is it?"

Gorham spat quickly to one side. "I guess I'd do better if I didn't talk so much. I do too much talkin', I do. Anyhow, if you ain't heard, I guess I'll let the boss tell you. It's kinda upsettin' news, this."

"Nonsense, Gorham!" She spoke with a sharp anxiety that made the man glance at her questioningly. She hastened to modify her tone. "What is there to upset me—unless it's bad news from the folks at home? Tell me."

"Oh, no—it ain't got anything to do with your folks. It's just about Nate Brazzell. He's dead."

"Gorham! Nate Brazzell is dead?"

Gorham spat once more, emphatically. "Yep—he up and hung himself last night—in his cow-shed."

Elsa looked blankly past him at the low scudding company of clouds, gray, blue, purple, tattered with rain, that seemed to be just within arm's reach above the Mountain.

Nate Brazzell . . . Gorham, now that he had begun, seemed bent upon going on and on.

"Nate's wife spent the night with Fanny Ipsmiller. Nate was drunk in town for the last couple of days, they tell me. Anyhow, the wife stayed with Fanny last night and when the two women went over in the mornin'—there they found him—hangin' to a beam with a halter round his neck. Nels went over and cut him down, but it didn't do Nate any good. He must 'a' been dead most o' the night, accordin' to what the doc says."

"And where's his wife, Gorham?"

"They took her home to her father, other side o' Hurley. She's gone off her head, they say, with the shock. Anyhow, they can't get her to say anything about it. They seem to think mebbe there might be some way of accountin' for it if they could only get her to say

some-thing, but she can't do nothin' but cry 'cause she's gone off her head."

She felt Gorham's eyes upon her with a curious curiosity. Perhaps he knew more than was telling. Had he heard Bayliss's name mentioned in connection with the tragedy, she wondered. Suddenly a sense of fierce revolt broke through the cloak of horror that had come down over her mind at hearing Gorham's story. In her hour of ecstasy a tragedy had thrust itself into her life. Her shrank from the pitiless onslaught of the thing. She turned back to the house, seeing the path before her.

Lurking behind her sense of revolt, too, was the grim fear that in some way the name of Bayliss Carew might even now be on the lips of those who paused to talk of Nate Brazzell Zenka, his wife. Even now the shadow of the colorful Carews might be moving across the earth to blot out her day of rapture. Instinctively she drew back, her whole being on the defensive against an unseen adversary.

Bayliss came up from the field directly. Through the kitchen window she watched him while he stood and talked with Gorham. Then he shrugged his shoulders and came up the pathway to the house.

She met him at the door. He smiled at her in a wry way, put his hand under her chin and kissed her. "Gorham has told you," he said.

She met his eyes fully. "Yes, he told me," she said. "I've been waiting for you to come up."

His look held her with a compelling strength. "You aren't going to let this business spoil things—between us," he said then. "There'll be the usual amount of talk, of course."

She shook her head and smiled and drew his face down to her own.

Life drifted through the warm, drowsy afternoons of October, through the brown and wet twilights of November, and through the crystal darkness of December. Elsa felt herself drifting with it, surrendered to a supreme, dream-like happiness that enclosed her, with Bayliss, entirely in its enchantment.

The death of Nate Brazzell was seldom mentioned now. Brazzell's land had been sold and rumor had it that Zenka and her family were living on the money in comparative luxury south of Hurley. The people in the Hollow had entrenched themselves against the winter, scraping and saving that they might send their children well dressed to school.

But to Elsa the life of the people about her seemed no longer real. Reality for her was bounded now by the sweet walls of the house on the Mountain. Here, of a night when the wind noised its frozen sorrows through the Hollow, she would sit curled on a cushion on the floor, her head resting against Bayliss's knee, while they read together and talked.

Reality for her was romance—romance that had its realm somewhere above the crisp earth glittering with its early frost, somewhere beneath the pointed stars with their cold and fiery brilliance. Reality dwelt in the first snowfall of the year, weaving upon the dim loom of the air its slow, white silence, its loitering, soft dream. It dwelt intensely in the twilight image of Bayliss coming up the slope from the barns, pushing on through the gray-white desolation, a figure of singular loneliness, singular patience, and pride.

On a bright day in the second week of December, Fanny Ipsmiller visited Elsa and spent the afternoon before the open fireplace in the living-room. She talked cheerfully of the new dress she was having made for Christmas. There was a new dressmaker now in Sundower.

And wasn't it a queer thing, now, that Florence Breen and Ada Carew couldn't be satisfied with the clothes they could buy or have made for them in Sundower? Even Hedreth and Grace sent away for nearly everything they wore—though, of course, poor Grace didn't take much interest in clothes now, or anything else, for that matter. They were talking about Grace just last week, at a meeting



Stockings of the Albertina Rasch ballet must always look lustrous and new in the Ziegfeld success, "Rio Rita"

EVERY Musical Show in New York uses Lux to *double* the life of stockings

What other stockings are subjected to such critical scrutiny, such strenuous wear as those of Broadway's musical comedies?

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And she must make them last!

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This means so much in dollars and cents that each producer has standardized the method by which the stockings of the cast are washed. As the famous star and producer, Eddie Dowling, puts it—"We would provide Lux for laundering stockings if it cost \$1.00 a box!"

Now the wardrobe mistress of every musical show in New York specifies Lux for washing silk stockings.



MRS. BEATRICE CONIFF, the wardrobe mistress of the Shubert production, "A Night in Spain," says, "Garter runs are more to be feared than any other stocking trouble. Anything which weakens the fabric of stockings must be avoided. That's why I specifically warn our laundress against rubbing with cake soap, and strong soaps of every kind. I see to it that she uses only Lux for all of our stockings. They are swished about in lukewarm Lux suds and the last rinsing water squeezed out without twisting or wringing. And we get twice as many performances from Lux-washed stockings as we ever got from those laundered by any other method."

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All over the country women are using the same method of caring for silk stockings as the wardrobe mistresses of Broadway. They have found that stockings wear twice as long when washed in Lux, and keep their "new" look!

Rubbing with cake soap, or exposure to the harmful alkali found in so many soaps—flakes, chips and cakes—shortens the life of sheer silk stockings. Today most women use gentle Lux for washing their lovely hose, whether service weight or sheerest chiffon.



Lux Bros. Co.,
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IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER—IT'S JUST AS SAFE IN LUX

of the Ladies' Aid in Sundowner, though what good people got out of talking about such things, Fanny never could see.

"I don't know as I'll go to many more o' their meetin's, either," Fanny declared with a stout squaring of her broad shoulders. "I get sick o' their waggin' tongues. I'm more at home with my cows an' chickens, when it comes right down to it."

"They probably mean well enough by it, Fanny," Elsa observed.

"I don't see as it matters much how well you mean if it's harm you're doin' anyhow," Fanny protested. "There's that poor Axel Fosberg, now. They can't keep their tongues off him. 'Workin' like a dog for a little yellow-haired snip, I heard one o' them sayin' at the last meetin'." It made me boil'n mad. As if he didn't marry the girl and she's keepin' his house good for him, too. Better'n a whole lot that's talkin' about her behind backs, if I know anything. But of course it's them that can't afford to talk that always does the most of it."

"I wouldn't listen to them, Fanny," Elsa said.

"I don't—only there's some things you can't help hearin'. Unless you're deaf! It's fine for you, of course, that's got a man to talk to—though there's them that would like to pretend you're to be pitied."

"Nobody pities me, Fanny," Elsa laughed. "I don't need it."

"If you needed it, they wouldn't do it. I've found that out. One o' them—there's no use mentionin' names, of course—one o' them said the other day, 'Poor Elsa Bowers,' she said, 'keepin' her head up so proud above it all!' I flared up. 'Above what, in heaven's name?' I asked 'em. They just shut up then, seein' I was listenin'. They're jealous, the whole pack of 'em. They can't stand to think that Elsa Bowers married one o' the Carews, that's what! And that Mrs. Block is the worst of 'em all, although one of hers did."

Elsa smiled to cover her irritation. Why should they pity her? she wondered. Even after Fanny had left, she continued to think about it until she felt ashamed that she should concern herself so deeply with what people might find to say about her and Bayliss. Had she not known them long enough to expect something of the kind? She dismissed it forcibly from her mind and resolved to say nothing about it even to Bayliss. She was living in love, and everything, even the petty gossip of her neighbors, contributed to the beautiful intensity of her life.

In January, Hildreth Carew came one evening to have supper with Elsa and Bayliss, with Grace vaguely in her wake. Elsa had seen very little of Grace Carew during the months that followed that memorable scene with her in the summer. For a long time Elsa had been unable to think of her without bitterness. But when life was filled with love there was no place for bitter feeling. Besides, Grace was a thing of pity now.

Elsa took them to the living-room, where Grace seated herself close to the fire, like a leaf shriveling inward toward a flame, Elsa thought. How decrepit Peter's widow had become, how wizened and furtive! Elsa recalled the rosy, buxom young woman of a dozen years ago, rocking to and fro in the chair in the Bowers sitting-room, with the eyes of sunlight moving up and down her white taffeta dress. And this was Peter's widow!

Hildreth had been talking of Nellie's children when Grace spoke up querulously. "What's Baysie doing out there, anyhow? Hasn't he got men to do his work for him? Why doesn't he come in and talk to me?"

"Now, Grace," Hildreth said patiently, "you know Bayliss does half his own work. You've heard us say that often enough, haven't you?"

At that moment Elsa heard Bayliss come in. Grace, too, heard his footstep and Elsa noted the tilted attitude of her head as she listened. When he came in at last, settling himself upon the arm of Elsa's chair, she saw the penetrating look that Grace turned upon him.

"Well, what's exciting down home?" he asked lightly.

He leaned back so that his arm rested about Elsa's shoulder. Grace's eyes, intent upon him now, became sharp black points in her drawn face. Elsa felt uncomfortable before the unnatural fixity of that look. She would have got up from her chair and left the room had Grace not spoken suddenly.

"How like Peter you are, Baysie dear!" she said. "You're getting more and more like him."

"You flatter me, Aunt Grace," Bayliss laughed. "Peter was a very handsome man."

Grace smiled fondly. "Peter was a very handsome man," she repeated absently. "The women all said so. They were all in love with my Peter."

"Michael is thinking of going to Texas next week," Hildreth broke in.

But Grace was not to be put aside so easily. "Peter liked the women, too," she said in a louder voice. "And they tell me you're like him there, Baysie. He used to go down to see those Bohemian women. You be more careful, Baysie dear. You know what happened to Peter—and you're Peter now!"

"Grace!"

It was Hildreth's voice, like snapping steel. Elsa had felt Bayliss press his fingers deeply into her shoulder.

Grace subsided slowly back into her chair, her eyes closed, her entire figure relaxed as a tired child's. Elsa was suddenly overcome with an infinite pity for her.

When they were seated at the supper table, Hildreth spoke again of Michael. "As I was saying, Michael is planning a trip to Texas next week."

"He spoke of it the other day," Bayliss said. "Yes—he'd tell you about it, of course."

Hildreth observed sharply. "He hasn't told me yet. I had to find out from Nellie."

Something of her old fierceness was in her voice, Elsa thought as she glanced up quickly. Bayliss smiled slowly.

"So long as you found out, Aunt Hild," he remarked, "what difference does it make who told you? Michael would have said something about it, probably, if—"

"Michael would have said nothing about it to me," Hildreth interrupted. "And that's what makes the difference, Bayliss. It's one of the signs."

"Signs of what?" Bayliss asked her.

"I've been through enough of this kind of thing, my boy, to have had my eyes opened. When a man is making a success of a thing he'll talk about it till you're tired listening to him. It's when he begins to slip that he keeps it to himself."

It was quite apparent to Elsa that Bayliss was growing a little impatient with Hildreth. Perhaps he had cause for impatience. Hildreth was obviously in a deplorably nervous state. Something had gone out of her life with the passing of Peter Carew. Her spirit seemed quenched, only a powdery ash remaining.

Now, however, beneath the tragic mask of her face there shone that fierce, triumphant and perverse excitement that Elsa had seen there before when Hildreth had been wont to dwell upon the hazardous escapades of the Carew men.

"If Michael chose to say nothing about it, Aunt Hild," Bayliss said patiently, "it was probably because he thought you have enough to worry about already without adding more."

"Without adding more! Do you think it adds nothing when I see Michael and Mahlon Breen spending hours together, meeting nearly every night in the week to talk over business behind closed doors? Do you think it adds nothing when I know that half the poor wretches in Sundowner and half the farmers in the district have put their money into the hands of Mahlon Breen—"

"Let's talk no more about it, Aunt Hild," Bayliss broke out suddenly. "Men don't all talk over their business affairs with the women of the family. Perhaps—"

"We'll say no more about it, then," Hildreth

snapped. "I'll tell you this, though. The Carew men have managed to bring disgrace—yes, disgrace—upon the family name twice before. When it comes again, they'll turn to their women—as they've always done—to find a way out of it. What I want you to remember, Bayliss, is this—you can't come to Hildreth Carew! She been through enough—too much and too tired. You'll have nobody but the younger ones to turn to—Nellie, poor thing, and Ada—and Elsa, here."

Elsa felt a severe tightening about her heart that left her breathless. She had an actual sense of being enclosed in a suffocating space that excluded the others seated about the table. Grace Carew sat speechless and apart, her placid face betraying no interest in what had passed between Hildreth and Bayliss. In the lull that followed, she looked at Hildreth and a shadow passed quickly over her face.

"Yes—she's too tired," she said. "Let's go home, Hildreth. It's getting late, you know."

"Eat your supper, Grace," Hildreth replied. "I'll go home when I'm ready."

Elsa hastened to tell Hildreth of a visit to Chicago which she and Bayliss were planning to make before seeding time in the spring. But all her efforts to restore a pleasant mood were futile. Hildreth responded politely but without spirit. Bayliss had little to say during the rest of the meal.

It was not until they had gone to the kitchen and were busy washing the supper dishes that Hildreth began to talk freely again. Bayliss was with Grace in the living-room.

"I'm an old witch to come here and bother you with my worn-out, useless bones," she said lightly, though an extraordinary weariness weighted every word she spoke.

"Oh, Hildreth, how you do enjoy humbling yourself!" Elsa exclaimed, trying to laugh. "As though anybody would believe it."

Hildreth shrugged her thin shoulders. "No, child, I mean what I say. It's all wrong that one so young as you should have to start in now and grow old for the sake of a family of men who'll never thank you for what you've done for them. I know—I've done it all my life. That's why I warned you, my dear. And I did warn you. Not that I blame you for doing what you did—I'd have done the same thing myself if I had been in your place."

"But you don't know, Hildreth," Elsa protested. "Perhaps you're quite mistaken about it all. Have you any real reason for being afraid?"

Hildreth smiled, a little bitterly. "I'm an old hand at this kind of thing, my child. I'm not making many mistakes at my time of life—after all I've been through."

Elsa smiled and changed the subject cheerfully, but when Hildreth and Grace had gone at last she fought in vain to free herself of the uneasiness that had settled down upon her. She did not speak of it to Bayliss until they were in their room together. She might not have spoken of it then had it not been for the troubled look in his eyes.

"I thought Hildreth looked awfully old and drawn tonight," she said. "Don't you think that Grace is becoming too much of a strain for her?"

She noted his quick glance and the sudden deepening of the two furrows between his eyes. "The fact is," he said, "poor old Hild is just about out of the game. Her old sporting blood has dried up. She's through!"

Elsa was seized with an indescribable sadness at the thought of Hildreth Carew's unquenchable spirit cooling at last to a mere glow among its own dead embers.

Bayliss came to her impulsively and caught her in his arms. "I wish they'd stay away and leave us alone!" he exclaimed. He stooped and kissed her hungrily. "It's still a dream to me that I really have you, little enemy."

His impetuosity swept her away, beyond the hurt of things as they were. She looked up into his keen face, alive now with the desire to stand between her and the world. A sudden fear caught at her heart; if that eager look of his

though. The
bringing disgrace—
name twice be-
"I'll turn to find
one—to find a
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me to Hildreth
ugh—too much
more—too old
body but the
ie, poor thing.

Winds became raw and wet, clawing great
mouth gullies down through the snow-drifts
of the Mountain, leaving drab patches on their
course over the white wastes of the Hollow,
haunting the ragged clouds across a sullen
sky. March had come again.

Elsa was militantly, fiercely reveling in life.
The fears that Hildreth Carew had awakened
within her had been stimulated from time to
time by vague rumors that had reached her
from the district. Fanny Ipsmiller had been
down to see her again, eager to know what the
Carews were thinking—and was it true that
Hildreth Carew had refused to put a dollar
of her own money into this business in Texas?

Elsa's mother had complained that Uncle
Fred had listened to Michael Carew long
enough to convince himself that he need not
work another day of his life unless he chose
to do so. He had taken his savings and placed
them in the keeping of Mahlon Breen and had
received a stock certificate in return, though
Fred had called him an old fool for it.

But to all dark rumors Elsa turned a smiling
face. Was it not as Bayliss had said? Un-
certainty was romance—and romance was life!
And Elsa Bowers, of Elder's Hollow, was only
beginning to live.

When Bayliss told her at last that he was
ready to fulfil his promise of a visit to Chicago
for a week before the spring work began, Elsa's
excitement knew no bounds. She rode Fleta
over to the Bowers farm to tell them that she
was really going—that they would leave in
the morning.

She rode through the windy cottonwood
grove a little after sunset. Reef was home from
Hurler, and there was Clarice with him in
the yard. Leon came from the barn to take
Fleta from her and she walked indoors with
Reef and Clarice. Her mother sat at the kitchen
table with a basket of mending in her lap.
She leaned back in her chair and set the basket
on the table as the three entered.

"Well!" she said. "Funny—I was thinkin'
of you just a minute ago and wonderin' if you
wouldn't be along. How's everything over to
the Mountain? How's Bayliss?"

"He's fine," Elsa said, tossing her soft hat
down upon the table.

"You can be thankful, then," her mother
went on. "I don't know anybody scarcely
that isn't laid up with the cold. It's goin'
round. March is bad for sickness, anyhow.
Poor Uncle Fred has been feelin' miserable
for the last week. He went and sent for a
fool cough medicine in the catalog and I'm
blamed if that ain't what's the matter with him now!
I tell him it'll send him back to drinkin' again
if he ain't careful."

Elsa smiled. "Bless his old heart! Let him
have his cough medicine, for goodness' sake!
Do you remember the time he caught us drink-
ing the vanilla, Reef, and took the bottle away
from us and finished it himself?"

Reef chuckled and Elsa's mother shook her
head and laughed.

"Bayliss and I are going to run down to
Chicago for a week or ten days," Elsa said
presently, making an effort to be casual. In
an indefinable way she felt a little self-con-
scious about it. "We're leaving tomorrow."

For a moment an imponderable silence lay
over the others. Then it seemed they were
all talking at once, enthusiastically, with
friendly envy.

Then Leon came in and behind him, Uncle
Fred and Steve Bowers, and the news had to be
told again. Wrinkles appeared on the high,
pale panel of Uncle Fred's brow, so startling
above his weathered face. He gave a brief
grunt, turned to his medicine bottle on the cup-
board shelf and treated himself to two audible
swallows. Elsa laughed at him, then listened
to what her father had to say about her trip
to Chicago. He had been there long ago, she
knew.

"Well, there's no need of us settin' in the
kitchen," said Elsa's mother, gathering up her

work. "Get on into the sittin'-room, all of you."

For an hour or so Clarice, Reef, Leon and
Elsa played cards, while Uncle Fred and Steve
Bowers sat in one corner of the room with a
checker-board before them. Elsa left the others
finally and went to the kitchen to help her
mother prepare coffee and cake.

"I had Fanny Ipsmiller over to see me the
other day," her mother said as she shook down
the fire in the range.

"She was up to see me about a week ago,"
Elsa replied.

"She said she was. She didn't say anything
to you about that wife of Brazell's, did she?"

"Who? Zenka?"

"That's her. I never can call that one by
name. You remember when they found Nate
hangin' in the cow-shed—she went into fits
and wouldn't talk to anyone about it. Well,
she's talkin' now, if what Fanny says is true—
and I guess you can believe Fanny if you can
believe anyone."

Elsa felt a hot ringing in her ears. She set
the cups and saucers down with a nervous
clatter. "What do you mean?" she asked.

Her mother raised her eyebrows and set
her lips firmly. "Well, I mayn't be doin'
the right thing in talkin' about it, but it seems
to me you ought to know and I guess I can tell
you as well as anybody else. I always say it's
the people who are talked about that are the
last to hear it."

"What's it all about?" Elsa asked impa-
tiently, putting herself on the defensive at
once.

"Well, it seems Nate was drunk in town the
day before he hung himself and I guess he did
some talkin' on the street about Bayliss. Any-
how, they're sayin' now that Nate would be
alive today if Bayliss Carew had left his wife
alone. They're sayin' Nate went crazy with
jealousy on account of Bayliss. And that—
that wife—I can't think of her name—"

"Zenka," Elsa prompted.

"They say she's been talkin' about Bayliss
takin' her home that night and leavin' her with
Fanny so she wouldn't have to sleep under the
same roof with her own husband."

Elsa laughed out sharply, her head jerking
back in an involuntary gesture. "What rot!
Zenka was up to see us and asked us to take her
to Fanny's because she was afraid of Nate when
he was drunk. Do they think Bayliss has no
sense—no decency?"

Her mother hung a dish-towel carefully on
its rack. Her face was curiously placid, uncon-
cerned.

"We used to talk about the Carew men our-
selves—once," she said quietly. "And what
we used to say would not sound very good to a
woman married to one of them. You may
expect to hear things, now that you're one of
them—and some of the things may be true,
even if you are married to Bayliss Carew. A
Carew woman never sees anything wrong in a
Carew man. Everybody knows that."

Heat stung into Elsa's cheeks and her should-
ers stiffened against the half humorous gibe.

"You mean that you think Bayliss—"

"Now don't take on like that," her mother
chided in a comfortable tone. "I don't take
any stock in the gossip. Likely enough Bayliss
Carew hasn't started to cast sheep's eyes just
yet, anyhow. I'm just tellin' you what's bein'
said behind your back."

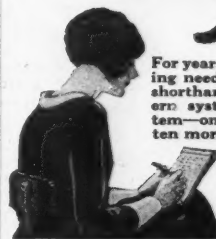
Elsa was dumfounded to hear her mother
humming a little tune to herself as she carried
the coffee-pot from the stove and filled the cups
on the table. She did not know whether to
laugh or cry out from the hard anger that had
gathered within her. At last, without a word,
she placed the cups on a tray and carried it into
the other room.

Clarice and Reef were talking about Lily
and Axel Fosberg as she entered.

"It's queer," Reef was saying, "that Axel
should want to sell out now and move away
just when they've got fairly settled."

"It's going to be hard on Lily, with the baby
so small," Clarice declared indignantly. "I've
always thought Axel was a little queer myself,
but the funny part of it is that Lily is just as

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crazy to go as he is. With the baby premature and everything, I'd think she would have the sense to stay where she is for a while. But there never was any telling what Lily would do."

Elsa looked from Reef to Clarice. "What was that you were saying about Lily?" she asked. "I missed that."

"Haven't you heard?" Clarice replied. "They've decided to go West—out to Washington. Somewhere near Seattle. Axel had a letter from an old friend of his out there and he took it into his head all of a sudden to go. I thought you must have heard. But you're so scarce these days nobody ever sees or hears anything of you or Bayliss any more."

"And Axel's land is for sale cheap," Reef put in dryly. "I heard the other day that old Seth Carew was thinking about taking it."

Elsa could no longer listen to what was being said. Axel and Lily were going away! What did that mean? What could it mean except that Axel had come to know at last? Axel Fosberg, hopefully, proudly building his frame house for Lily—and then, with the uncomplaining patience of a heavy, dumb brute, rebuilding out of the ashes of his dreams!

Uncle Fred sat stirring his coffee, listening importantly. "I'd think Seth Carew would 'a' put all his money in this Texas deal," he declared stoutly. "Leastways, all he can spare. What's he want with more land? He can't make the money out o' land that he can out o' oil—an' I know it! I got my money in oil an' I figure on spendin' next winter in Florida. What with this cold an' all hangin' on, I ought to anyhow."

Elsa looked at Reef, who sat back in his chair, his eyes on the table. "There have been a lot of people around here thinking like that, Uncle Fred," he observed. "I think some of them would be willing to give up the trip to Florida if they thought they could get their money back." His mouth was set in a straight line, his eyes narrowed and distant.

"The Whitneys, for instance," Clarice remarked.

"What's the matter with the Whitneys, Clarice?" Elsa asked, irritated.

"The Whitneys aren't the only ones," Reef said darkly.

Elsa glanced from one to another of them. Leon smiled evasively, rose and stretched his long limbs. Her father cleared his throat. Into Elsa's sense of irritation crept now a vague alarm.

"Well—there's no need of your being so secretive about it," she said, looking at Reef.

Reef hunched his shoulders in his old discomfited way. "I'm not trying to hide anything from you, Else," he said. "It's just that people are beginning to suspect this scheme of Michael Carew's isn't all he made it out to be a few months ago. I don't mean that there's any notion that the business is crooked, but—it just hasn't panned out the way they expected. When people like Fanny Ipsmiller put their money into a thing, they want to get something back. Somebody—some friends of the Whitneys, living in Texas—warned them to keep out of it and now—well, there's a lot of talk. That's all."

As she looked across at Reef's serious, dark face, a pang struck through Elsa. But then, as her eyes moved from one to the other of those in the room, from her father in his rocking-chair beside the stove to her mother and Uncle Fred and Clarice and Leon grouped about the table, it seemed to her that the very air was charged with hostility, not only toward Michael and Mahlon Breen, but toward all the Carews.

"I don't know anything about the scheme, of course," she said in a voice that sounded very small and cold, "but I don't think Michael would do anything wrong—I mean—" She ceased speaking as she saw the smile on Reef's face.

"Of course, Else, you wouldn't see anything

wrong in Michael Carew taking money from these poor devils in the Hollow—and those hopeful, ignorant fools in Sundowner and Hurley—and giving them a handful of nicely decorated certificates in return. The people in the Hollow can't afford to lose a barrel of potatoes, and Michael Carew knows that mighty well!"

While Reef's voice rose accusingly, Elsa sat staring at her hands, clasped before her on the table. She could not control the mounting resentment that set her trembling as she listened.

"Did Michael steal the money from them, Reef?" she asked. "Were they not in their right minds? Or did they not know what they were doing? They knew they were speculating, didn't they? There's no such thing as absolute certainty in speculation. I don't see how they can blame Michael for what they do themselves."

"For what they would never have done," Reef sneered, "if it hadn't been for the smooth line of talk Michael Carew handed them. The Carews have been like small gods in this part of the world, Else, and you know it. If a Carew says a thing is good business, that settles it for nine out of every ten men and women in the country."

"The Carews are all alike, Elsa," her mother put in suddenly, "so what's the use of you tryin' to hide it? They'll get away with whatever they can, that's what."

"What have they ever done to you?" Elsa demanded.

"They've done enough!" her father broke forth suddenly. "Good Lord, girl, have you forgotten everything that ever happened?"

A pain stabbed through Elsa's heart. Had she not lain in the door of the haymow one hot August day and looked down upon the fashionable Carew women and their extraordinary little boy—and her own heart breaking at the thought of Reef lying asleep and dreaming of his pain?

"I—I haven't forgotten," she said, her voice unsteady almost to breaking. "But all these—grasping little souls in Sundowner—these Whitneys and all the rest of them—as long as they thought they were going to make a dollar out of the Carews, they were all smiles and flattery. Now—because someone has a doubt—they're ready to tear every Carew limb from limb. It would serve them right if they lost every nickel they ever owned!"

Reef smiled slowly at her and she realized that she was dangerously near to tears. "You don't mean that, Else," he said in a changed tone. "You couldn't. You're still too much one of us to wish anything like that."

Elsa's mother spoke without looking up from her work. "No—she ain't—she ain't. She's a Carew. The Carew women never did see anything wrong in their men, let them do what they will."

Elsa pushed her chair back from the table and stood up. She could not speak just then. She turned away and went to the kitchen, where she caught up her hat from the table, her jacket from a chair. She put on her hat with nervous hands, then stepped back into the sitting-room.

Uncle Fred was reading his coffee-cup, tilting it this way and that in the hope of finding the fortune he sought. Steve Bowers was sighing, "Ho-hum! Time to go to bed!"—though he sat on before the heater, his toes in their wool socks curling inward and then upward, back and forth. Leon sat idly shuffling the cards. Reef had taken a cigaret and was lighting it leisurely. Clarice had got up to get her hat and coat, preparing to go home.

Each detail of that scene burned itself upon Elsa's mind with painful significance. Here was a group of human beings to whom she infinitely no longer belonged. Had she taken herself away from them—or had they cast her out? She could not tell.

Again the mad Carews are confronted with disaster. Will Bayliss follow his family or will he stay with her and fight? Elsa, loving him yet fearing his heritage, is answered—in the final instalment Next Month.

The Next Step

(Continued from page 91)

experience, emotion and impulse which comes to us from the moment of birth and probably before birth.

The conscious mind is only partially aware of that storehouse of knowledge, that great emotional reservoir, and those secret workshops in which most of our mental and physical processes are carried on, even in our sleeping hours. The conscious mind tries to ignore or repress some of those instincts and desires when they emerge from their hiding-places, and this—as every student of Freud knows—causes internal conflict and disharmonies which lead sometimes to tragic unhappiness and mental disorder.

It is in the subconscious mind that auto-suggestion works quietly and powerfully. A suggestion dropped into it develops, gathers force, sometimes instantaneously, sometimes after a germinating process. And it acts most powerfully when the conscious mind is not endeavoring to obtain control, or is not in a critical and alert state.

It is by dipping down into subconsciousness that modern psychologists are becoming aware of certain natural phenomena which may, if developed, give to the men and women of tomorrow a new and astonishing mastery of mind over matter.

I am only reporting the lines of investigation which are now being followed by many serious psychologists. And many of them, I find, believe that the men and women of tomorrow may make practical use of senses which are now mostly hidden and undeveloped. They may have other means of sight than the eyes. They may be marvelously sensitive to vibrations which do not at present affect our conscious intelligence. They may generate mental forces which will give them a new command over that other form of force which we now call matter, but which we are told, in its last analysis of atoms and electrons, is pure energy.

This is certain: There are and always have been people who, for some unknown reason, are peculiarly sensitive to certain vibrations or sensations. Take the simple but still mysterious case of men who earn their living by locating the presence of water, oil and metals by "divining rods." The old English name for them is "dowsers" and by the trembling of a hazel rod they are able to detect in an apparently miraculous way an underground spring or a vein of mineral in the rocks.

For a long time their powers were disbelieved, except by simple country folk who regarded them as magical, but before the war the German government employed such men in their African colonies, and the French government has used them for locating seams of coal. They are undoubtedly acutely sensitive to very faint vibrations which do not affect ordinary folk.

The parlor tricks of "thought reading," which is not the same thing as telepathy or thought transference, also prove that some people—and probably all of us if we only tried—are sensitive to very slight physical movements and have an acute sense of touch which may obtain startling results.

I remember as a boy acting as the agent of a thought reader at a public banquet. He undertook to imitate exactly, while blindfolded, and without previous knowledge, any series of dramatic actions which might be invented by one of the company. He was carefully guarded in another room while one of us committed an imaginary murder by stabbing one of the guests with the handle of a table-knife after climbing over several chairs, robbing a man of his handkerchief, and doing other melodramatic tricks.

The "thought reader" was brought in and held me by the wrist. Almost as quick as thought he repeated every action until the whole chain of detail leading up to the "murder" had been reproduced. I was totally

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unconscious of influencing the man. He seemed to lead me almost violently in his haste to carry out his task.

What he was actually doing is now known. It is what is called "muscle reading." Slight contractions of my muscles, very faint alterations in my pulse and breath, small inhibitory movements of which I was unaware, were all being noticed instantly by the subconsciousness of the man who held my wrist, and they led him unerringly where I wanted him to go. Even where there is no actual contact so-called thought readers use the same methods, and are actually aware of faint alterations in the breath and movements of the audience as though they were calling out "hot" or "cold" in the children's game of finding hidden objects.

This thought reading, therefore, is not supernatural. It is muscle reading, but that does not remove the wonder of it. On the contrary, it is a proof that our senses may be much more finely adapted to receiving the slightest impression than, in the ordinary rough and tumble of life, we are generally aware. We may rediscover these things so that in the future men may develop their senses in ways that now seem miraculous.

Those people of the Day after Tomorrow may read books with their fingers instead of their eyes. They may have a "circular" vision which will enable them to see behind them as well as in front. They may be able to read a newspaper before unfolding it, or behold the shape and color of objects in what seems to us absolute darkness. Blind men whose eyes have been destroyed by war or accident may be able to see through their skin or any part of their bodies.

What about telepathy—real thought transference between two minds, regardless of distance? In the Day after Tomorrow, using that term vaguely, we may dispense with all other forms of communication and just think from one to another and establish contact at will with distant friends, and read one another's minds like open books, if we are properly attuned.

That is a formidable thought which would change all our ways of life. Imagine what would happen if we could see behind the masks worn by humanity to hide their secret thoughts, their hidden agonies, their unsatisfied desires, their ambitions and despairs. I think that, on the whole, it would lead to greater sympathy and tolerance among us, more understanding, an almost godlike understanding of our fellow men and women. It might break down all hatreds and all cruelties.

German, French and Russian psychologists have been investigating the phenomena of telepathy and clairvoyance with serious attention.

A great German chemist named Professor Ostwald has put forward a theory of "Energetics." Just as all matter is reduced to energy, so, he thinks, are all these strange mental phenomena. They are due, he says, to the transformation of energy stored up in the atoms and electrons, cells and tissues and chemical processes of the body, into nervous energy and psychic energy. An idea, he asserts, is simply a form of energy. The mind and the body contain potential energy of terrific power just as the atom is an invisible unit of mighty force, according to the chemists and physicists. If we could control and direct this energy we possess, we could, perhaps, literally "remove mountains."

Sympathy is the most probable and most scientific explanation of many of these phenomena of the mind. If there is such a thing as mental telepathy, it is due to the sympathy between two minds, calling across space to each other. Sympathy is the power by which a man like Coué worked his cures of suggestion. Sympathy, a sensitive understanding of other people's motives, sufferings and desires, is the secret of all genius and exalted personality whether of saints or heroes or leaders of men. The future endeavor of the human mind, therefore, must be to extend the range of sympathy—the Christian religion would call it

Love—to all minds, to all classes, to all nations, and to all creatures.

It is more than an amusing adventure of the mind to peer forwards into the future. It brings us up sharply against the rather alarming truth that we ourselves are the architects of the future. We cannot evade that responsibility. The beauty of the world to come or its ugliness, the happiness of its people or their misery, the downfall of their civilization or their advance to a more splendid destiny, are being prepared now by what is happening in our own minds and by the weakness or the strength that we hand down to them.

What kind of future are we planning for our children and our children's children? The scientists in their occasional moods of optimism promise them better health, longer life, greater mastery over material forces, and a rapid extension of knowledge by developing the latent powers of the human mind.

Putting on rose-tinted spectacles and drawing aside the veil between the present and the future, we may see our descendants in a new apocalyptic vision based upon modern textbooks of biology and psychology.

They are tall men and women, perfect in grace and well-being.

Disease has been banished from life, except by rare accidents.

There are no imbeciles or degenerates or ugly and debased types, caused by the breeding of the unfit and the foul environment of slum dwellings. All that is but the nightmare memory of the dark ages of history somewhere about the year 1927.

Old age has been postponed several decades, and when people begin to lose vitality they renew their youth awhile by a little glandular stimulant.

They live in garden cities where flowers, lovelier than we know, bloom all the year round, and where there is no darkness, because of the flushed lights that flood their streets and their roof-gardens.

There is no outward distinction between men and women. They have the same liberties. They share the same work—made easy by a universal distribution of power from the liberation of atomic energy controlling delicate machines.

Drudgery and household worries and servile classes ministering to the needs of others no longer exist in the social state, everyone taking turns in the easy service which is necessary to supply the needs of life.

The raising of animals for human food, the horrors of the slaughter-house, and the reek and grease of cooking in domestic kitchens, belong only to the history of old barbarities. Synthetic food and direct contact with the vital energy of life renew the daily strength of these future men and women.

They may think across the world to minds in tune with them.

They may see and hear all that is happening in distant places by wireless vibrations.

Their journeyings are by air, and the great spaces of the sky are glittering with their pleasure planes.

There are no poor, for all are rich in the equal distribution of life's great gifts.

There is peace in the world, for frontiers have been abolished and all nations have become one brotherhood, having a universal language, though remembering the remnants of the old dialects they used to speak.

The world's workers, in cooperation and not in conflict, are the world's rulers, selecting their noblest minds to maintain their Ideal State.

The rapidity of communication from one part of the world to another, quick as thought itself, and the universal advance in intelligence and knowledge by developing the latent powers of the human mind, so long unknown, have raised all children of life to an equality of wisdom which is very closely in touch with spiritual and eternal truth and the Great Cause of all.

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within their own walls, imprisoned in social compartments of caste and snobbishness. There are common nurseries for the children who are born into this blessedness, and playing fields for the youth of both sexes, who receive the same education and grow up together as the brothers and sisters of one family.

There are no prisons, for crime is a stupidity, a useless form of activity, long ago stamped out by psychologists and doctors of the mind.

There are no hospitals, for the diseases of darkness have disappeared under the cleansing light of science.

There are no armies or navies or police forces. Why on earth should there be, when there is no one to fight, because all peoples have their share of joy, and it is a mere matter of common sense to keep the few simple laws which are needed for an absence of confusion?

There is work to do in factories more splendid than cathedrals, humming with the vibration of enormous energy, decorated with glorious art, filled with music, while the workers move about among their dynamos, which have replaced human servitude. There is only enough toil to make leisure likable, and it is clean and intelligent and nobly paid by a share of life's prodigious bounty.

It is the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

That is the dream of the Day after Tomorrow.

We cannot afford to deny that dream, or to stop our efforts towards its fulfilment, or its partial fulfilment. It is the shining mirage towards which we must always struggle—that Kingdom of Heaven on earth—or else abandon all hope and endeavor for human betterment.

And yet—alas—I see no sign that it is near at hand. I see life still as an endless conflict, and man himself as a battle-ground in which there is ceaseless warfare between two opposing forces—the spirits of good and evil. Scientists of today, the wisest of them, are filled with grave anxieties about the near future, and prophesy dark things. They are afraid of the powers they are putting into the hands of men. They have no great faith in man's intelligence or moral code. When they stare starkly ahead many of them see a fiercer struggle for existence than has yet happened in the world.

I stand in the middle of the road, believing that neither the worst will happen nor the best, but that the struggle will go on from age to age between those two embattled forces of good and evil, now one side winning and now the other, but the spirit of good never wholly overthrown, and always rising again with courage and faith.

I see those men and women of the future not enjoying a Kingdom of Heaven on earth, not having a beautiful leisure in garden cities for intellectual comradeship in a state of comfortable peace, but struggling in small groups—the noblest and wisest of them—to save civilization from a crashing downfall, to maintain the standards of truth and beauty, and to thrust back the forces of evil and destruction by spiritual courage and high endeavor.

The world at the present time is not on its way to peace, though there are many peace-makers. It is well on its way to a series of wars which may culminate in some new world war for our children's children. It is becoming more difficult, rather than less, to isolate the areas of strife because nations are being brought nearer together by more rapid means of transport and communication.

On May 21 of this year the whole imagination of the world was thrilled by a boy named Lindbergh who flew across the Atlantic and landed near Paris. He had started in a casual way, light-heartedly, with those sandwiches, now historic, as his only food for that journey across a waste of waters. Europe received him as a messenger of the gods, this simple young American, as modest as he was tall, a fine specimen of the world's best youth.

He brought romance on his wings to a world in which most things have been done and all adventures told—until the next. He was the spirit of heroic youth, and, surely, the herald

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of a new age—this Air Age which is to change every aspect of life and break all its old traditions.

So it would be if men rose as high in spiritual ideals as they can lift their bodies in the sky. But alas, our minds still remain earth-bound and in that flight by Lindbergh and his followers—Chamberlin and Levine, Commander Byrd, Maitland and Hegenberger over the Pacific—how many more since these words were written?—there is a threat as well as a hope.

Just as years ago England ceased to be an island when Bleriot flew across the English Channel, showing the way to German bombing planes that not many years afterwards dropped death into London streets and many English cities, so now America is no longer isolated from enemies without. What Lindbergh has done, others will do, "not as single spies but in battalions."

The sky-scrapers of New York are not so safe as they were, and they would make a horrid mess if they toppled and fell into Wall Street or Fifth Avenue. Nor is Europe or China or any part of the world beyond reach of American airmen, in thousands or hundreds of thousands, if one day the people of the United States take wings unto themselves and get involved in some war which seems to them good and just and necessary, as all wars do to those who make them.

This victory of flight is creating new fears in the minds of men rather than new hopes. It is creating new suspicions and rivalries. Germany is making a network over Europe with her aerial services, and France is uneasy. Russia is buying airplanes and sending some of them to China. Great Britain is developing aircraft at great cost to her overburdened taxpayers and relying on that weapon, very largely, to hold the restive peoples in her Eastern Empire. Italy has some wonderful airmen and many factories for building aircraft.

There is something sinister in all this. It betrays some hidden fear of the future. In spite of Locarno pacts, the League of Nations, and other agencies of peace, there is uneasiness in Europe. Few people believe now that the map of Europe as it was made by the Peace of Versailles and other treaties will remain unaltered and unalterable.

Hungary, amputated, with many of her people under alien rule, is hardly patient for something to "slip." Italy, under Mussolini, states in a loud voice so that all may hear, that she must "expand or burst." Mussolini calls for an army of five million men. What for? Against whom? Germany, honestly working for peace under Stresemann's present policy, envisages the time when she must repudiate the Dawes agreement and demand the revision of her treaties and say to France, "What about it?" and to England, "On which side will you be next time?" and to the world, "We are strong again, after those years of weakness and humiliation."

Russia dreams bad dreams. Beaten back along the line of revolution by the world's recovery after war, her rulers still hope that evil will prevail and that Europe may be flung again into furnace fires. Wherever there is trouble and revolt in the world they are there with money and propaganda. Half Asiatics, and wholly hostile to Western civilization, they turn eastwards for their greatest hopes of raising trouble. They are not afraid of the Yellow Peril. They are ready to open the gates to the tides of color. They are not worried by the eternal conflict between the forces of good and evil.

Definitely a little group of cold and ruthless men, who have made Russian people blind and dumb, are on the side of evil. It is their ally. They are glad to see misery rather than happiness, poverty rather than prosperity, war rather than peace, so that other nations will be dragged down to their own level and follow their lead to hell on earth out of which they hope—I think sincerely, as fanatics of a theory—that the Dream will be fulfilled.



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What then is the chance of peace when that Day after Tomorrow comes with its untold tale?

The tragedy of it is that the very peace-makers are now talking of "preparedness" again, and are afraid of moving one step in the direction of disarmament lest they should find themselves unarmed among their enemies. Who can say they are wrong, looking at the mind and morals of the world?

I for one do not think the British fleet can reduce its strength with any safety below its present standard while there are shadows creeping across the Pacific and the colored races of the world are seething with revolt, and weakness or good will may let loose anarchy in which the white races will be involved because of their own rivalries and ambitions.

If England were to withdraw from India and Egypt, or leave Australia unguarded, or lose her way through the Mediterranean, it would not be twenty-four hours before there was a flame of fire round the world, with other peoples fighting for her ancient places and power.

In that Naval Conference at Geneva the delegates of the United States, whose people are supposed to be instinctively on the side of peace and against the piling up of armaments, did not show the slightest disposition to be the first nation on earth to surrender its present standard of sea power or to reduce it below the level of British strength, just as the British delegates refused to be put at a disadvantage. For many days they faced each other with suspicion and mental reservations.

And yet our two peoples are pledged to friendship by ties of blood, language and ideals beyond any other peoples of the world.

But it would be impossible now to rally the youth of Europe for another great war with the same united discipline as in 1914. That I think is certain. There would be internal revolts and social revolutions, and those I think will happen if Mussolini launches his legions, or if Germany of the future decides to challenge Europe again, or if France attacks Germany to enforce financial tribute. We are on our way to those revolutions, for the new autocracies of Europe hold their power insecurely over their own people, and tyranny, however benevolent, or brutal, never lasts.

There is one great power working in the minds of men which is perhaps the only force capable of preventing another world war in the future. It is the power of fear. It is the fear, not cowardly but wise, that another Armageddon involving the European nations will inevitably lead to the annihilation of their civilization and open wide the gates to the rising tide of color.

There is no doubt about the results of such a war. It is not the imaginative exaggeration of journalistic minds. It is the sober warning of all scientists who know the enormous development of the means and methods of slaughter since the end of the last great war. We were just getting into our stride when it finished, as far as the mechanical powers of destruction were produced, and in the modernizing of our methods of attack.

In the war of the future if it happens between the industrial powers, the great cities with their teeming life will be attacked instantly by swarms of aircraft dropping bombs enormously more destructive than any used in the last conflict. There will be no trenches for the protection of human bodies, for they would be soaked with poison gas and captured by battalions of tanks advancing behind smoke screens. It is highly probable now that these armies will be provided with instruments which will create a zone of death by the projection of rays which will blind and burn all living creatures.

The ranks of the new armies will be filled by women as well as men. There will be squadrons of women pilots, and armored cars will be driven into the fighting line by those whom we now call "flappers." For it is inconceivable that the women of tomorrow, sharing all the

liberties of men, all their work, all their sport in absolute equality and comradeship, will shelter themselves behind the false plea of being the weaker sex, and allow young manhood to die for them in masses while they hide in underground shelters or under the ruins of bombarded cities. Beyond all doubt there will be armies of young women, officered by their own sex and ready for any risk of death or for any desperate adventure. They will be as brave as men, as strong as men, not less skilful in their use of arms, and ruthless to their enemies.

Without looking as far ahead as the Day after Tomorrow one sees this claim of women to share the dangers of men and to repudiate their old-time frailty. They are the most reckless motorists. In Europe there are many women aviators. Rosita Forbes and Lady Richmond Brown have gone out into the desert and the wild places of the earth. There is already no difference in courage between men and women. Tomorrow there will be no difference in death when war is waged. Even in the last war English and French women had their share of air raids and the old jeer of frail womanhood not daring to say "Bo" to a goose was made ridiculous when girls shrugged their shoulders and said "A bas les Boches!" when German bombers were overhead.

It is not a pleasant prospect, that idea of warfare with the beauty of women lying mangled among dead youth.

Science, which is providing men with many new powers so that they have new and enormous possibilities of doing evil to themselves and others, has not, so far, provided them with any substitute for the idea of God which in previous ages did keep some of us from indulging in the grosser vices and made us give allegiance to a moral and spiritual code which was beyond our every-day reach, perhaps, but a standard in our souls. Under Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism or other forms of faith, it was not considered good to be disobedient to one's parents, to kill one's offspring, to put one's own interests and instincts before those of the community, and to regard this little transient life as the only chance of happiness.

Man from the beginning of time reconciled himself to many temporal disappointments and sufferings by faith in a future life, when he would get reward for good service, self-sacrifice and obedience to the code of virtue in his religion, whatever that might be. But science, as it has been understood by the people, or, as I should rather say, misunderstood, has tended to destroy belief in a future life where personality survives, and has caused a weakening, if not a complete abandonment, of any faith in any God.

There is no longer that reconciliation between suffering here and happiness hereafter. Not believing in that hereafter, men and women of all classes and races are desperate for immediate satisfaction of their hopes and needs. It is a reasonable view of life, if there is no second chance, or immortality. But it is very dangerous. For it is practically impossible in the world as we know it for all of us to get exactly what we want, or even a little of what we want.

Mussolini, for instance, wants to dominate the Mediterranean, but France and England don't agree that he should. Mr. Jones, of London or Chicago, wants the wife of Mr. Smith, of Manchester or Boston, because he likes the color of her eyes and thinks that life is useless to him without that loveliness. But Mr. Smith will see him hanged first, and even Mrs. Smith has something to say about it.

A peasant working in the fields of France wants higher prices for his hay and crops so that he may get more prosperous in his village and enjoy the pleasures and power of life in his small community. But the clerks of Paris, stinting and scraping on small incomes, curse the peasants for high prices, and the landlord for high rents, and the government for high taxes. Their wives refuse to bear them children

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because they want to go more to theaters, to wear prettier frocks, to climb into higher society. No one is satisfied, however high his wages, because there is someone on top with more luxuries.

The struggle is good—up to a point. If all the world were contented there would be no progress. But it is bad when it reaches a feverish revolt against the limitations of life itself, and when individuals refuse obedience to any authority of parents, or rulers, or employers, or state systems, or religious codes, because these authorities deny them things which they covet and demand. It is bad when nations, stirred with these desires of wealth and self-interest, will fight to the death for other people's territories, or for the raw material of wealth, or for world markets.

The unrest in the world today, as in the homes of the world, the revolt of flaming youth against the old traditions, the bolshevism in centers of industrialism, the general line of attack upon the old moralities, the increase of brutal crime in many countries, and the despair in many souls which have no cause for despair in their actual conditions of living, are due largely to the abandonment of faith in a future life and to the downfall of religion.

For everyone is in a hurry to get what he can here and now. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." "Let us put away the women we are tired of, or the men who make us tired, and find new love elsewhere—for tomorrow we die!" "Why be loyal if it means sacrifice? Why be kind if it means self-denial? Why be virtuous if it means a limitation of desire? Why not wallow in vice if it amuses us, or commit any crime if it produces wealth, or engage in any kind of war with any weapons? Because there is no God, and tomorrow we die, and there's not much time ahead for the fulfilment of our worldly ambitions and our instincts of egotism."

Science, as it was expressed yesterday and is understood now by the multitude who have not yet caught up with the science of today, has led to that revolt and despair by a materialistic teaching which denies any spiritual sanction or divine law for self-repression, sacrifice and duty. If the philosophy of humanity is going to develop on those lines in the Day after Tomorrow, then men and women will not be "like gods" in any way, but they will come out of their jungles to tear each other to pieces over the ruins of a civilization that is dead.

For without some kind of religion, some other-worldliness, some spiritual hope and faith, civilization cannot exist. All history shows that civilization dies when the gods are dethroned. Somehow we must get back to God, and that is very difficult for modern minds, who have lost simplicity. We cannot pretend to be simple again.

I believe—I dare to believe—that before the Day after Tomorrow faith will be reborn. New prophets will arise, new saints will appear. There will be a call back to a more spiritual conception of life. Men and women will be reconciled again to the hardships and difficulties of this adventure on earth because they will be certain that it is not the end of the journey and that there is a chance of happiness ahead. That will be when new calamities threaten the world, and when either that vision of hope must appear or we shall go down in darkness and despair.

Science, after its many victories, may win the best of all by revealing the life of the spirit and by drawing aside the veil between time and eternity. Even now the most brilliant scientific thinkers are repudiating that old materialism which upset the balance of the human mind, and trying to reconcile scientific laws and facts with a divine purpose and idea.

It shows a complete ignorance of modern science among biologists and psychologists to maintain the old post-Darwin theories of a mechanical evolution operating by the blind forces of heredity and the survival of the fittest. The younger men, like Julian Huxley, Haldane, Soddy and others, perceive an



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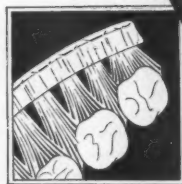
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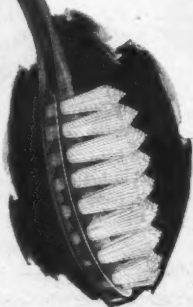


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intelligent purpose, a spiritual force at work in every phase of evolutionary life. They see indeed only one reality beyond all appearances and that is spiritual energy, if I rightly interpret them, as I think I do.

In the Day after Tomorrow, therefore, I see a revival of faith in spiritual values and a return to religion at the call of new saints and prophets in a world of conflict and confusion. Small groups of men and women possessed of greater powers than any of us now can claim—miracle-workers in their mastery of mind over matter—will be the defenders of the faith against the forces of evil which threaten to destroy mankind.

Like the early Christians, they may be persecuted and go to dreadful martyrdom amidst the fierce cruelty of men like beasts and women like fiends, raising their dying voices above the fumes of poison gas, above the ruins of bombarded cities, across a world filled with slaughter from frightful engines of destruction, and up to a sky darkened with the wings of warring aircraft. They may be the humble and despised slaves in new empires of luxury and vice, rising and then rotting on the old graveyards of former civilizations, among which ours may be numbered. They may be the heroes and heroines of a last stand against invasions of yellow men swarming against a decadent and tottering Christendom, outnumbered, outgunned, but holding out behind its last lines of defense.

Certain it is that whatever the future may be, there also will be human and spiritual conflict, for that is life and that is man. There will be no lotus-eating world of leisure dallying with soft delights. The environment of men changes. Their conditions change. Their tools are different.

But man himself, with his nervous system, his intelligence, his appetites, his spirit, remains essentially the same.

As a friend of mine says, Old Adam is the same as Mr. Adam, Sir John Adam, Lord Adam of Edenbridge, apart from some slight changes of fashion and social conventions. Some of us no longer walk very much now on our flat feet. There is a "tin Lizzie" or a limousine in the garage interfering with the action of the liver and creating large fortunes for proprietors of patent medicines. We fly to a journey's end instead of taking a train or a boat—but the brain that arrives is much the

same kind of brain that traveled shorter distances, more slowly, in simpler times.

All this complexity of life, this labor-saving machinery, these short cuts through time and space, do not alter very much the mentality of mankind. The loss of simplicity does not, perhaps, lead to any mental or moral gain.

Before the time of cheap books, the wonderful and luxurious furnishing of schools and universities, the material opportunities for the acquirement of knowledge, there was more wisdom in the world, though not such a general smattering of elementary education in things that don't matter. People read more newspapers and more novels now, but the results are not blinding in their magnificence. They go to the movies, whereas their forefathers saw no pictures of life beyond their village, but they lose their own depths of character by watching the falsities of unreality.

It is possible that this conflict which the future will have to face may destroy some of those new toys and instruments of modern civilization, but out of calamity there may come again the blessing of that simplicity in which the soul of man, and that queer body of his, best thrive. As G. K. Chesterton says, "we may be going to the dogs but they may be rather jolly dogs," liberating our descendants from some of those luxuries and comforts which clog our mental and moral health.

Whatever happens there is only one thing that matters, broad and large, and that is the courage of man himself to face whatever adventure life demands of him, and the faith of man in his highest conception of God. If humanity loses that courage and that faith, all is lost, and the dream is shattered.

The future is the past entered through another gate. The Day after Tomorrow is yesterday with a change of scene. There is no direct unswerving progress of the human march through history, but a series of cycles, rising and falling as the forces of good and evil ebb and sway in their eternal struggle.

The only thing that never dies is the Spirit which somehow causes us to carry on through this strange adventure of life. It is the only reality in a world of illusion, hopes and dreams. The Day after Tomorrow will be shaped by the spirit, the faith and the courage which stir in humanity today. Let us then create men and women of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

With this constructive inspirational message of hope for the future, Sir Philip Gibbs concludes his series of articles on "The Day after Tomorrow"

The Stripes of the Tiger (Continued from page 71)

back," Ricardo replied in a voice which would quaver.

"Neither me nor my friend?" said Roussencq.

"Neither you nor your friend."

"Then you hold the lips together, so!" and for the first time the little man moved. He took his upper and his lower lip between his forefinger and his thumb and pressed them together. "Or they never talk again. We are here for our plans. We do not mean to live as waiters attending on old foolish gentlemen at the Semiramis Hotel. No! It is we who are going to make the importance. So you promise me now not to go on with that conversation I interrupted last night."

"I have no wish—" Mr. Ricardo began, but Roussencq took him up at once.

"You promise me!"

"Yes, I promise you," Ricardo said. He was utterly humiliated. He, the student of the macabre and horrible, had cut the poorest figure in an interview where he should have shone. "I am going."

But Roussencq held up a forefinger. "In a minute you go. When I tell you. But I say to you now two things, so that you keep your promise very faithfully."

Mr. Ricardo jerked up his head. "When I give my promise—" he began haughtily.

But Mr. Ricardo was fated not to finish his sentences that morning. For Hospel Roussencq interrupted him offensively.

"Pah, pah, pah! When you give your promise, you break it as soon as a cabinet minister. Listen!"

Roussencq looked about him carefully. The garden was now quite empty.

"You are afraid of me. Yes, your mouth is dry, old man, and you are shaking. But I am nothing. Understand that in your bones! I am nothing at all. But my big friend with the cigar-box—eh? He is different. For me, I was born in the gutter. Cayenne was bad, yes, but I could do. My friend, no! He was used to silk against his skin. For him every hour of Cayenne was a year of torture, and all those years of torture burn in him like one great fire. So keep out of his way, old man! He has the brains too!" Roussencq tapped his forehead. "Even in the prison, he was the great man, the leader. He was the chief, the master. Bend down your head to me!"

Mr. Ricardo, on the contrary, recoiled. What horrible and ghastly thing had the little Frenchman still to tell him?

Never a Hygienic Worry

No matter how strict the demands of the day
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This NEW way provides absolute protection, besides
ending forever embarrassment of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

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"There is no one to overhear us," he stammered. "There is nothing more I need to hear!"

But Roussencq had gaged his man. With a deliberate artistry, he had kept to the very last the supreme proof of his hero's preeminence in that awful colony of lost and perverted souls; and he meant that it should be an inviolable seal upon Mr. Ricardo's lips.

"Bend down your head, so that I may whisper to you what I only whisper to myself."

Reluctantly Mr. Ricardo obeyed. Hospel Roussencq held him down by the lapel of his coat. He had whispered very few words, before he must needs spring up and support Mr. Ricardo with his arm. For without it the old man would have fallen.

"Yes, you will keep your promise now," said Hospel Roussencq. "You will not interfere with my friend's plans. You can go."

How Mr. Ricardo climbed down from that high garden and how he reached his home were mysteries to him afterwards. He came to himself in his library and sat with his head in his hands. "I have had my lesson," he said to himself, and repeated the phrase as if it brought him comfort. "Yes, I have had my lesson."

A knock sounded upon the panels of the door, and his servant Elias Tomson entered, bearing a card upon a silver salver.

"This gentleman would like to see you, Sir, for a few minutes."

Mr. Ricardo took the card and read the name of Lieutenant-Colonel John Strickland. For a moment he was at a loss. Then he recollected. John Strickland was the man who had spoken of Burma, who had first called his attention to Archie Clutter.

"Tomson," he said, "I shall never be in to Colonel Strickland."

"Very well, Sir," Tomson replied. Not for the wide world would Mr. Ricardo interfere with any of Archie Clutter's plans.

"I failed. He refused to see me. I expected it," said Strickland.

Ariadne Ferne, Corinne and he were taking their luncheon in the garden of a wayside hotel upon the Portsmouth road. Strickland wondered at the recuperative powers of young women who could pass a night in agitation and fear and the next day match the morning with the freshness of their faces. There was not even a shadow under Corinne's brown eyes.

He turned to her. "So it is now for you, isn't it, to tell me exactly what you fear?" he suggested.

"Yes—no doubt."

Corinne agreed, but she was at a loss how to begin. Strickland remarked a wariness creeping into her eyes and a quick, inquisitive glance directed towards him. A parallel forced itself into his thoughts against his will. Thus might a guilty prisoner look when interviewing the counsel who was to defend him at his trial—doubtful how much of his guilt he dared reveal if he was still to retain his counsel's services.

"Shall I help you?" he asked.

"Please!"

"Well, then! The man who killed Maung H'la in the jungle, the waiter who was so interested in Battchilena's name, is Elizabeth Clutter's widower?"

"I suppose so . . . I think so . . . That's just what we wanted you to find out . . . It must be so."

Under Strickland's gaze Corinne progressed grudgingly from her conjectures to her definite conclusion; once started, she went on. In that summer garden she told the story of Archie Clutter which Mr. Ricardo had read the night before in his book of clippings.

"So that's it!" said Strickland, and his face grew very grave. Corinne's narrative, cautious as it was, confirmed in so illuminating a fashion the analysis and portrait he had imagined in the moonlit glade behind Mogok. The fallen Lucifer!

And now Clutter was free. He had worked himself loose from his shackles and his house of bondage. And here he was in England, famished, mauled, disfigured, half brute and wholly



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demon, and, to crown all, stripped of all hope here, the very money which might have restored him spent and wasted by such flimsy idols of their year as Battchilena and Corinne.

That Archie Clutter would strike—was there a doubt of it? He had already struck once, in the jungle—a single, sufficient, masterful stroke. He would strike again; surely he would. But in what way? How? The mere fact that he took his time daunted Strickland. Somewhere in the darkness he was forging a new weapon.

Strickland remained silent, his eyes wandering here and there about the garden and always coming back to rest anxiously upon Ariadne Feme's lovely face. On such occasions a faint wave of rose would mount over her throat and cheeks, and her eyes avoided his.

"If we could get a clue to Clutter's plans!" he said with longing, and Corinne shivered.

"Couldn't he be sent back?" she asked and looked away, a little ashamed of her question. "I know it sounds horrible and callous, and yet—" Her voice trailed away.

Strickland shook his head. "The French authorities would have to move, and would they? Officially, no doubt, Clutter's dead, and we have no evidence to prove that he isn't. You are convinced that he's still alive, so am I, so is Ariadne, so is Battchilena. But what do our convictions amount to?"

"Nothing," Ariadne agreed; and they all fell silent.

Strickland found himself wondering for the hundredth time how strong the case for Archie Clutter actually was, the case of Clutter versus Corinne. It might be a help to know. If it was a weak case, why, a word might be dropped in an influential quarter, some steps of an unofficial kind might be taken to warn off Archie Clutter. But on the other hand there were the hints of the cautious Captain Thorne. Clutter's case could hardly be a weak one. Still, to know would be valuable.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question or two?" he said abruptly to Corinne.

"Not a bit," she answered. "Let me light a cigaret first!"

She took an inconceivable time, however, over that simple act, bending down her face and holding the match in the cup of her hands as though a gale were blowing.

"Now," she said briskly.

The first question certainly gave her not a moment of embarrassment.

"Did you know before yesterday that Archie Clutter had escaped?"

"I hadn't an idea of it," she said.

"Yet the moment I told my story about the man in the jungle, Battchilena had no doubt about his identity. Nor had you when he repeated it to you."

"That's quite true," Corinne agreed. "But you had described Archie Clutter. Leon saw him in the banquet-room."

"But you had never seen him in your life. Nor had Battchilena. You couldn't have, either of you. Clutter was sentenced ten years ago."

Corinne flushed a little. "Elizabeth had often spoken of him to me. Their life together had been quarrelsome. She was very unhappy about him. Oh, I seemed to know him. Your description was enough."

"For Battchilena too?"

"I had passed it on to Leon, no doubt."

Strickland moved restlessly. The explanation was to him too weak for words. Even Ariadne, in spite of her loyalty, wore an air of discomfort. But it passed at once when Corinne added:

"Of course I knew he was going to try to escape."

"Oh, you did?" Strickland exclaimed.

"To be sure, I did," she returned in surprise at his question. It seemed that she expected him to be aware of that.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"A letter came—"

"From him?"

"No! From a man in Dutch Guiana. There is a little band of people there who make it

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their business to assist in escapes. The Brethren of the Coast, they are called. This man was one of them. He wanted money for Archie."

Once more Corinne had climbed on solid ground. She was speaking the truth now—not a doubt of it. That letter had arrived.

"And money was sent?" Strickland asked.

There followed just a moment's pause.

"I suppose so. Of course it wasn't my affair. I hadn't money to send, anyway. But certainly Elizabeth said she meant to forward all that the man wanted."

"But she never told you that she had forwarded it?"

Corinne wrinkled her forehead and was at pains to belabor her recollections. "I don't think so. At all events I don't remember."

"And when did this letter come?"

Corinne did not answer that question at all. The color rose into her face. She looked at Strickland with defiance, as though she feared a trap and meant not to tumble into it. It appeared to him that in a moment she might break into a storm of tears or flame into a passion; and both possibilities he equally dreaded.

"You see, it's a time problem we have to consider," he made haste to explain. "Elizabeth Clutter died nearly two years ago. The money, then, was sent more than two years ago. Yet Clutter only reached Burma six months ago and England practically yesterday. It looks as if he had made some port of Venezuela or Columbia and worked his passage either westwards through the Panama Canal or eastwards round the Cape. It looks, in a word, as if the money had never reached him."

"We never really expected that it would," Corinne replied.

"It might have stayed with the man who wrote for it? Yes, I see that."

Strickland turned over that possibility carefully in his mind. Very likely the money had been sent. Very likely it had been stolen by the recipient. It was very possible, in the alternative, that it had been actually used for its intended purpose but that the opportunity to escape had needed an elaborate construction. The case of Clutter versus Corinne might not be so shameful after all. It might turn out at the worst to be a case for damages rather than punishment.

Why, then, need she spoil the more attractive picture into which her pretty features were beginning to shape themselves by suddenly saying: "It was just three months before Elizabeth Clutter died that the letter came. I remember its coming now!"

The date, indeed, was as good a date as Strickland could wish for. What he had dreaded was a date which had immediately preceded Elizabeth Clutter's death, or perhaps the same date. The letter demanding money for Archie Clutter's escape arriving in the morning, for instance, and Elizabeth Clutter dying suddenly that night. The date was very well—yes. But how could she have forgotten at all so noticeable an event as the delivery of that letter? And if she had forgotten it, why should she suddenly remember it?

"It looked, didn't it," he asked himself, "as if she had held back her statement until she was sure that my object in asking it meant no danger to her?"

He spoke aloud in a musing voice: "Three months, eh?" And he looked up at her. And he knew that she was lying.

Her eyes were fixed brightly upon him. Her lips were parted; her whole face one eager question: "Is he believing me? Am I putting it over on him?"

She was not, and now would not. The letter had been delivered, yes. But three months before Elizabeth Clutter died—no! Archie Clutter's case against Corinne became all at once appallingly serious. Strickland was at pains, however, to conceal his disbelief. For the trouble in all this affair for him was Ariadne's loyalty to her friend. The argument racing through his mind ran thus:

"I can't prove to Ariadne that Corinne's lying. Even if I did, it probably would make

no difference. But I can't. I can only say that I believe she is. Ariadne will then sweep me out of their councils as one of the prejudiced, and she and Corinne will put their heads together, and heaven only knows what will come of that!"

He was careful, therefore, to accept Corinne's answer without so much qualification as a movement or a look could imply.

"I suppose, then, that you were to hide Elizabeth Clutter's fortune more or less in trust, on the chance of Archie's escape," he said gently.

"A share of it," Corinne returned. "You see, he couldn't claim it under his own name if it had been left to him, and he had escaped."

"No; I see that," Strickland agreed.

"But there didn't seem the slightest possibility that he could escape," Corinne pleaded; and though she tried to keep a note of indignation out of her voice she was not quite able to do so. There was a contrariety in things which she ought not to have been expected to expect. The world seemed banded together to cause her anxiety and trouble.

"Another eleven years, and he would have been free," Strickland said.

They had slipped into an evasive discussion of the unmentionable fact, known to them all, that the fortune was gone.

"Yes, but even then he couldn't have left the colony," replied Corinne.

"Are you sure of that?"

"It's the law. A sentence of more than seven years carries with it perpetual residence."

Corinne, no doubt, had studied the code under which Archie Clutter was imprisoned. Strickland did not dispute the statement.

"And in eleven years I should have made money again," she continued confidently. "It would have been at his disposal."

Strickland had one more question to ask, and the most difficult of all.

"Listen, Corinne. We are not judges," he said gently. "All we want is to save you from trouble. But one can't do that if one's groping in the dark. So tell me. Was there any information very serious to you which Maung H'la could have given to Archie Clutter?"

The color ebbed slowly out of Corinne's face. "But, obviously, Maung H'la gave him none," she stammered.

"What makes you say that, Corinne?"

"Maung H'la, you say, was killed."

"Yes."

"Why was he killed except because he gave no information, having none to give?"

Strickland, however, would not accept the argument.

"Think of the man Clutter," he objected. "His mad attack upon the Frenchman in the hunting-box. And his existence afterwards in Cayenne. He wouldn't set a high premium on human life, would he? Suppose that he had frightened just the information he wanted from Maung H'la! What would be his next move? To slip back quite unnoticed into England and use it. As he would have done but for the chance—chance, I call it, and his eyes rested upon Ariadne's face, "but upon my soul, I could find a better word—that I from my *machan* in the tree saw him in the moonlight. And if he wanted secrecy and to walk unsuspected in the dark, what surer way could he have taken than the way he did take—the way of murder—"

He broke off with a cry of apology, for Corinne suddenly swayed in her chair. But she was of stouter stuff than Battchenla. Strickland's cry quickened the spirit in her. She more than mastered her moment of weakness, for she sprang to her feet, her face uplifted, her hands clenched at her sides.

"I won't believe that," she said in a bold, clear voice. "Maung H'la told him nothing, for Maung H'la had nothing to tell."

She stood in the sunlight, a brave, passionate figure in her simple straw-colored frock, tense from the insteps of her slender feet in their scarlet shoes to the crown of her head. She flung out her defiance. Strickland at that moment could not but admire her. A liar she

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might be, a criminal she might be, but she had in the last resort the fine gift of courage. She could run, but, pressed, she could turn at bay. He understood what in her had made its strong appeal to the chivalry of Ariadne Ferne.

The moment of revelation passed. Her frame relaxed. She changed into a disconsolate, wistful stripling before their eyes.

"But I should be glad if this terror could pass away," she said in a small voice.

"I shall help you," Strickland said with more warmth in his voice than he had yet exhibited.

"Listen, Corinne! I shall find this man Clutter."

Ariadne moved sharply. A little cry of objection broke from her.

"There's nothing else we can do," he argued.

"Let me once find him! Something can be arranged." He spoke with a good deal more of confidence than he felt.

"Thank you," said Corinne, compelling a smile to light up her face.

Ariadne drove them up to the door of the doll's house at half past four in the afternoon.

"Come in and have some tea," said Corinne. She had no wish at that moment to be alone.

Ariadne nodded to Strickland, and obediently he said:

"I should love to."

Corinne opened her door and went in. Ariadne at the side of her car was apparently busy with its gear-handles. Strickland stepped to her side.

"Can I help?"

"Yes."

Ariadne did not turn her face towards him at all. Nor was there anything the matter with her gear-handles. But she said in a low voice:

"Answer me a question, Strickland. That soldier you talked about last night—so different in the field among his men at his chosen work from the same man in his mufti. Of the two, which is the real man?"

It was a curious question which quite took Strickland aback. He could not but read into it another meaning. It was in praise of Julian Ransome that he had used the analogy of the soldier. Ariadne, however, had seen the double edge to that praise, for after all it was the man in his mufti, whether minister or soldier, who had to be lived with.

"Well?" Ariadne persisted.

He had to be honest with her. Her own honesty compelled it.

"Upon my word, I don't know," he said.

Ariadne nodded her head and abandoned her pretense of examining the mechanism of her car. "Let us go in and have some tea," she observed.

They entered the house and closed the door. The passage was empty, the door upon the left hand closed. "Corinne!" Ariadne called. But no answer was returned. She opened the door and, followed by Strickland, passed into the little parlor. Corinne was sitting upon a couch, her hands pressed over her face and the tears running out between her fingers and falling in great drops upon her knees. On the floor at her feet a torn envelop and the letter it had enclosed lay scattered, and close by the letter was a latch-key. Ariadne ran to her, and dropped her hands gently upon her shoulders.

"My dear! What has happened?" she asked.

In a choking whisper from behind her hands Corinne uttered a name. "Leon," she said.

Ariadne Ferne was startled. She looked towards Strickland, who remained by the door. The same fear was in both their minds. Archie Clutter had made his first move.

"What has happened to him?" asked Ariadne.

"He has gone."

"Left you?"

Ariadne's voice was incredulous. But without removing her hands, Corinne nodded her head, and her tears fell ever faster. Ariadne glanced down at the letter and the envelop and the key. They told their tale clearly enough. Her incredulity was swallowed up now by anger and contempt.

"Corinne! He's not worth a tear," she cried.

In a breaking voice the dancer answered:

"I know, but I love him."

With a shrug of the shoulders Ariadne Ferne straightened herself. Her eyes went again to Strickland and a great friendliness shone in them. She could not but contrast him with the craven whose letter lay upon the ground. She made a signal to him that he should go and leave her alone with Corinne, and as he went out of the door she kissed her hand to him.

It was almost with relief that Strickland walked away from the house. Clutter had not yet moved. There was still time, if only he was quick. But he must be quick! If Clutter did strike first, however he struck, there must arise a horrible scandal in which the whole of the inquest on Elizabeth Clutter would be revived under a much more searching and violent light. And the little scene which he had just witnessed in the parlor of the doll's house proved to him more clearly than ever that Ariadne would be in the very thick of it, championing her friend, and indifferent to all the splashes of mud with which she herself would be stained. How much time, he asked himself, had he been given?

The answer to that question had been given that morning in an attic overlooking a wilderness of red chimney-pots at the back of a dingy house in Dean Street, Soho. Hospel Roussencq had given Mr. Ricardo five minutes' grace before he himself departed from the Duke Street Garden. Thence, not without a good many devious turns and once or twice doubling upon his tracks, he made his way to Dean Street. About midway down the long street upon its eastern side stood a little French restaurant of the cheaper sort. Over the door in fading letters was the name "Gaspard Roussencq."

Gaspard was sweeping the floor of his restaurant when Hospel pushed open the door. He smiled cheerily at his younger brother.

"Well? It begins, eh?" he asked.

Hospel nodded. "Soon we pay you back, Gaspard."

Gaspard shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, that? When the time comes—no doubt. But I am content. I was thinking of you, little man."

"I know," returned Hospel. "I go up-stairs for a moment. Then I come down and help you to lay the covers for the luncheon. And the big one?" asked Hospel.

Gaspard shook with laughter. "He called to me for a half-bottle of red wine and I took it to him. What a prince! He is still up-stairs reading his newspaper and smoking his cigarettes. Yes, indeed! What a prince!"

The prince was lying on an iron bedstead with a patchwork quilt covering him.

"Come, let us count our money," he said.

Hospel took from a cupboard a tin money-box and emptied it out upon the edge of the bed. "There were twenty pounds in notes and two pounds three shillings in silver."

"We want two pounds seventeen shillings more," said Archie Clutter.

Hospel Roussencq consulted a little penny diary. "We have work every day. In a week we shall have the twenty-five pounds."

"Yes," said Archie Clutter. "Let us say, then, the eighth day from now. We will keep that evening clear. We shall have enough besides the twenty-five pounds to dine ourselves in pleasant anticipation. I will get up now and shave, if you'll bring me some hot water."

Hospel Roussencq hurried off upon his errand, and Archie Clutter sat on the edge of his bed with his feet crossed and rattled the money up and down in the money-box. "Seven more nights and then the eighth," he said. He peered into the money-box and took out a little latch-key, own brother to the latch-key which a few hours later was to lie on the floor of Corinne's parlor. "Little traveler," he said, "we are coming to the end of our journey now." He chuckled as he tossed the key back into the box, but a spectator would have been inclined to shudder rather than to share in the chuckling.

Colonel Strickland loitered in vain in the neighborhood of the agency in Shaftesbury Avenue. Waiters came and waiters stood

about the door but not one of them was Archie Clutter or Hospel Roussencq. Those two had their engagements booked for the moment. Nor did Strickland know the names by which they went so that he could ask for them. The days passed and his anxiety deepened. The mere fact that these men no longer solicited employment frightened him. He had reached the mood which divined a dangerous plot in everything.

Late one night Strickland, walking along in a muse, habit rather than any intention guiding his steps, awoke with a kind of shock to the knowledge that he was walking down South Audley Street by the mouth of that blind alley at the bottom of which Corinne lived.

A man in evening dress was at her door. Evidently he had a latch-key. For the little black front door swung open without a sound, and the visitor melted in the doorway.

"So, after all, Battchilena has returned," Strickland reflected, and he continued on his way toward Curzon Street.

But a strange uneasiness sprang up in him and he retraced his steps, while alarm suddenly rang all its bells within his breast.

They rang the louder when he came in sight of the blind alley and saw the little house glimmering white at the bottom of it. For, from the roof to the ground, not a light shone in any window. It faced the night silent and blind, guarding its secrets. What Strickland expected he could not have told. A wild scream, perhaps, tearing the night; a red flash and the sound of a report. And then, while he stood with his heart racing, a light did shine in a room upon the second floor—not a swift glare as swiftly extinguished, but the ordinary steady light of an electric globe. And it burned in Corinne's bedroom.

In a revulsion of feeling, Strickland laughed aloud. Battchilena or a later lover—who cared? Probably Corinne as little as anyone.

But if there was a new lover he had better know. If Battchilena had mustered up enough courage to return, he had better know that too. But he could not stand and wait in front of the house. Sooner or later a constable would come along and ask him his business.

Accordingly he walked away and then up the street again. When the doll's house came within his view, the door was once more opening. Corinne's belated visitor was going home.

At the corner of Mount Street the two men met and crossed. For a moment Strickland's blood ran cold. Corinne's visitor towered over him. Strickland saw his face and the glitter of his eyes. It was the tiger-man of the jungle, the waiter of the Semiramis—Archie Clutter.

Strickland let him go by, and as soon as he was out of sight, he raced back down the street to the house. What horrible catastrophe had happened there? And done how silently? As he reached the mouth of the alley, a change had come over the aspect of the house. Behind the curtains of every window now the lights were burning. He walked to the door and knocked.

Corinne's maid opened it. In the doorway of the parlor stood Corinne. She was wrapped about in a dressing-gown of blue silk.

She was safe, at all events—safe and unhurt! "I was passing. I saw that all your windows were alight," he said to excuse himself for his unconventional visit. "I thought, perhaps, that you had a party," he went on.

"No. There was no party." "I was misled, then," he said. "For in the distance I saw a man in evening dress come out of the alley, and I thought that he must be coming away from you."

"Yes," Corinne replied. "I have had a great shock tonight." With a swift and surprising movement, she picked up a tumbler, half full of old brandy, from the console and swallowed its contents in a single draft. "A pleasant shock," she continued. "For Leon Battchilena has come back to me. It was he whom you saw. Good night"; and Strickland went out.

"Archie Clutter has a latch-key for Corinne's house"—that was the master thought in Strickland's mind next day. "He can go in and

out at his pleasure. There is no outcry when he goes in. Corinne and he are in a conspiracy together, and, since she lied to me about her visitor, that conspiracy means nothing but harm to Ariadne. Happily, Ariadne won't stand for treachery. That's one thing," he argued.

Treachery was, to her, the one black, unpardonable crime. But could he prove treachery to her loyal mind? Suppose that she were to answer:

"But you were mistaken last night. It was Battchilena, I know, for Corinne says so."

He would seek Mr. Angus Trevor. Angus Trevor had hinted that the whole truth had not been told at Elizabeth Clutter's inquest.

"If I were to work at it," he had said, "I should try to discover whether Corinne had dropped a word or two, before her friend's death, to the effect that she expected a handsome legacy in the immediate future. For that is just the sort of imprudence which a girl harassed by creditors is likely to commit."

In his distress Strickland read a good deal more of meaning and suggestion into those words than they could bear.

"Trevor knows something," he assured himself. "And if I can only get out of him some definite evidence that Corinne had a hand in that woman's death, she shall leave for the Continent by the first boat and leave for good."

He sought out Trevor and reminded him of the words he had used.

"I meant no more than I said, Colonel Strickland," Trevor replied. "That is how I should have set to work if I had set to work. But I never did. I never had any reason to."

Trevor was speaking now with distinct reserve, and Strickland was disappointed.

"You see," Trevor said, "news is news. It's my business to get it and make the most of it. But I am not out for hounding people down—especially a girl who has come up to the top from nowhere. Suppose you got the whip-hand of Corinne, Colonel, what do you mean to do?"

Strickland answered him frankly. "I should insist upon her leaving England at once."

"For how long?"

"I can't say. A very few months, perhaps." He was thinking of Archie Clutter, since, very soon, Archie Clutter must play his hand for what it was worth.

"I feel more and more certain," Strickland continued, "that unless I can interfere a catastrophe will happen—not the little thing I used to fear—scandal and mud-slinging and horrible defaming laughter—but a real catastrophe. I have still no actual evidence to offer you, but I know that Corinne is plotting and lying. And this, perhaps—I don't know whether it will weigh with you at all—probably not—"

He began to hesitate, but rather over a choice of words than from any reluctance to express his mind. He had to express a conviction which, on the face of it, was no more than a foolish superstition. He could only hope to secure Trevor's help by proving that from the bottom of his soul he himself believed it.

"Long ago I had a presentiment that this trouble was coming. It may sound ridiculous to you, but I was certain from the first moment when I was conscious of it that it was the one premonition and warning out of a hundred which comes true. And this is the point—every single thing that has occurred since in connection with it has borne me out. Yes, that's absolutely true. It's like some monstrous malady which grows and deepens and spreads, regularly, steadily towards some dreadful conclusion which the doctor hides from you. Oh, I want to avoid that conclusion! I want a cure. I must seek for it everywhere."

Whether the argument convinced Trevor or not, the sincerity and fire of the appeal certainly persuaded him.

"As a matter of fact, I did run back here after I had left you on your first visit," he said. "But you had gone. What I ran back to give you was an address, but, as a matter of fact, the address would have been no use to you if you had applied at it by yourself. But today

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"I'll come with you. I shall be free at one."
"Then the sooner I leave you alone, the bet-
ter," Strickland said. "If you will come to
Pall Mall"—he mentioned the name of a club—
"as soon as you have finished, I will have some
luncheon ready and the car at the door."

Thus it was decided. Strickland went off to
his club, called up Lady Ariadne Ferne, and
was told that she had left the house and
was not expected back for luncheon.

Ariadne had herself telephoned to him before
twelve o'clock and had left an urgent message
to be delivered to him the moment he returned.
But the message was not delivered until all its
usefulness had long since vanished.

When the shadows were lengthening and the
day began to cool, the car brought Trevor and
Strickland into a lane between high hedges
hung with honeysuckle and wild roses. At the
end of the lane a clump of trees hid all but the
tall, wide chimneys of an old house. Trevor
spoke through the tube and the car stopped.

"It will be better if we arrive a little unex-
pectedly," he said.

The two men thereupon descended into the
lane. Strickland was lost in surprise. What
secrets could an old house buried in the green-
ery and the trees of the Midlands hold about so
recent and feverish a matter as this of Elizabeth
Clutter and Corinne the dancer? The very
aspect of the place, so quiet, serene and set
apart, denied that any solution of the sordid
riddle was to be discovered here.

Trevor rang the bell. There was no sign of
life about the farm; not even a dog barked; and
no one answered the bell. While they waited on
the porch a postman came up to the door with
such a bundle of letters in his hand as would
have done credit to a City firm. He slipped
them all in a tiny Niagara into the letter-box
and took himself off again after ringing the bell.
Strickland stared incredulously at Trevor.
Trevor nodded his head and looked about that
lonely and peaceful scene.

"Yes, seems sort of incongruous, doesn't
it?" he agreed. "But it would seem a good deal
more incongruous if you could guess what was
inside those envelopes."

Trevor rang the bell a third time, and now
the door opened and a large-bearded man
blocked up the opening.

"This is Peacock Farm, I think?" said
Trevor.

"It may be," the man replied cautiously.
"I should like to see Mrs. Caroline
Beagham."

The big man shook his head. "If Mrs.
Beagham lives here," he said, "she doesn't
receive any visitors."

"She will see me," Trevor remarked con-
fidently, and producing a card, he handed it to
the man.

The man read the name upon the card
slowly. Then he made a singular remark.

"We make no complaint. Nothing of any
value was taken."

"Oh!" Trevor exclaimed sharply. "You
have had a burglary here!"

"Then you are not of the police?" the man
asked.

"Nothing whatever to do with the police,"
said Trevor.

"Then you have no need to come worrying
us here. So good evening to you."

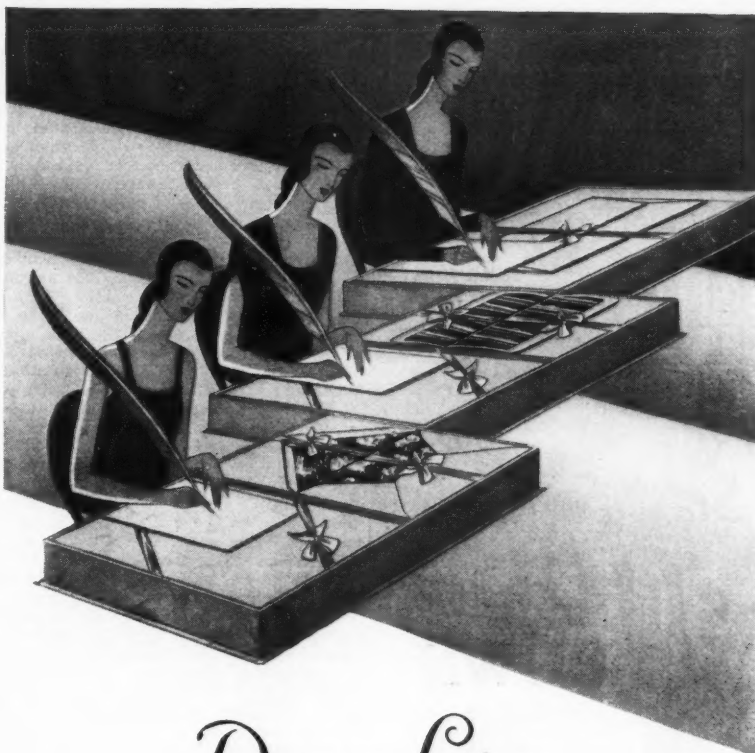
"You take my card in to Mrs. Beagham,"
said Trevor with a sudden violence. "How
dare you keep me standing here?"

The unexpected attack, carried out with
every sign of resentment, baffled the slow wits
of the man. "Oh!" he said, and again "Oh!"
He closed the door and locked it, and his slow
footsteps retreated heavily.

Trevor turned to his companion with a look
of speculation in his eyes. "Curious, that, eh?
I mean about the burglary. I wonder."

At what he wondered Strickland had no
time to inquire, for the man's footsteps were
heard once more.

He made quite a civil apology and brought
them into a bright, small parlor looking out on
an orchard, and furnished in the heavy style of
early Victorian days. Everywhere—on the



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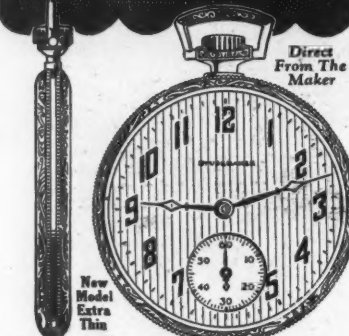
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sofa, the chairs, the table, even on the floor which Brussels had carpeted—was spread such a litter of torn envelopes, ill-written letters, and the cheapest sort of periodical as made the room a refuse heap for a bonfire. In the window sat the inhabitant of the room, a stout, middle-aged, slatternly woman attired in a cotton wrapper and with a pair of carpet slippers upon her feet. Her hair was done up in an untidy ball at the back of her head, and she had a pale, rough-featured, large face with small eyes set too close together and a prominent, hard jaw. It was definitely an unpleasant face, but upon the appearance of Trevor it lightened to something like amiability. This was Mrs. Caroline Beagham.

"Carrie," said Trevor as he shook her by the hand, "you owe me a good turn, don't you? I saved you from appearing as a witness in a libel action which would have blown your flourishing little factory sky-high, didn't I? So now stand and deliver! I want you to help my friend Colonel Strickland."

Mrs. Beagham rose from her desk, swept the litter from two armchairs and invited her guests to be seated.

"She invented an ingenious and lucrative business," Trevor explained. "This old and innocent manor is the clearing-house for the scandals and gossip and secrets of the butlers and servants belonging to the gentry of England. The business is conducted on the strictest principles. All information is paid for at its commercial value; and he who once lets Carrie in can never more be officer of hers. From this sylvan retreat radiate the spicy paragraphs about Lady O— and Mr. T— and the Duke of Omnium Gatherum. Here, too, the prudent money-lender can discover whether he had better send another registered envelop stuffed with bank-notes or whether to put on the screws instead. A host of useful duties are discharged in this house."

"These London gentlemen do go on," Mrs. Beagham said complacently to Strickland. She looked towards Angus Trevor. "Yes, I said I would prove my gratitude if ever I could. What do you want of me?"

Angus Trevor dropped his air of rallery. "All the details you possess with reference to Elizabeth Clutter and Corinne the dancer."

"Judy!" shouted Mrs. Beagham. "My daughter," she explained to her visitors; and a tall and very pretty girl in a red dress ran briskly into the room. "Yes, Dear! Just find me, will you, please, that letter of Lord Culalla's butler. Cowcher—George Cowcher."

Judy unlocked a cupboard in the wall of the room. A row of big volumes was exposed to view. She took down one entitled C. The covers of the book were locked together. Judy chose a tiny key upon her bunch and unlocked them.

"Mother!" she said in a whisper; and the whisper was so urgent that it drew all the eyes in that room at once upon her.

"What's the matter, Dear?"

"It was that they were after. Cowcher's letter. Look!"

She inclined the volume so that all could see. A title to the page written in ink, and underneath the line a bare white page on which shone here and there a spot of viscous fluid. A letter had been gummed upon that bare white page, and the letter was gone.

Strickland's hopes crashed. Trevor had brought him in a straight line to the very door of the cavern, but others had been before him with the magic word upon their lips. The cavern was empty.

"They?" he cried in alarm. "They were after the letter too? Who are they?"

Caroline Beagham could only shake her head distressfully. "We none of us know. Two nights ago the house was broken into. We found footmarks on the ground just outside this window."

"What sort of footmarks?" Strickland interposed.

"One set was that of a small man wearing pointed shoes," Judy answered. "The other"—she looked at Strickland's feet—"well, if you

had been bigger you might have made them." "You will be able to remember the contents of the letter, Mrs. Beagham, I am sure," Strickland pleaded.

"We have a copy," said Judy. "I'll get it." This is what Strickland read:

"MADAM—You said any news as was interesting. So I take up my pen on this seventeenth day of June, to record a most extraordinary occurrence. The significance of it can only be appreciated by one who keeps a close eye upon the date.

"On the sixteenth, that is last night as never was, his Lordship had one of his Boheimian parties at Greyhawk his villa on the River by Kew. There was Lady Ariadne, and Mrs. Trood the artist, and Miss Cranston from the theater in the Haymarket and two young ladies from 'Polly the Pouncer,' at the Monaco, and a number of gentlemen, Horace Prout, James Samper, Charlie Pullinger being prominent, all of them, vivours about town with a touch of intellect.

"You know, Ma'am, perhaps his Lordship's way. He sets them down and examines them as if they was a class and he was to pass 'em on for a degree, if they answered up to satisfaction. Different from a class too, because they can take their own time about answering and there's all the champagne they can want to help them. Well, they was all answering to the best of their abilities round the supper table with the windows thrown open on to the lawn and the moon sparkling on the river when Corinne blows in from her cabaret. Very nice she looked, too, in her pale pink frock and etceteras, but flushed and uneasy. They were discussing the affinity of Julius Caesar to Mussolini, and very hot they were about it, but every now and then Miss Corinne would throw in some hysterical remark which she needn't have done—for the ladies were never examined on these points, though they got champagne like the others.

"Well, when the discussion was at its height, suddenly Miss Corinne she rose up on her feet. 'My God!' she said with her eyes starting out of her head. 'My God!' like that, and everyone stopped talking and looked at her. 'She has just died!' she cried. 'This minute,' and she collapsed into her chair and began to moan.

"I was in the room at the time, serving the caviare, and I helped to get her out onto the lawn, where she came to herself. She had had a vision, so she said, of her friend Elizabeth Clutter, in the Isle of Wight, and had seen her dead. His Lordship didn't harf like the episode, and in a little while Miss Corinne was sorry she had spoken. She was nervous, she said, and her friend was ill and a lot more explanations, and his Lordship didn't like them, either. She put a fair damper on the party, which broke up shortly.

"Imagine my surprise when I read in the evening paper today that Elizabeth Clutter actually had drunk a tumbler of poison and killed herself accidentally during the night. Which I say it's curious, Ma'am, and open to suspicion. His Lordship hints to me that it's tellypathy and the whole incident should be buried in oblivion. But I ask myself: 'Is it so?' Or are we treading on the brink of horrors? No more at present, from

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE COWCHER

Strickland closed the book, but could not shut out from his eyes the scene which the book evoked. The supper room with its windows thrown open on the lawn, and the shining river; Culalla, with his curious metallic voice, throwing his ingenious problems and questions upon the table-cloth and amusing himself by seeing what his guests could make of them; Corinne, in her smart pink frock, rushing in from the cabaret dances, strung to breaking point by her knowledge of what was to happen that night in the lonely house outside Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, by her wonder as to the exact moment when it would happen, or whether it had already happened, or whether the cruel diabolical plot had altogether miscarried; and finally, under the torture of her

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nerve, springing up and screaming out: "She has just died—this minute!"

What was it that he had overheard Corinne say in the supper room at the Noughts and Crosses?

"Culalla won't help. He never comes near me. He is here now, a stranger. He is in the middle of his career. He doesn't want trouble. He doesn't want to miss the boat. He dropped me at once after that evening at Greymark. I don't believe that he has spoken two sentences to me since."

These words, which had so perplexed Strickland at the time they were uttered, were as clear as glass to him now. Probably Ariadne was the only one present at that party who had a doubt afterwards of Corinne's guilt. No wonder Culalla kept aloof! No wonder he enjoined silence upon his butler!

But the secret was known to Archie Clutter now—that silent figure with an uplifted arm which could wait patiently until the exact moment came to strike, and then struck once and with annihilating force. What sort of bargain had Archie Clutter driven with Corinne with the argument of Cowcher's letter to assist him?

Strickland drove to Stratton Street and ordered his car to wait. It was half-past eleven when he opened the door of his flat. His servant came to him while he was still in the hall.

"Are there any messages for me?" he asked. "Yes, Sir. Lady Ariadne Ferné rang you up a few minutes before midday. I told her Ladyship that you were out, and she left a message if you came in, would you please take her to luncheon with Lord Culalla."

Strickland was startled. Lord Culalla, who meant to have nothing more to do with the affair. So, willy-nilly, he was being swept back into it.

"Anything else?" he asked. "Yes, Sir. Her Ladyship rang up again, at five. You were to ring her up the moment you returned."

"I will at once." But as he went to the telephone the servant spoke again: "Excuse me, Sir. But her Ladyship rang up again, an hour ago. She said I was to tell you it was too late."

Strickland's face changed as he heard that message. It grew haggard and white. So he had failed Ariadne, after all?

"Did her Ladyship seem—troubled?" he asked, in a voice that shook.

"Yes, Sir. Her voice sounded very anxious."

So he had failed her! After the long months of preparation for this minute—preparations begun in the distant jungle of Mogok and continued with watchfulness and thought and loving care—the minute had found him not at his post. He had failed her.

While he bathed and changed into his evening clothes, he speculated where he would be most likely to discover Ariadne. "The most likely place will be the Noughts and Crosses," he argued, "and at all events I shall see Corinne there."

But even that was denied to him. It was nearly half-past twelve when he entered the big room with the crowded tables and its walls of pigeon's-egg blue. Corinne had danced that night at eleven o'clock and had gone from the club the moment her dance was finished.

Strickland drove to Corinne's house; the windows were dark, the servants in bed, no one answered his ring of the bell. He called each favorite resort of Ariadne's, and drew each one blank. She was nowhere that night, and as the darkness began to lift Strickland sent his chauffeur with the car to his garage and himself disconsolately started to walk home.

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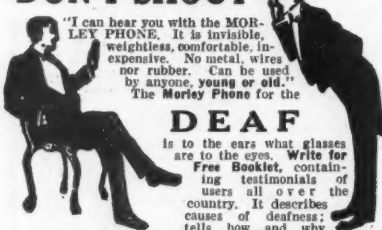
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The Lion Tamer

(Continued from page 27)

almost instantaneously and turn on Juan open-mouthed, trying to savage him. But Juan had caught his head-rope and, pressing close to the great heaving body to avoid being kicked, by sheer strength he hauled the beautiful, wild-looking head lower and lower till he forced it down between the still pounding forefeet; then reaching with his other hand for the horse's nose, he grasped the widely distended nostrils in his strong fingers and held them with a suffocating grip.

It was all over in a few moments, and cowed and submissive the big stallion stood quiet, trembling in every limb.

"Only want handling, don't you, you beauty?" Juan crooned. "Wish you were mine—I'd show you."

"I can handle him."

The indignant assertion sounded close behind him, and with one hand still on the stallion's neck Juan turned to look at the speaker. In the darkness it might have been either a boy or a girl who, clad in breeches and flannel shirt differing little from his own, was sitting perched up on the food-rack, swinging a pair of slim, long-booted legs.

"Hello, kiddie, I'd forgotten you," he said coolly. And before she even guessed his intention she was in his arms and he was striding in the direction of his dressing-room.

Contrary to his expectation she made no outcry, but every inch of the way she fought him. The agonized "What you goin' to do to me?" that burst from her sent a little sick feeling through him.

"There's no call to get scared, kid. Nobody's going to hurt you," he tried to reassure her when he had reached his room.

But unconvinced, or too frightened even to understand, she shrank away. "Let me go, oh, let me go!" she wailed, writhing in his grasp as he drew her to him.

"Sure, you can go—when you've told me what all the trouble was," he answered.

Slipping a hand under her quivering chin, he raised her head, forcing her to reveal the small pale face he had not yet clearly seen. Beautiful it was, undeniably, but for the moment he saw only the streaks of grime and still wet tear stains that marred its delicate loveliness, and with a sudden boyish laugh that brought a look of wonder into her terror-stricken eyes, he marched her to a hand-basin in a corner of the room.

"Wash it," he said laconically. "You'll feel a heap better when it's clean."

For the fraction of a minute she stared blankly at the smiling, handsome face.

"You—you—oh, how d'you dare!" she choked furiously.

"Can't think," he teased. "Shouldn't have dared if you'd been a bit older. I just hate to have anyone know it, but I'm real scared of women. If you was in petticoats, now—makes me sweat to think of it—I'd just be shivering with fright. But I don't mind kids, not when their faces are clean. There's a towel on the rack there," he added suggestively, and sauntered away to the other end of the room.

He took a cigaret from a box lying open on the table and was lighting it when he heard the sound of water tinkling into the basin and then a vigorous splashing. He settled down to wait for her next move.

The cigaret was half smoked before she came, with hesitating, almost dragging feet, to stand silently beside him. He looked up at her gravely and critically. Then he smiled—and when he chose his smile could be irresistible—and motioned to a decrepit horsehair sofa.

"Sit down, kid, and let's have a look at you." It was a childish little face he saw, but a sad, almost bitter little face that showed none of the joy of childhood. Yet it was lovely.

"You're Ricardo's girl, ain't you?" he asked. A tinge of color crept into her cheeks as she nodded a mute assent.



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"Well, seeing there's no one to introduce us," he laughed, "I reckon we'll have to introduce ourselves. I'm Juan—the cat-trainer. What's your name, kiddy?"

A rather stified "Paul" came in answer to his question.

"But that's a boy's name."

"It's Pauline, really," she explained with cold indifference, "but I'm always called Paul."

"Like your work?" he asked, determined to find some topic that should make her speak.

"I like the horses," she returned evasively.

"Why, yes, I've seen 'em," he said heartily.

"They're a fine bunch, some of the best I've seen. Russians, ain't they?"

"Yes, Russians," she replied shortly.

"Capt Satan," she went on, her voice suddenly warming. "He's from Nevada, a wild horse caught on the ranges. We got him off a cow-puncher—he'd killed two men who tried to break him. They said he was mad an' that nobody couldn't break him. But he wasn't mad, he was only frightened an'—an' unhappy. An' they treated him dreadful, those cow-punchers. He just hates all men. But he likes me 'cause I'm a girl an' 'cause I—I understand. He lets me handle him like he was a lamb."

"Some lamb!" laughed Juan, and tried to lure her into giving more details of the stallion and her work amongst the other horses.

But, as if frightened at her own expansiveness, she drew back into herself again, vouchsafing only monosyllabic replies.

"Wish I had some candy for you," he said.

"I'll get you some tomorrow. What d'you like best?"

An odd little look passed over her face, her lips quivered, and for one horrified moment he thought she was going to cry. But with an effort of self-control she forced back the threatening tears. "I don't like candy—very much," she murmured shyly; "but—do you mind—please—may I have a cigaret?"

Juan shook his head at her smilingly. "See here, kiddy, you're too young to smoke," he expostulated. "Why, I don't let my lads start till they're sixteen. And little girls—"

"I'm not a little girl," she interrupted sharply. "I'm most seventeen."

"Most seventeen"—and he had made her wash her face as if she had been a baby! Juan stared at her in frank dismay. "Gosh!" he ejaculated weakly. "I thought you was about twelve, honest I did. Why, I'd never have—I mean—why didn't you—"

Stammering, he scrambled to his feet and handed her the box of cigarets with a quick bow that betrayed his foreign origin. "I sure ask your pardon, Miss—Miss Ricardo," he said gravely, "but, truth and honor, I thought you was only a kid."

For the first time she laughed, a queer little trembling laugh that was perilously near a sob.

"I haven't any petticoats, so you don't have to be scared," she said shakily. "An' please," she added, her voice sinking to a whisper, "please don't call me—what you did. I told you my name was Paul."

She was not a child, Juan reflected. She was a girl, standing on the very threshold of womanhood, with perhaps a woman's knowledge. Was that why she had fought him all down the length of the promenade?

Under the thick mop of loose brown curls the small pale face looked strangely drawn. On either side of the delicately shaped lips were lines that spelled hunger. And in a flash he understood the reason for the request she had uttered so diffidently. She was smoking only to stifle a greater need within her. It was not tobacco but food she was really craving.

More profoundly stirred than he had yet been, he stared at her, and rising between them he seemed to see Ricardo's coarse, cruel face, and gritted his teeth savagely. So that was Ricardo's line, was it?—starvation and the whip! The brute! The unspeakable brute!

For a moment Juan almost regretted the impulse that had made him ignore Ricardo's taunt and refrain from administering the thrashing the horse-trainer had so plainly invited. But not yet could he stir on behalf of

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the child whose unhappiness had so greatly moved him.

Again his eyes strayed to the crouched-up little figure on the divan. Would her shy reserve allow her to fall in with a plan he had just formed, no matter how skillfully he disguised the real reason that was prompting him?

"Say, kiddy," he began abruptly, for it seemed easier to ignore the "most seventeen" she had proclaimed so proudly, "I guess we're going to be friends, you and me. Well, right now I'm going to count on that and ask you a favor. It's this way. I haven't had a bite of food since I got off the cars this morning. I've been away nearly a week, and I just had to come right along and see my cats—they're more worry than a houseful of babies.

"I never can relish my food if I haven't someone to share it with, and talk to. Won't you take pity on me and come and share my supper and save me from having indigestion afterwards? It would sure be a kindness if you'd come, kiddy." And Juan, who had never felt a pang of indigestion in his life, put all the pleading he knew into his low, musical voice.

"Oh, I daren't!" she gasped. "I—my—Ricardo—he hates you. He'd most kill me if he knew I'd been with you."

But Juan had seen the look that had gleamed for a moment in her eyes, a look which betrayed her urgent need.

"Are you waiting for him now? When is he coming for you?" he demanded.

"He's not comin' for me," she murmured.

"You mean you've got to go back and have supper with him?" he suggested.

"No," she whispered and her lips began to quiver, "he—he's off somewhere tonight."

"Then what's to hinder you having supper with me?" he asked promptly. "I'll see you home afterwards. It'll be too late then for"—he smiled at her mockingly—"for young ladies of 'most seventeen to go running around the streets all alone."

"But I'm not goin' home," she answered, rather unwillingly. "I'm stoppin' with Satan."

"For the love of Mike—why?" he growled.

Paul's head drooped lower. "He's been pretty since we've been here," she faltered. "I got to stay to keep him quiet. I'm used to sleepin' with him."

"Without any supper?" Juan rapped out bluntly.

She flushed again. "I don't want any supper," she said quickly.

"And that's a lie," muttered Juan to himself as he went to the door. "You mayn't, but that's no reason for going without it," he said aloud. "There's no sense in that, kiddy, believe me. Humans and animals, they're all the same—they need their food regular if they're to do any real work. What time did you have your dinner?"

"Haden't any dinner—I was practising," she retorted, with an attempt at dignity.

"And breakfast?" he persisted ruthlessly. A stranded sob came from her. "I—I forgot breakfast. I was busy."

Juan marveled at the loyalty that inspired these perfectly transparent lies.

"So you haven't had any food inside of you for twenty-four hours? Oh, Lord, you young things! When you're as old as I am you'll know better," he commented slowly. "See here, kiddy," he went on, putting on his coat, "you can't live on air, you know. We don't want any inquests at Marqueray's. We've just a few publicity stunts that are a heap better than that."

"So don't waste any more time talkin'. Go fetch your hat and tell that lamb of yours to be good while you're away. Quick now, kiddy, rustle."

She was on her feet facing him, two great tears running slowly down her colorless cheeks. "But I oughtn't—I oughtn't," she sobbed.

A great oath burst from him. Then, checking himself, he dropped his hands on to her shoulders and pushed her gently towards the door. "Go fetch your hat and wait for me in the promenade by your outfit," he said slowly.

And without a word she turned and went.

Ten minutes later he found her in the promenade where he had told her to wait.

Clad in an old storm-coat which, reaching below her knees, completely enveloped her, and with a battered soft felt hat crammed down over her eyes so that most of her face was hidden, she looked more boy than girl. She said nothing, moving passively to his side when he motioned her to join him. She seemed content now to surrender herself to his keeping.

"What is it, kiddy?" he asked, peering down anxiously at her.

"I don't know," she muttered. "I feel—funny. My head's goin' round, an' it's all black—I can't see—"

"I guess you're just faint for want of food," he said gently.

Dizzy with the waves of nausea that rushed over her, she never knew how she got to the café, or how he guided her past the many little busy tables to the sheltered corner seat where a tall screen shielded them from prying eyes. Complete consciousness returned only with the fragrant smell of the coffee he was holding to her lips. She drank it in great gulps, ashamed of the terrible craving that seemed to have taken hold of her, and faintly smiling the gratitude she was too shy to put into words.

Strength had come to her again with the food she had been so much in need of. All she wanted now was a good night's rest—and she was going back to sleep on a horse-blanket in that drafty horse-box, with only a ramping stallion for company. Yet even that kicking devil was perhaps better for her than the proximity of such a father as hers.

"Shall we be getting along?" Juan said.

Outside in the street, where the fine rain had given place to a downpour, he tucked her arm under his again. And though it lay lightly, unresponsively, she made no motion to draw it away and, falling into step with him, walked silently back to the circus.

Not until they reached the stallion's box was the silence between them broken.

"Got everything you want? Blankets enough?" he asked, viewing the dark stall with increasing dissatisfaction and with a feeling that nothing on earth would give him so much pleasure as to be settling his account with Ricardo at that very moment. "I just hate to think of you sleeping here."

She smiled up at him, the shy little fleeting smile that still had in it so much reserve.

"Why, I don't mind, honest I don't," she said, in surprise. "I'm used to it, an' Satan's just like a great watch-dog. He wouldn't let nothing hurt me." She held out a timid hand. "Thank you—oh, just a million times! I can't say—what I want—". Her voice quavered and nearly broke. "I didn't know—anyone—could be so kind. An'—an' I just want to tell you—I'm sorry I set Satan on to you. I wouldn't have if—if I'd known it was you," she added naively.

"That's all right, kid," laughed Juan. "Kind of introduced us, anyway, didn't he? Now you settle off, and you'll be as fresh as a daisy in the morning."

Juan's room, typical as it was, differed in one respect from the average *artiste's* dressing-room, where walls, mirrors and all available space are crowded with photographic representations of friends and acquaintances.

There was only one photograph in his room, a big signed portrait that stood always on his dressing-table—Juanita la Bella, one of the most famous lion-tamers of her time, the mother who had died when he was only three years old, to leave him the waif of the circus where he had passed all the thirty years of his life. Too young to remember when he lost her, he had only this picture as a remembrance of her—and of the stain on his birth. Who his father was he had never known. The little Spanish girl who had given everything for a great devotion had loved her betrayer too well to divulge his name. There had been times when Juan's longing to find that father and to avenge his mother had been almost unendurable.

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The mystery of his parentage had been since
his birth a cause of endless speculation in the
circus, and the faint atmosphere of romance
it had created about him had added much to his
own picturesque personality.

"You done got any socks fo' yo' ole Mammy
to mend, Honey?" The rich, full Southern
drawl sounded close beside him, and uttering
an exclamation of pleasure, Juan swung round
in his chair to greet a massive, statuesque old
colored woman.

"Why, Mammy!" he cried, jumping up with
outstretched hands. "What in all creation are
you doin' here at this time of night on a Sun-
day? Haven't you been to meeting?"

"I couldn't wait no longer to see the boy I
missed when he hadn't got no mammy of his
own to nuss him. I 'lows the good Lord ain't
so powerful jealous as some folks think, an'
I reckon 'twas jus' the good Lord Himself
put it into my ole head you'd be comin'
home tonight. Now, Honey, whar's them
socks?"

"Don't you bother your tidy soul about those
dam socks tonight, Mammy," laughed Juan.
"You just sit right down on the divan and spiel
me all the news. My! but it's good to see your
cheery old face again."

For nearly half an hour she talked, with a
wealth of gesture that added color to her nar-
rative, giving him all the circus gossip of the
past week. Then the conversation veered to
the approaching tour.

"I wish you were goin' with us, Mammy,"
said Juan. "We won't know how to get along
without you."

The faithful dark eyes fixed on his dimmed
suddenly. "I'se too ole, Honey," she sighed
regretfully. "I'se goin' on fo' seventy, near as
I can tell—mebbe mo' than that. Marq'r'y's
done jus' got to get along widout ole Mammy."

"But are you sure the money's all right—
that you'll have enough?" he asked anxiously,
though provision for the old woman's future
had been arranged by him some time before.

"Mo' than 'nuff, Honey, mo' than 'nuff,"
she said tremulously. "You done give me far
too much yo'self, chile. 'Specs a princess
couldn't want mo'. An' I'se money I earned
laid by, an' Mas'r Marq'r'y he's done give
me a penshun," she added proudly, ignorant
of the fact that Juan himself had extorted from
the Old Man a bigger annuity than had origi-
nally been intended.

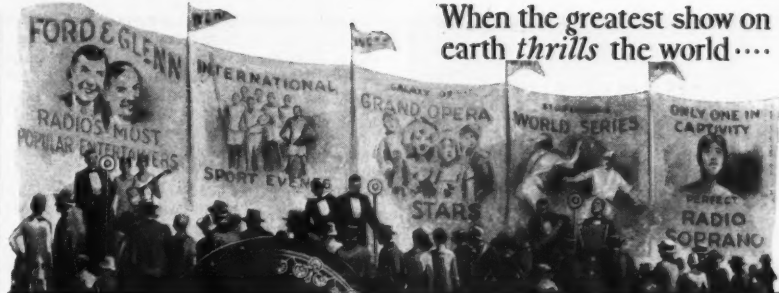
"And you're really going back to Carolina,
Mammy?"

Mammy Zoë nodded solemnly. "That's so,
Honey. Back to ole Car'lina—bless the good
Lord for His mercies. I'se folks left in Salem,
where I was riz."

With old Mammy, when she left the circus,
would go the last remaining link between Juan
and the mother he could not remember. Once,
long ago, he had brought himself to speak of
his mother to his employer. But beyond a
gruff intimation that the deal had lost him the
best cat-trainer he had ever had, Marqueray
had declined to discuss the matter. And Juan
had never spoken to him of her again.

Still looking at her picture, long after
Mammy left him, he fell into a reverie, his
thoughts passing from the pitiful little mother
who had borne him to the old negress who had
given him all the woman's care he had ever
known. High-spirited and wilful as he had
been, what a life he must have led her—poor
old faithful soul!

Had she remained he could have counted on
her to keep a watchful eye on the child he had
befriended tonight. He moved restlessly in
his chair as he remembered her. Poor little kid,
rolled up in a blanket in that darned horse-box.
Was she asleep, as he hoped she was? Or toss-
ing about in dread of the possible consequences
of his interference? What was there in this
child that made him wonder what manner
of woman she would be? Yet what did that
matter to him? he reflected bitterly. He had
done with women, had deliberately cut them
out of his life years ago. And if he had made
no such resolve? Amongst the women with
whom he came in contact, though many of



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them were straight and decent, there had never been one he would have cared to make his wife.

Even if love ever came to him, and he were to meet with one generous and noble enough to forgive the sin-stained past that seemed to bar him from a good woman's affection, how could he, nameless, ask any woman to be his wife? Love and marriage for him were out of the question. A lone wolf he had always been, and a lone wolf he would always be.

But even the new trend of thought could not make him forget the girl who had so strongly aroused his interest.

The empty circus at night was no place for a child alone, and tonight Montana might be amongst the watchmen left on duty. Of all in the circus only he could control Montana, and Montana, if he was on duty, should know right now that there was someone else sleeping in the circus building tonight as well as the lonely little occupant of the stallion's stall.

It was, after all, no new thing for him to pass a night in his dressing-room. With a grimace at the hard old sofa, he sauntered out of the room.

Despite the discomforts of the decrepit sofa, Juan slept soundly, and it was broad daylight when he woke next morning.

After a hasty dive out into the chill damp streets in search of breakfast, he went straight to his cats, and worked amongst them with Lin Davis, his head assistant.

When he had finished his task, Juan sauntered out from his own section to the main promenade that was alive and noisy with movement and sound—preparations for the day's entertainment going forward with the usual uproar and bustle.

There was a clamorous outburst and a rush of fellow artists, attendants and general workmen, who had caught sight of the popular favorite. From all sides they came to gather round him, pressing forward, all eager to shake him by the hand; while greetings and witticisms were shouted in a deafening chorus.

When the laughter had subsided somewhat there came a sound of altercation, and the close ring round Juan opened as a brawny member of the rough gang pushed his way through the crowd and advanced with outstretched hand. "Howdy, Boss," he drawled in the slow voice of a Westerner. "No holes in you yet? Wal, take my hunch and watch out—there's a bad man lookin' fur you with a gun."

There were cries of: "Shut up, Shorty! There's been enough of that fool talk."

"Reckon the Boss ain't goin' to wait fur no Texas gunman to fill him full o' holes."

"Give the Saint a chance, boys. He ain't seen the guy yet."

With Jim Manners, who had been a silent spectator of his noisy welcome, Juan walked along the promenade toward the arena.

Ill and nervous though he still looked, the clown was more master of himself this morning, and it was evident that he had in some measure followed the advice given the day before. But of the improvement in his appearance and manner Juan forbore to speak. It was as well to let sleeping dogs lie, and Manners's presence had evoked quite another train of thought.

"Harvey Weston was asking about you in N'York, Jim," he said suddenly. "He saw you in San José last year, you remember? Seems your face has been haunting him ever since. Said he was sure he'd seen you before somewhere."

Jim Manners's thin lips tightened, but he kept his eyes fixed straight in front of him, and Juan did not see the look of pain that flashed into them as the clown wrestled again with bitter memory, with recollections of the past that was unknown to his companion. Heartily he cursed the unforeseen circumstance which, after the years that had elapsed, had brought him face to face with Harvey Weston.

Until that unfortunate chance meeting last year at San José, he had never seen the millionaire sportsman; but, in that past he strove to forget, to the stately home in England he

would never see again, one of Harvey Weston's sisters had come as a bride to bring life and sunshine to its gloomy austerity. When disgrace had fallen on him, she alone, of all his family, had shown sympathy and sorrow. Did she still feel regret for the outcast brother-in-law she had striven unavailingly to influence? It must be so, for it could only have been a portrait Harvey Weston had seen—and only she would have dared to keep such a reminder of the family's shame.

With an effort he steadied his voice. "Only a resemblance, I expect," he said indifferently. "Everybody is supposed to have a double walking about somewhere. I'm sorry for the poor devil who is cursed with a replica of my face."

"Shucks, Jim, you're too modest," laughed Juan. "Harvey thought a lot more of it than that. Fact. Said it was real aristocratic, he did so. You sure made a hit with Harvey. Hello! who's practising?" he exclaimed as a sudden burst of music came from the arena.

"The Shooting Stars," replied Manners hastily, eager to turn into some other channel a conversation that was beginning to cause him acute uneasiness. "They've been at it for nearly an hour—and Madeleine's been giving everybody hades, Maurice included. I can't think how the poor devil puts up with it. What she wants is a good hiding, and anyone but Maurice would give it her."

"P'raps," returned Juan slowly. "But Maurice happens to care for her. Are you coming in?" he asked as they reached the performers' entrance to the arena.

"No, thanks," said Manners, with a faint shudder. "I've watched them already for about five minutes. I couldn't stand any more of it—makes me too dizzy. Madeleine's got a new stunt, wonderfully effective but hideously dangerous, and she insists on doing it without a net, the little fool. She'll kill herself one of these days. And she won't want any other audience if you're there. She's been shouting for you all morning. A year's absence doesn't seem to have damped her enthusiasm in any way, or made her less fond of you. And she doesn't care who knows it, what's more. She's very faithful, Juan," he added, with a mocking smile, for the stormy little French trapeze artist's pestered attentions to the man who had never shown her any encouragement had been the cause of much speculation and amusement in the circus the year before.

Mentally consigning the importunate young person to the nethermost regions, Juan turned to Manners with an answering smile.

"To how many besides me, I wonder," he said, with a shrug. "But I haven't any use for Madeleine, Jim. I'm through with women. And if I wasn't, it wouldn't be a woman like Madeleine that'd attract me. Besides—she belongs to Maurice, and common gratitude might keep her loyal to him. He found her when she was only a kid in Paris, and he's made her. All she is she owes to him. And because he's fond of her, and is fool enough to let her know it, she treats him like dirt."

"One of these days she's going to get the shock of her life, or I've missed my guess. He's sure got a great control over himself, but if ever that control busts—well, I wouldn't be in Madeleine's shoes, not for a lot, believe me. And it won't be Madeleine I'll be sorry for."

An enigmatical little smile passed over Manners's cynical face. "I wonder," he muttered as he turned away, "and I'm wondering what you're going to do, my poor Saint, when you find the women you think you're through with—aren't through with you."

Left alone, Juan passed into the arena. Far above him in the air he caught a glimpse of a short, magnificently proportioned man in glittering silver tights swinging head downwards on a bar, gathering momentum as he went; and, somewhat higher still, on a tiny platform that seemed hardly to afford foot-room, the figure of a girl who, in similar silver tights, was dancing up and down on her lofty perch, paying no heed to the precariousness of her position, while she directed a flood of vituperation in mingled argot and broken English

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at the band, who stopped playing at that moment in response to her imperious command.

"Juan!" she screamed, waving her hand excitedly. "Tu voilà, enfin!" Then, with scarcely a glance at the man on the swinging bar: "Maurice, arrêtes-toi! C'est Juan qui vient d'arriver. Je vais descendre." And springing to the side of the platform she fled down the slender ladder fixed to it, landing on the matting beneath with a graceful bound, to fling herself impetuously on Juan, amidst the guffaws of the other men.

Before he had time to step back, her lithe, palpitating little body was crushed close to his, her arms locked tight about his neck. And only by a quick turn of the head was he able to divert the passionate kiss which, meant to reach his lips, just faintly brushed his cheek.

"Mais, quoi donc?" she cried reproachfully. "Oh, you are 'orrid, when I've been a-way so long! Là-bas, en Australia, all thee men want to kees me—and once, imagines-toi, Maurice, 'e made une scène abominable. 'Ow can I 'elp eet if thee men like me? And thee men, là-bas they are superbes! But I see not one I like so much as you, Juan—and so I tell Maurice when 'e grumble. 'Don' you sink you like to give me one leetle kees, jus' for welcome?" she added plaintively.

Scarlet in the face, but laughing to cover his hot discomfiture, Juan shook his head as he released himself. "Not a one, you little flirt," he retorted. "Kiss the boys, if you must kiss somebody. They'll love it."

Repelled in this open fashion, Madeleine's pretty, pleading little face changed suddenly to sullenness that took all beauty from it. Darting one furious glance at him, she wheeled round to confront the grinning attendants, her eyes flashing dangerously.

"Me—kees thee boys—me?" she shrilled. "You sink I kees vauriens—peegs like zat! Oh, you laugh, do you?" she went on, stalking theatrically towards the men, who retreated, still laughing, in mock alarm. "You sink it verree funnee? Ver' well, I tell you somesing funnee too. I tell you jus' what you are." And in a stream of vilest argot, of which, fortunately, they did not understand a word, she told them, fluently and at length.

Annoyed with himself at having been provoked into causing such a scene, Juan turned to greet the other Shooting Star, who had by this time also come to ground. "Glad to see you, Maurice," he said heartily. "You're looking fine. Had a good trip?"

Shaking the proffered hand warmly, the serious-faced little Frenchman replied with a pleasant smile, his greeting no less frank and sincere than Juan's. But even while he talked his eyes kept straying anxiously to the still screaming and gesticulating Madeleine, and presently he broke off in the middle of a sentence.

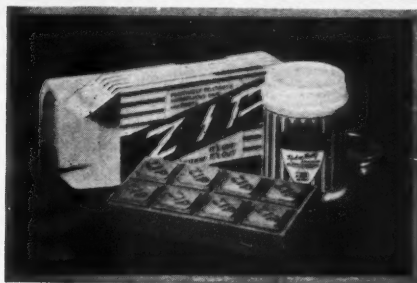
"You excuse me, please," he said hurriedly, "one leetle moment—yes? But Madeleine—she is so imprudent—so careless," and he darted away to the side of the arena, to come running back carrying a gorgeously lined silk wrapper, which he proceeded, with difficulty, to fold round the passion-shaken form of his terragant little partner.

His efforts to beguile her into graciousness were interrupted by a rather scared-looking youth, one of the secretaries, who came racing at that moment into the arena. "Say, Juan," he panted, "the Old Man wants you—quick. Don't know what that guy that's with him's been puttin' over on to him, but he's sure mad, and hollerin' like blazes."

Any excuse that enabled him to get away was acceptable to Juan and he turned to go to Marquerry's office.

For Madeleine's annoyance he cared nothing. But he was sorry for Maurice. While the rest of the circus regarded Maurice merely as a brilliant gymnast but in all other respects as a spineless fool who allowed himself to be dominated by the girl who owed everything to him, Juan's feeling was one of intense pity and sympathy.

And it was of the Shooting Stars rather than the coming interview that he was thinking as



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he hastened along the promenade. So engrossed was his attention that he ran full-tilt into another, smaller, hurrying figure that came speeding from the opposite direction. The crash was an abrupt one, and for a moment Juan could only hold on to his companion in distress, and gasp.

"Sorry," he mumbled. "Never saw you. Hope I haven't—" Then, as he recognized her, "Why, kiddie," he smiled, "it's you, is it? Haven't hurt you, have I? How did you get on last night—sleep all right?"

"Yes, thank you," Paul smiled back shyly. "An' you didn't hurt me, not a mite. It was my fault. I wasn't lookin'. But, please, I can't stay. I got to run. He wants me." And with another fleeting smile, she sped on.

The storm reported to be raging in the owner's private room had apparently blown itself out, for complete silence reigned behind the closed door when Juan knocked and, without waiting for an answer, walked in.

But a single look at the two figures, one on either side of the big writing-table, was enough to show him the signs of past disagreement. The stranger, a tall, slight, unhealthy-looking man of about forty, appeared to be more or less in a state of collapse, sitting dejectedly in his chair, his thin frame sagging, his fingers tugging nervously at the sparse black mustache that only partially hid a mouth that was both weak and peevish. And anyone with less knowledge of him than Juan could have seen that the Old Man was in a towering rage.

A veritable giant, standing well over six feet, and broad in proportion, even in old age Ray Marquary was extraordinarily handsome. And though his face now appeared flushed and swollen, it was not a too-frequent application to the bottle that stood on the table but anger that was making the veins on his forehead stand out like knotted cords.

At Juan's entrance he looked up quickly. "You sure take your time coming when I send for you," was his ungracious greeting. Then, with a jerk of his leonine head towards the stranger: "Meet my son—first time he's condescended to honor Marquary's with his presence. Dick—shake hands with Juan, my head man."

Without rising, with a bored expression that was also distinctly patronizing, Richard Marquary reluctantly extended a white, elaborately manicured hand which, nerveless and clammy, rested for barely an instant in Juan's. That he considered the introduction to be unnecessary and somewhat derogatory to himself was apparent; while Juan, who cared nothing for what the other's opinion of him might be, merely felt a momentary wonder that his employer should have troubled to effect it. Marquary's family affairs were kept wholly distinct and apart from the great business he had built up, and not only had Juan never seen Richard Marquary before, but he had only once heard his name mentioned, and then by the Old Man himself in terms of contempt.

And now, watching the meeting he had brought about, the Old Man's deep-set eyes were gleaming with curious intentness as they glanced from one to the other of the two men who were in all ways so utterly dissimilar.

But comment he made none, and when Juan turned to him again the look he gave his head man was no more agreeable than that with which he had just favored his son.

"What the devil kept you so long in N'York?" he burst out truculently.

"The ship was late getting in," explained Juan, with patience he did not feel. "And there was trouble at the docks about a berth."

Marquary scowled at him. "Well, how many cats did you get?" he snapped.

Juan, who knew the Old Man had assuredly learned by now that he had brought no lions back with him, shrugged slightly. "None," he said tersely.

"The devil you say!" exploded Marquary, his fierce eyes sweeping Juan angrily. "And why, if I might venture to ask?"

But before Juan could reply to this last

sarcasm, a languid interruption came from the hitherto silent Richard. "I don't see what all this has to do with me, Father. Can't you finish my job before going into this circus business? I haven't too much time to—"

Marquary brought his hand down on the table with a crash that set the ink-wells dancing. "Sit down!" he thundered. "You've a lot more time to waste than I have, for you never do anything but waste it. You can mighty well remember that the money you're always whining for is made by this circus business. And you can wait now till I'm through with my own affairs—yours don't amount to a row o' peas." His son thus summarily silenced, he turned to Juan. "Why didn't you buy those cats?" he demanded aggressively.

"Because there wasn't one worth buying," retorted Juan, giving him back stare for stare.

"Or because you thought you'd save yourself the trouble of breaking 'em, eh?" suggested Marquary, with a nasty sneer. "I tell you what it is," he cried angrily, "just because I've let you into the workings of things, you've come to have a darned fine opinion of yourself. Aiming to run this show, and me along with it, are you? Well, you just get that bug out of your brain right now. I'll not stand for insubordination and slackness—even from you. I'm Marquary's, remember. And what I say—goes. You've been busy with a heap o' things lately, but your job's cats, and don't you forget it. So you just get busy with your cats. And if I want any new ones broke—they'll be broke. What did they hand you not to buy that lot?" he added with a searching look.

Juan felt his own anger rising, and it was with difficulty that he kept his temper. "I don't know what you're getting at, Boss," he said quietly, "but if you think I'm shirking—I'm not. Those cats weren't worth the trouble of breaking. But if you think I'm double-crossing you, if you think I'm lying—"

For the first time he let his tone express something of the scorn and anger he was feeling, and Marquary's hand shot up in protest. "Who said anything about lying?" he rumbled in his great voice, but with a surprising mildness that nearly took Juan's breath away. "If you say those cats ain't any good, why, then, I guess it is so. You never told me a lie in your life. Wish I could say the same of other folks," he added, casting a baleful glance at the limp figure on the other side of the table.

Juan, more embarrassed than he had ever been, searched hastily in his pocket and produced a slip of paper which he laid on the table. "Expenses," he said curtly, hoping to divert Marquary's attention and also terminate the curious interview that had been far more uncomfortable than he had anticipated.

"These are only the car charges. Where's the rest?" Marquary asked suspiciously. "That's the lot," returned Juan. "I stayed with Mr. Weston in N'York."

"Huh! Weston!" commented Marquary slowly, while he carefully checked the figures of the modest account. Then he glanced across the table at his son. "That's the fellow you been talking about so much, ain't it, Dick? One you met in Florida last winter?"

Turning languidly in his chair, Richard Marquary looked not at his father but at Juan, surveying him from head to foot with eyes that were insolently amused. "I hardly think so," he drawled. "My friend is Harvey Weston, the millionaire. He only knows the best people."

Too indifferent even to smile, Juan let the impertinence pass in silence. But the Old Man snorted contemptuously.

"Then I reckon you didn't mention the circus," he sneered. "Same one, ain't it, Juan?" And as Juan nodded, he laughed, a short, deep laugh that was like the bark of an angry dog.

"Guess your friend Mr. Harvey Weston ain't so mighty exclusive, after all, Dick," he remarked caustically. "Seems he's a lot more sense than I thought he had." He turned again to Juan. "Anything to report?"

Juan shook his head. "No, Boss—nothing that can't wait till you're less busy," he said.

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"Guess I've taken too much of your time already." And he was gone before Marqueray could open his mouth to expostulate.

Outside in the corridor, he gave one glance at the door he had just shut, jerked his head in complete bewilderment and hurried away. What in the name of all things unholy had the Old Man been getting at? And why had he been dragged into a family disagreement?

Still puzzled, he went to his dressing-room to change his clothes for the afternoon performance.

Juan's love for Paul develops against his will, and brings a clash with Ricardo which for sheer drama surpasses anything E. M. Hull has written—in November

What Is Love?

(Continued from page 28)

of birds. Here we find a large organism which turns out to be female—i. e., producing eggs, and a much smaller organism, permanently attached to the side of the female, and giving no forecast, by its diminutive size, of the strutting dominance of the human male. This little sperm-producing creature is like a parasite upon a larger parasite, or like an organ of an organism; one would never suspect that it is the lady's husband.

In the little plant-louse *Aphis* male and female mate normally in the fall, and the female lays a large "winter egg" which survives till spring, while the rest of the species die. In the spring this super-egg hatches into wingless females, which, though never having seen a male of their species, beget offspring—all female—to the summer's end. Then, suddenly, some males appear among the larvae; some of these males mature, and fertilize the females of their generation, who then produce large winter eggs—*da capo*.

It may be that such cases of "parthenogenesis" (literally, virgin birth) are due—as Trembley thinks—to the transmission, by the mating females of the fall, of part of their store of fertilized eggs to the subsequent mateless generations: of these things there is as yet no certainty. But the actual possibility of dispensing with the male has been demonstrated in many laboratories. Jacques Loeb persuaded the unfertilized eggs of sea-urchins and starfish to develop into adults merely by subjecting the eggs to alcohol, ether, chloroform, strychnin, sugar, salts, acids or alkalis: such was the alarming variety of substitutes for the supposedly indispensable male.

We conclude that the male was not evolved primarily for the purposes of fertilization. For what purpose, then? For cross-fertilization. The separation of the sexes made it possible to unite in the offspring the hereditary qualities and capacities of two distinct lines of ancestry. The advantages of such double heredity are so obvious that we might expect some arrangement to appear whereby both self-fertilization and inbreeding would be avoided. And it is so. Flowers—which are the reproductive organs of plants—are so constructed that it is seldom possible for the pollen of a plant to enter the pistil of that plant. Even in the snail, where both sexes exist in the same body, the parts are so arranged that self-fertilization is impossible.

And so nature works, till in our own species social and psychological factors conspire to prevent the mating of brother and sister, and powerful taboos forbid even the marriage of members of the same tribe.

And now how does the problem of love stand from the view-point of this rapid biological approach? Plato's Aristophanes answers humorously in the "Symposium" (180-192): "There was a time when the two [sexes] were one, but because of the wickedness of men God . . . cut men in two, like a sorb-apple which is halved for pickling, or as you might divide an egg with a hair . . . Each of us when separated

Well, I said to Mr. er-er-er what's his name--you know who I mean--that if we were going to do business with his firm, they ought to act right-er-er-regardless of what anyone else said. You get what I mean?



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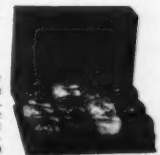
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is but the indenture of a man . . . and he is always looking for his other half . . . The desire and pursuit of the whole is called love."

This last is a noble definition, and tempts us to a scientific interpretation of the great dramatist's myth. There was a time, we might say, when both sexes were in one body, as in the earthworm still. But nature separated them into two organisms; and now each part, when separate, feels itself only a half, and longs for union and completion.

But that would be a mystical answer to the question, What is love? It would assume a highly philosophical consciousness in the lowliest protozoan spore. Presumably, when the male function was first specialized in a separate organism, very few of those aboriginal males sought or found union with their "better halves"; and only those who sought and found became the parents of the next generation.

And so in each generation it was the lovers—the individuals that achieved completeness by merging themselves with their complements—who transmitted into the stream of life their passion for unity. Those that felt no such strange urge, or felt it slightly, died without offspring or with few, and their nonchalance was weeded out. Therefore the great hunger grew with every generation; no wonder it became the ruling passion, stronger than death—death which it cheats so patiently with vicarious continuance. Perhaps—perhaps—that is the road by which love came.

So much for love in its evolution through the chain of life; let us watch it grow now in the individual.

Very soon the child shows consciousness of the other sex. Each sex becomes a mystery to the other, and evokes a reaction of mingled shyness and attraction. There is hardly more than that; and if love comes before puberty it is likely to be in the form of the ("Edipus complex": the boy forms an attachment for his mother, and the girl for her father. But this is not the terrible thing that Freud made it out to be; it is not a complex, because it is neither unconscious nor abnormal; it is nature's way of preparing the child for wholesome love.

It is at puberty that love sings its first clear song. Professor Starling has found favor for his theory that when puberty comes, the reproductive cells begin to produce certain "hormones" which pass into the blood and cause a physical and psychological transformation. It is not only the body that is now endowed with new powers; the mind and character are affected in a thousand ways. "There are in life," said Romain Rolland, "certain ages during which there takes place a silently working organic change in a man"—or in a woman. This is the most important of them all.

New feelings flood the body and the soul; curiosity drives the mind forward, and modesty holds it back; the young man becomes awkward in the presence of the other sex, and the girl learns how to blush. Children stupid before may suddenly become bright; those obedient before may show now an unreasoning recalcitrance. Spells of introspection come, strange Russian moods of brooding and reverie. Imagination flowers, and poetry has its day; at this age all the literate world is an author, and dreams of deathless renown. Every power of the mind quickens, and reason makes a fresh assault of questions upon the universe. If the reasoning continues long, the individual becomes a scientist or a philosopher; if it is soon abandoned, he becomes a successful man, and may rise to high office.

Meanwhile what subtle force is this that drives the lad to the girl, and draws the girl yearningly away? What magic mystery is working to create this fairest flower of all our lives—the love of a man for a maid?

The germinal cells of the body are swelling and burgeoning with vitality. The entire organism feels the irritation of impeded growth, of the restless expansiveness of life; and the heart is filled with a sweet but heavy sadness, as if it knew itself incomplete, and thirsted to be made whole.

In this condition of irritability youth finds itself sensitive to a thousand stimuli which it was wont to pass unfeelingly before. Certain sounds appeal to it: song and music charm it beyond wont; and the voice—which perhaps began in the mate-calls of lowly animals—takes on new tenderness, and becomes a delight to the lover. Certain odors appeal: the sweetness of the growing flesh, the fragrance of cleanliness, the aphrodisiac potency of perfume—all these are intoxicants to love. Certain movements appeal: the rhythm and pressure of the dance, the swing and confidence of athletes, the graceful buoyancy of girls.

More than all else, certain sights appeal: colors swarm in the season of love, and red is a challenge to possession; youth spruces up in mating time, as birds and beasts develop crests and combs and nuptial plumage riotously; savages paint and mutilate themselves to catch the eye and rouse the sense; clothing becomes not a utility but an ornament and a stimulant; bravery and strength make gentle hearts flutter, and every soft contour lures desire. These new experiences—of odor and sound and touch and sight—of perfume and song and dance and varied display—fill the days and the thoughts of youth, and become the irresistible provocatives of love.

Suddenly all the stimuli unite, all the conditions appear together; the needs of the race speak through the hunger of body and soul; and love is born, love mounts in the heart like light in the morning sky, and fills all with its warmth and radiance.

Upon this sound and natural basis rises the love that is spirit and poetry. From this passion of life for perpetuation comes the loyalty of mate to mate; from this hunger of the flesh, the fairest devotion of the soul. From the lust of the savage in the cave comes at last the poet's adoration, and all the ecstasy of spiritual love. This is the gamut of man.

Primitive peoples seem to have known very little of love; they hardly had a word for it; when they married they were actuated by nothing more akin to romance than a desire for children and regular meals.

Nietzsche thought that "romantic love" was an invention of the Provençal troubadours; but doubtless a spiritual element developed in the reproductive impulse wherever civilization arose. And the Church's exaltation of purity, lending to woman the charm of the inaccessible, helped to mature the poetry of love.

How shall we explain this transformation of physical desire into spiritual love? What brought it about that hunger should flower so into tenderness, that the agitation of the body should become the gentleness of the soul? Was it because civilization, as it grew, postponed the age of mating, and left the flesh with an unfulfilled longing, a longing that turned inward to imagery, and clothed the beloved object in the ideal colors of unrealized desire? That which we seek and do not find becomes more precious through our not finding it; the beauty of the object is in the strength of the desire; and desire, which is weakened by fulfillment, is made richer by denial.

However it comes, consider the spiritual development of love. It begins, most often, with a special tenderness of the girl towards her father, and of the boy towards his mother. Then it changes to a more passionate devotion to some person slightly nearer to the lover's age. Every classroom has children who are in love with a teacher of the other sex than theirs. Goethe has made a classic story of his flame for a woman who broke his heart by calling him her child. One older remembers his profound love, at seventeen, for a maiden of thirty-five; he stood at the same street-corner every day to gaze upon her loveliness as she returned from work, and poured out upon her such looks of adoration that she took another route.

Romantic embellishment is already at its height in these transient loves; imagination is stirred by the growing body, and conceives fair images which it would so willingly make real—that it enshrines any propitious object in the

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colors of its fancy. The physical element does not here enter consciously at all. "The first propensities to love in an uncorrupted youth," says Goethe, "take altogether a spiritual direction."

Soon afterward comes that ethereal experience which we ignobly name after the calf—though one would not detract for a moment from the placid beauty of that graceful animal. Such love is usually secret and unconfessed; even the little gifts it sends are nameless. Girls are bolder at this stage than boys; and though they lose—externally—some of this audacity in their riper years, they retain to the end a superior technique in the arts of love. The boy looks sheepish, but the girl is self-possessed and remains master of the situation. The boy sometimes goes out of his way to avoid the girl he longs to have; he spends lonely hours in the dark of night, or wandering desolate by day, in bitter meditation on the awkward things he has done or said in the beloved presence; in some youths, maternally protected and attached, this sensitivity may so inhibit them as to keep them single until the end.

In other lads the spirit of display is fed; and when the girl of his dreams stands by, the boy will risk his life in games to lay some laurel at her feet. So youth reproduces on the athletic field the bloody combats of male animals for possession of the female, and anticipates the economic contests which maturity will wage to capture the fair lady and keep her approving smiles. In all such ways, as Shakespeare phrased it, "love gives to every power a double power," and makes the world go round.

And now come courtship days, the fairest part of human destiny. Not that courtship waited till maturity; half the games our childhood played were love games; and even a girl of five can flirt with a delicate skill. Courtship serves vital purposes: it stimulates love to greater fulness, and gives time for that selection of the best which slowly raises the quality of life. In adults the ritual of courtship is acquisitive advance by the male, and seductive retreat by the female. There are exceptions here and there; in New Guinea the girls court the men, and lavish presents on them; but this admirable custom has not yet developed in our land. Usually the male takes the positive and aggressive rôle, because he is by nature the fighter and the beast of prey; the woman is to him a prize which he must conquer and possess.

"Some male grasshoppers fight so hard," says Stanley Hall, "that they can be matched like young cocks. Many male fish fight to the death during the breeding season and on the spawning grounds, and the teeth of the male adult salmon become sharp, and differ radically from those of the female. Male lizards can hardly meet during the spring without fighting. Most male birds are pugnacious in the spring, and use beak, claws, and spurs on both wings and legs. With them the season of war is also the season of love." In men the war becomes one of economic competition and display; we fight with bank-books rather than with claws.

Women, if they are wise, fight with flight and modesty. Modesty is a strategic retreat, born of fear and cleanliness, and developed by gentleness and subtlety. It is not peculiar to the human species; for it has an obvious analogue and source in the reluctance of the female animal to make love out of season or out of bounds. Man, said Beaumarchais, differs from the animals in that he drinks without being thirsty, and makes love at all seasons. In civilized peoples modesty is one of the fairest psychical developments of love; it grows to a unique splendor, and sometimes overcomes the deepest impulses of the soul. In ancient Miletus wise legislators ended an epidemic of female suicides by decreeing that the corpses of women who had killed themselves should be carried naked through the streets.

William James believed that modesty was not instinctive but acquired: women had found that generosity breeds contempt, and had transmitted the finding to their daughters. Diderot went further back, and traced it to the



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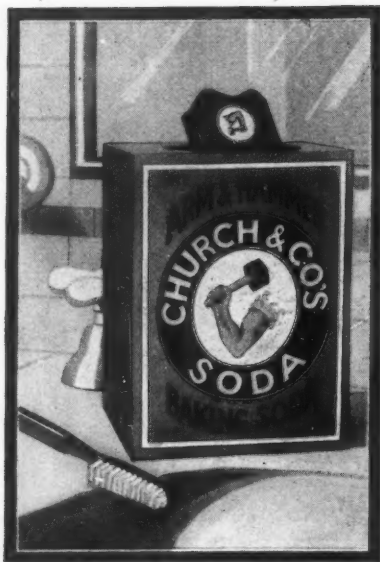
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jealousy of husbands, whose sense of ownership led them to enforce modesty upon their wives. In many tribes only the married women are clothed, their husbands—wiser than the creator of "Penguin Isle"—believing this to be an aid in the maintenance of property rights. When purchase replaced marriage as the fashionable mode of marriage, parents found that chaste daughters brought the highest price, and virtuously encouraged modesty.

From these varied sources, modesty grew into one of the subtle charms of woman. Immodest women are not attractive, except transiently, to men; reserve in display and economy in gifts are better weapons in the hunt. Modesty, by sparing its rewards, incites the capacity and courage of the male, stirs him to enterprises of some consequence, and calls out the reserve energies that lie beneath the comfortable level of our mediocrity. Who knows how far the constructive achievements of men may be due, like the colored glory of the bird, to sex display and rivalry?

Let the sweet lure have its way, and love completes itself in parentage, and closes the circuit of desire with a child. There does not seem to be a specific instinct of reproduction, but only the instincts of mating and parental care. But once the child has come it nestles in the heart, and will not leave; if it gives us trouble and sorrow we seem to love it more.

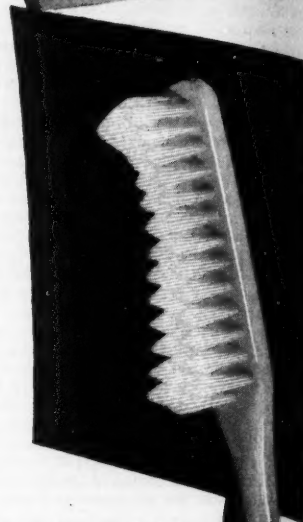
It is remarkable how this feeling of parental love has grown during the career of mankind. In the lower animals it is entirely absent; in the higher it is stronger than death. A monkey-mother has been known to die of grief for the death of her young. In one species of ape the mother carries her young one clasped in one arm uninterruptedly for several months. Savage mothers nurse their children for as much as twelve years. In the New Hebrides women have killed themselves to take care of some specially beloved offspring in the after world. There are few things in human conduct more startling than the almost complete transference of a mother's egoism to her child.

When the infant comes, love in the parents is renewed, but it is strangely different from the flame that burned before. Indeed, that flame, in these days, is wont to have flickered to an unsteady minimum by the time a child arrives; and the child itself is likely to draw from both parental hearts some of the tenderness which had made them transiently one. The mother tends to forget the father in her new devotion; and the father, if the little marvel is a girl, is tempted to pass on to her the affection which wooed his wife. But in the end these distractions lose their charm, and new bonds are forged to weld the mates again.

It is time that makes at last the complete marriage of two souls. For in those years of parentage how many trials must come; how many vicissitudes of fortune, how many tortures of the body and terrors of the heart! Sickness brings to the fickle fancy a certain depth and soberness, and love takes on new life in the imminence of death. Plans made and tried together, victories won hand in hand, and desolation shared, mortise congenial minds into a spiritual partnership that almost rises to a merger of personalities. To watch together over children, to see them grow, and to give them at last, reluctantly, to some younger love, is in some way to be made one.

When the home that had echoed with the laughter of children is haunted with their still memory, love, as if in consolation, brings all its wealth again to the comrades of many years. Its great gamut is not full till it has soothed with its warmest presence the loneliness of age and the nearness of the Great Enemy. Those who knew it as desire knew only the root and flesh of it; the soul of it remains now, with every questionable element cleansed away. In this re-mating of old hearts the spiritual flowering of the body's hunger is complete.

Such is the cycle of love. See it again at a glance—in the merging cells of tiny protozoa, in the violent passion of the beast, in the savage's crude lust, in the brooding and melting



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eyes of youth, in the letters of Héloïse or Francesca's tale, and in the old couple who tremble with happiness as their children and their children's children gather to honor half a century of love. What could be more wonderful than that transformation, that slow rise from the magnetism of the elements to the poetry of adoration and the loyalty of life's span? Once more one recalls Santayana's profound and noble words: "Everything ideal has a natural basis, and everything natural has an ideal development." Let love be unashamed of its origins, and let desire be mortified if it does not mount to devotion.

It was love's philosopher, Plato, who said: "He whom love touches not walks in darkness." La Place, dying, rebuked the friends who tried to console him with the fame of his discoveries and his books; these, he assured them sadly, were not the important things in life. "What then?" they asked. And the old scientist, fighting for one more breath, answered, "L'amour."

All things must die, but love alone eludes mortality. It leaps over the tombs, and bridges the chasm of death with generation. How brief it seems in the bitterness of disillusion; and yet how perennial it is in the perspective of mankind!—how in the end it saves a bit of us from decay, and enshrines our life anew in the youth and vigor of the child! Our wealth is a weariness, and our wisdom is a little light that chills; but love warms the heart with unspeakable gladness, even more when it is given than when it is received. All other things are futile; let us cherish it.

Companionate Marriage

(Continued from page 67)

into the round of hectic, dangerous petting that is the order of the day. I believe that I would get more sleep at night!

I have one friend who has been engaged for fifteen years. Apparently her fiancé has become so accustomed to the present arrangement that, for all any of us know, he intends to keep her waiting fifteen years more! Meanwhile the best years of her life have slipped by; she has been the target of amused contempt and pity.

Perhaps fifteen years is an exceptionally long time for an engagement, but there are many boys and girls who must wait five and six years or more before they can marry. Too often the reason is that the girl must be "supported in the manner to which she has been accustomed."

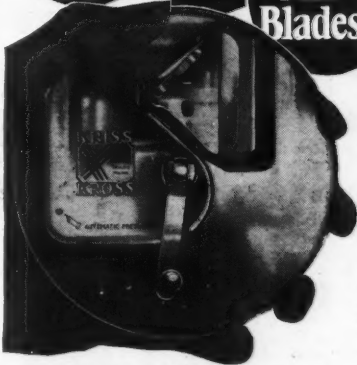
In many instances her parents go on supporting her anyway. Why shouldn't they add their contribution to her household purse, even though she be married? Or, if she is self-supporting, why shouldn't she continue to be, and get married too, if this will contribute to her happiness? With his years of experience in dealing with adolescent behavior, Judge Lindsey has come to the conclusion that much of the modern promiscuity, prostitution, disease, crime and general unhappiness arises because marriage has been delayed too long.

One of the most pathetic examples among my personal friends is that of a girl I shall call Barbara. Barbara was a stenographer, a competent, keen, alert young woman in her early twenties, a stunning-looking girl, in excellent health, popular with men and women.

She made what is termed "a good match," marrying a young man who, for a small town, held a responsible and prominent position, socially as well as vocationally. Barbara's home, and furniture, and clothes, and parties, and babies—and, no doubt, Barbara's husband—aroused no small amount of admiration and envy.

However, her husband's health gave out from overwork, and he was forced to change his position for outside employment. Either he was unsuited to this type of work or he ran into a streak of hard luck, but whatever the cause, try as he might, he simply couldn't

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make it go. He began to borrow money. He sank deeper and deeper into debt. They lost their home. They moved into a cheaper neighborhood, into rented quarters. They suffered the humiliation of seeing their beloved familiar things auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Their oldest little boy, a dandy little fellow just eight years old, died one Christmas morning. Perhaps, if they had been able to afford more competent care and doctors, he might have been saved. They moved into a cheaper, shabbier neighborhood—two furnished rooms.

Barbara has aged ten years. Her splendid health is broken. Her husband seems to have lost the morale required to fight on.

But why, you ask in amazement, didn't my friend Barbara try to get work as a stenographer to help her husband? Pride is the answer. Her husband's pride. His place in society. His lodges. His church. His friends. His wife work? Why, what would people say? He'd rather starve, and, incidentally, have his wife and children starve with him. I suppose Barbara loves her husband and respects his wishes, and knows that if she went against them in trying to obtain work, that would be the end of their marriage.

Do I want my daughter to face poverty, debt, humiliation? Not if there is any possible way that she might even *chance* to avoid it! In a companionate marriage it would be understood beforehand that the wife was expected to share and help with the livelihood. She would be allowed to keep her own identity, instead of being forced to suffer because of a man's pride.

The economic problem sometimes works the other way. About a year ago the front pages of the newspapers were covered with the sordid details of the Nesbit murder case.

No doubt the details of that horrible murder are still clear—how "Fran" and "Jake" had grown up as sweethearts, attended school together, and after they were married, worked together in the same line of business—selling kitchen appliances, if I remember correctly. But the significant fact was that Mrs. Nesbit excelled at this; she was a better salesman than her husband, even as she played a better game of golf. She even taunted him with these facts.

Friends testified that this led to frequent and bitter quarreling. One morning Jake Nesbit reported that he had found his wife brutally murdered. For something like nine days or so he joined in the search for her murderer, then confessed that during one of their quarrels concerning her superiority over himself, he was seized with a "red rage" and murdered his wife. Now, these young people were college graduates, well-thought-of, intelligent, apparently normal in every way. I cannot help but wonder whether they could not have found out in time that their temperaments could not endure the proximity of the marriage relation, if they had had the advantages of a companionate marriage.

Another shocking tragedy that came closer to my observation was the sudden suicide of a woman very dear to me. Phyllis was a shy, reserved little person, with an extremely sensitive nature. She had led as sheltered a life as though she had been in a convent, so that she was swept off her feet by the very first man who made love to her. After an impetuous, short "courtship" they were married. He entertained her on their honeymoon by telling her the details of his affairs with other women. Phyllis tried to persuade herself that this was "the way of men," and that he would be different now that he was married. She lived with him for twelve years, enduring his "amours," of which he continued to boast, even though she had lost all respect and love for him.

Finally he told her that he had met another woman, younger and prettier than she, of course, and quite calmly asked her to "move out." Her friends and her family tried to persuade her to get a divorce, but she felt that she could not face such an ordeal. And she was convinced that she could not, *ought* not, when, later, to her despair, she found that after

twelve years of marriage she was going to have a child.

She hoped that this would exert a new influence on her husband, but when she told him, he said he couldn't be bothered now with a child! So grief-stricken that she did not know how to go on living, she killed herself.

If my daughter should ever find herself married to such a man, I would rather know that she need not go on with it, that such a marriage could be dissolved quietly, with no disgrace to herself, without the stigma that still exists in some communities today. It could be, if she tried a companionate marriage first.

An even more pathetic tragedy involved a case of too much money rather than too little. Louise, one of my boarding-school chums, a beautiful, talented girl, for whom one certainly would have predicted a brilliant future, fell in love with a young millionaire. Strange to say, she was afraid to marry him because of his money.

He came to her one day to urge an immediate marriage, confessing that a woman with whom he had been intimate in the past was threatening to make trouble. Louise sent the young man away, saying that she would never see him again and bidding him marry the other woman. Perhaps she did not expect that he would comply with her wishes immediately. But he did, and when, within a day or two, the news of his marriage reached Louise, she realized that she had ruined his life as well as her own.

Louise suffered a nervous collapse and was several years in recovering from it. She was considering marriage again, but favored a trial marriage so that she would be sure she was making no mistake. However, she could not persuade her mother to see her view-point and she did not want to grieve her. This marriage also proved a most unfortunate one. The man was much older, bookish; he left her to brood by herself, until, experiencing another breakdown, she lost her mind completely. Today she is in a state insane asylum. The doctors claim that if she could have had a normal, happy marriage she would not have lost her mind.

I wonder if her mother had the chance now to let her try a companionate marriage whether she would not gladly consent to it.

I hope and believe that if Joyce does try a companionate marriage it will be lasting, but I would rather have her enter upon several such marriages than have her go through life without her full meed of happiness. With the lies and deception and publicity usually necessary today in order to procure divorce, it takes a person with an exceptional amount of courage to keep on fighting for successive opportunities to grasp happiness. I believe companionate marriage will obviate untold suffering.

There are perfect marriages. And only in deeply rooted married love can one find unqualified contentment and joy, and the security necessary so that children of the union may grow into dependable citizens.

I think of the many unhappy marriages of which I know, the cat-and-dog fighting, the poverty, the disillusionments, the divorces, people living together who lack the courage to face legal separation. I observe the tragedy of the children brought up in such environments, the murders, the suicides, the disasters that might be avoided.

After all, Joyce is a free person. I remember so well the first time I held her in my arms, when I thrilled to the thought that she was really mine, to love, to guide and to protect. But I recall the more overpowering thought—that she was a thing apart from me, a separate entity. Although I was to possess the responsibility of saying "yes" and "no" to her, I never could really bear her burdens and solve her problems.

All I can do—all any mother can do—is to do my utmost to help her. No, I shall not care "what people say." If companionate marriage would help to solve her problems, and my daughter wants to try it, I shall not stand in her way.

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An Episode at Pintail Lake

(Continued from page 33)

practically to the same thing; was altogether a peevish failing dyspeptic bundle of walking symptoms, forever coddling himself and forever dosing himself. Surely Gaul should not have to wait long for his reward.

But perversely the hypochondriac hung on. He gave up active business; he gave himself over to playing seemingly conflicting parts—the part of a semi-invalid, and the part of a persistent gunner of wild fowl, which last was a sport of his youth, a thing dropped for business and now taken up again with almost a passionate avidity.

This naturally wore heavily on Gaul. It irked him, all this tramping about to boggy, cheerless, isolated wild places; the lying-out in all weathers; the uncongenial and uncomfortable surroundings; the banging-away at shy but stupid web-footed birds; the enforced constant society of an irritable, peppery, intolerant master—for Pettigrew, who had few friends and no intimates, would have Gaul and none other for a companion on his expeditions.

Gaul's patience wore out. He thought of poison—some slowly consuming drug to be slipped into the medicines Pettigrew forever was taking. But he discarded that half-formed plan. He builded a better one and he stayed his eager hand only until time and plan and conditions should match favorably with the purpose.

Largely through chance the opportunity came. Earlier in this present month of October Pettigrew took him to Reelfoot Lake for the beginning of the open season on migratory game. But the weather still was mild—too mild to stir the flocks out of the marshes of the Northern resting-grounds.

At this juncture there happened along a fellow sportsman from somewhere in northern Alabama—a gentleman named Scopes—who told Mr. Pettigrew of a small unfrequented lake situate not very far above what he called the Big Bend of the Tennessee River, where for unfathomed reasons and despite climatic conditions there was a fairly dependable early flight of black duck and teal. Later would come swarms of the greenheads and the pintails, from which latter creatures this lake took its name. Within moderation, he felt he could guarantee Mr. Pettigrew, going thither, would find satisfactory sport.

He went further. The town where he lived was not very many miles away from this lake. He paid a nominal sum yearly for the exclusive shooting privileges here. He offered to transfer his rights to Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Gaul, to lend his equipment and to write a letter arranging with a widow who owned a farmhouse near by for their entertainment.

Mr. Pettigrew accepted with thanks. So the upshot was that he and Gaul packed up and traveled by train to Paducah and there boarded a sternwheel packet, the Lady Slidell.

The Lady Slidell on the day before had delivered them at a small landing and a native with a buckboard had carried them and their belongings to the homestead of the accommodating widow near a crossroads known as Starbuck's Store. In the afternoon they tramped through thick woods to the lake for a preliminary survey.

It revealed itself as a longish narrow body, encompassed with tall timber and around its edges with dense undergrowth in which there was but one tiny break and that where the footpath broke through. In times of high water it was joined, top and foot, to the river—not exactly a phenomenon in these parts, as they had learned. Very probably it once upon a prehistoric time had been a part of the bed of the river.

To Gaul's eyes it was a forbidding and altogether desolate spot, but Pettigrew liked the

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deserted looks of it. Its isolation should suit the wild fowl. Therefore it suited him.

It had at least one distinction not common to such waters but common enough to tidal estuaries. Offshore above the solitary blind and therefore nearer the head, there stood a fish-weir made, according to a familiar pattern, of tall poles set very closely together with one long slightly curved arm extending out across the current and the other bending in and forming an enclosed pouch, the whole being, roughly, in the shape of the Arabic numeral 9, with the joint not quite closed where the loop met the backbone.

Scopes had told them of the existence of this trapping device. A former owner of the place had built it, using the peeled trunks of straight willow saplings cut out of the adjacent swamps, his hope being that, in the time of the spring freshets, quantities of marketable large fish, schooling in from the river, would be pocketed here and held as prisoners until he seized them out. The venture, though, had never paid and had been abandoned, but the ragged ramparts still stood.

Against their outer flanks driftwood had been deposited by succeeding overflows, until the accumulated mass formed rude rafts and platforms. The serried tips, standing yards above the present stage of water, were favorite perching places for fish-eating birds. Here they would sit, like sparrows on fence-pickets, to watch with cocked heads, and then to dart down and catch the impounded small fry.

On this afternoon nearly every slender pile had its feathered tenant. There were: chuckling kingfishers not yet driven down country by the withheld threat of winter; there were silent herons, both great and small; there were a few pouncing herring-gulls, they being the advance-guards for the hosts which soon would swarm in from the regions of the Great Lakes; there were two dingy water-turkeys, rare visitors these, from the semitropical bayous far south of here; there was an even rarer casual out of the same quarter—a lone brown pelican strayed far inland from his accustomed habitat in the brackish bays or the bitter salt of the Gulf. There was a pair of fish-hawks cruising overhead and there was a solitary largish black forager flapping about awkwardly, a creature of a species which Gaul, idly eying the greedy assemblage, could not identify. But then he was no ornithologist.

Money was what he loved, not nature; and especially he did not love such phases of nature as now presented themselves to his view. But in one regard he was pleased. For he saw that his chance was at hand. This lonesome unvisited place was as though made to order for his well-nursed and long-delayed design.

And when this morning he had awakened to find everything wrapped in thick woolly fog-iness, a vapory blanket against sight and a muffler for sound, he rejoiced inwardly. They had been called at four-thirty o'clock; had breakfasted in a lamp-lit kitchen with their sleepy hostess serving them, and long before the retarded daylight came, had trudged through the cloaking grayness across a field and had entered a narrow trail where wet cold bushes whipped at their legs. He bore his gun, also a heavy case of shells, a luncheon and a jug of water for drinking. Old Pettigrew went ahead of him, carrying only a gun, and thereby the more surely sealed his own death warrant. His bottled hate made the laden and laboring Gaul fairly writhe as he followed close behind.

Coming down to the lake's margin they had to feel their way. It was by stumbling against it that Pettigrew, still in advance, found the skiff snubbed up to bank.

The older man climbed in and went astern. The younger cast off the tether, took the oars and pulled out, aiming as best he could for a point diagonally opposite, where the well-sheltered blind should be. Largely by luck, they blundered headlong into it and disembarked and made ready against the further lifting of the fog and the coming of the game. Gaul set out the decoys.

The fog lifted or at any rate it thinned. But

it was after eight o'clock before in the murk about them they caught the *swish-swish*, like tough silk being torn crosswise, of swift wings. Directly overhead, and by reason of an optical illusion due to the atmospheric conditions, seeming to be twice their proper size, suddenly appeared a brace of ducks. They loomed an instant, swung, disappeared, then wheeled back into sight, poised and hovered, their pinions set and they ready to pitch in.

Pettigrew fired his right barrel and the second bird crumpled and tumbled down with a splash perhaps ten yards in front of their ambush. He laid his empty gun aside, wriggled out from behind the blind and splashed through the shallows.

"Well, anyhow, I got one," he said. "Why didn't you shoot?"

These were his last words. He stooped to pick up the dead bird and, with that, Gaul after just one lightning-swift fit of hesitation, one instantaneous flicker of his will, let him have it in back of the head and dropped him.

But strangely he lived. He must have a skull like iron. Face downward in the water, he wallowed and kicked spasmodically—like a speared frog, like a hooked fish. His shoulders heaved, he thrust up his mangled head and started a strangled gurgling cry. He began it but he never finished it. Gaul broke through the blind, advanced, stood directly behind him and with the muzzle almost touching, gave him the contents of the tight-choked left-hand barrel right between the shoulders. So of course after that he did not stir again.

Right there Gaul had displayed that first flash of quick-wittedness upon which, looking back on it, he might congratulate himself. How expedient he had been about reshaping the plan—how marvelously swift! For beforehand it had been his intention to claim he had killed by accident. The remorseful grief-stricken explanation of it already had been framed and mentally many times rehearsed—the fatal and ever-to-be-regretted moment of carelessness, the stumbling of an unwary foot, the involuntary tightening of a numbed trigger-finger on a touchy trigger. Every day nearly in the hunting season you read just that self-same story in the city papers. Some days you read it twice or oftener even.

But here was a difficulty: To account for one mortal wound in the dead body would be easy enough; to account for two such wounds and both of them inflicted from the rear, would be impossible. Instantly though, or so now it in retrospect seemed to him, this most resourceful of assassins remolded his scheme. He would weight the body with the heavy shell-box and sink it in a deep part of the lake. In places the lake was very deep. This fact he knew by hearsay; he would prove it by making soundings. Then he would hurry back to the cross-roads with a tale of a boat overturned, of the drowning of his unfortunate benefactor, of his own narrow escape. Why, indeed, this should make infinitely a better tale than the other.

He drew the skiff from its hiding in the slushy reed-grown herbage alongside the blind and shoved it out to where the flattened corpse was sprawled in shallows now vividly distempered. Taking care to get little or no blood on his garments, he lifted the body into the stern of the skiff. He had no trouble in huddling it on the floor-boards below the level of the gunwale.

He put in also the shell-case and the two guns, got in himself and took the oars and pulled out through the cloaking fog which opaquely exaggerated everything—distances, the sizes of objects, the shapes of them. He meant to use the hitch rope of the skiff for fastening the shell-case to Pettigrew's middle.

He pulled with steady strokes. He must be in the middle of the lake or near it, when raisings of a new and a terrible sort beset him. Suppose, dragging for the corpse, they grappled it fast and hauled up the dumb yet eloquent evidence to hang him? Suppose it somehow was freed from its anchorage and rose? Suppose there was a way of draining

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this lake? One overlapping another, these
dreadful contingencies raced across his mind
and the blood flowing to his heart seemed sud-
denly to stop short and curdle.

He threw up his head as though to clear his
brain of fumes and by that motion found the
answer for his problems, for in that same in-
stant he remembered having read somewhere,
years and years before—perhaps it was in
Dickens he read it—how formerly in England a
suicide was buried where two highways met,
with a stake driven through the heart.

Not a hundred yards from him and, by rea-
son of a providential rift in the fog, more or less
distinctly visible, a whole army of stakes
showed themselves; a geometric pattern of
them, protruding at gentle slants above the
misty surface of the waters. They angled out-
ward and toward him forming a sort of irregu-
lar, slightly-tilted palisade. A considerable
number of them, especially those which formed
the wing of the ruined weir, were shifted from
true alignment with their fellows. Indeed a
few had vanished altogether, leaving spaces
like gaps in a row of snaggy teeth. If some
were gone altogether it stood to reason that
some of the others must be loosely rooted in
the loamy bottom.

He pulled across there, frightening away a
mixed flock of the birds which, as he had casu-
ally remarked yesterday, made this their hunt-
ing-ground. Steering up alongside, he tried
certain experiments. They were most gratify-
ing experiments. The interwoven driftjam
contained sizable sawlogs, strayed cross-ties,
trunks of fallen trees. At this point and again
at that it snugly was fixed. It teetered and
quivered under pressure but would sustain
him, would give him a reasonably secure foot-
ing. He tested it and knew it would.

Climbing out on it and balancing himself
cautiously, he found that by exercising due
care he could walk to and fro along it. He did
this, meanwhile holding the painter of the bur-
dened skiff securely, and at once dislodged from
a crevice that special accessory to his new de-
sign for which he sought—a length of tree
bough, water-soaked, solid enough to with-
stand hard strokes, heavy enough to serve him
either as battering-ram or hammer. And also
by feeling, he discovered, just where accident
or age had made those intermittent spaces be-
tween the stakes, one stake which could be
lifted out of its present position.

He did lift it out in a series of tugs, after hav-
ing forcibly freed it from its socketing in the
tenacious mud of the lake bed. Heaving it up,
foot by foot, he saw that at its base it was
sharpened to a point, as he had expected it
would be. It had been displaced; it could
readily be replaced and with blows upon its top
given a firmer position than before and no hu-
man eye, however keen, be ever the wiser.
Finally, for the simplification of his task there
was this to be said—the body he meant to pin
and shove under and press flat at the foot of
his stake already was bored through and
through.

It was here that for a brief ghastly spell a
surge of nausea made him weak and dizzy. It
passed though, immediately, and did not re-
turn. At the end of twenty minutes or so, the
main job being completed, he reentered the
rowboat and drawing away a few yards con-
templated his handiwork for any betraying
flaws. There was no flaw. There was not the
slightest difference by which to distinguish that
one particular pile from the piles which neigh-
ored it right and left. What hideous trans-
fixed secret it held so securely submerged ten,
twelve feet down beneath the placid coffee-col-
ored waters would still be his secret and his
alone long after the tissues vanished and the
skeleton parted and the bones sank into the
soft ooze. Now let them drag and probe and
scrape to their deluded hearts' content.

He rowed back to mid-lake, diagonally front-
ing the blind, and thereabouts, with an oar
plunged straight downwards so that his arm
was wetted to the shoulder. He made sound-
ings until the paddle blade no longer touched
bottom. By taking bearings from the shore,

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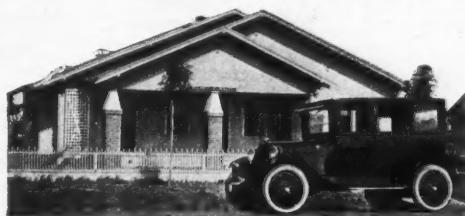
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now more plainly seen as a rising breeze carded the mist, he marked this spot. He meant to return to it. He did return after he had rowed into a small eddy above the blind and, standing knee-deep in water, had tilted the skiff on its side and painstakingly had washed it clean of all its fresh red stains.

Then, once more taking along his gun and Pettigrew's and the shells, he went back where he had sounded the depths and cast these articles overboard. But before that, standing in the blind, he had reloaded both guns and for support of his revised narrative had fired either set of barrels in rapid succession into the air.

He sent one oar adrift here. With the other he sculled his way nearer the bank and climbed overboard in water which was thigh-deep on him. He set the remaining oar free, capsized the skiff and gave it a strong push outward, then held his breath and stooped under, submerging himself entirely. His cap he allowed to lift off his head so that his scalp got thoroughly wet along with the rest of him. He waded ashore, being careful to emerge at a point where he stepped upon springy vegetation which recorded no foot-traces, and ran, bareheaded, to give the alarm.

And now here he was, pouring the water out of his boots, and the thing was finished and it all so fool-proof and so perfect!

Three days went by, then four, then five, and little happened except that Gaul sent messengers across country to the nearest railroad point with telegrams for divers of the dead man's kin and for the executors of the estate. Answers came back and were relayed to him, but none of the senders appeared. They would leave in Gaul's competent hands the melancholy efforts to reclaim the remains of deceased; the wires so stated. This suited Gaul.

He spent the daylight of these five days at Pintail. To the searchers he made it appear that merely a natural anxiety over their failure to recover his friend's body concerned him. He watched while they set off their futile, foolish blasts of dynamite, and inwardly laughed at them behind the mask of a face set to show a deep concern. The explosions created a heavy mortality among the fishes but that was all. A grapnel brought up one of the guns but the other gun and the shell-case remained unfound.

Also Gaul watched Uncle Joe Sam Flint. That venerable person took no active part in these vain proceedings but appeared content to moon about the shores of the lake, a solitary comic figure, always with his gun on his shoulder or in the crook of his elbow.

Once, on an afternoon toward the end of the week, Gaul suffered a passing qualm of apprehensiveness when he beheld the old man on the low bank immediately overlooking the abandoned fish-trap. At once though he was able to convince himself that he had no cause for trepidation because about all Flint did—and he did it for at least two hours—was to sit near the water's edge and smoke a pipe and contemplate his surroundings.

He did do just one thing besides these things and that, to Gaul's way of thinking, was a characteristically stupid thing. He pulled up and fired toward the flocks hovering and darting among the pilings. He didn't hit anything, though. At the shot the frightened birds sped away but presently returned to their foraging and shortly after this their disturber betook himself away.

This triviality befell on the afternoon of the fifth day. On the morning of the sixth day, it being a Saturday, only four volunteer searchers appeared, and they knocked off at noon and went to their homes to eat their dinners. Gaul himself was preparing to go to his boarding-place at the widow's when Uncle Joe Sam came trudging up and hailed him.

"Mister," he said, in his friendly nasal drawl, "I wonder would you mind much again' out thar jest onc' more with me and show me perzactly whar it were you turned over and all. I'll pull the boat. You see, I've got a kind of a new idee about this here."

Gaul didn't mind. So they boarded the skiff,

he sitting in the stern facing the oarsman, and they cruised over a given radius and patiently Gaul, perhaps for the fiftieth time that week, repeated his mythical narrative.

"I reckon that'll be enough," Flint said presently, "and much oblige' to you, Mister." He gave a hard shove on the oars, then another and a third.

"Hold on," said Gaul, glancing backward over his shoulders. "You're getting off your course, aren't you? We're going away from the bank, not for it."

"I aim to head this here way," explained Flint. "That there old fish-cage jest yonder—that's whar I'm headin' fur."

"But why?" Gaul strove to keep any suggestion of uneasiness out of his query.

"Oh, I got another little idee, tha's all. Look at them there near'most stobs stickin' up thar. Count 'em, please, startin' frum this end till you come to the 'leventh'."

"I see it—what of it?" Gaul's voice was steady, careless, but the beginnings of a terrible premonition smote on the killer's nerves.

"Well, I aim—ef you don't mind?—to land at that drift-pile and let you out. And then, ez a special favor to me—you bein' younger'n I am and lots pearter—I'm agoin' to ast you, please, Suh, to take holts of that there 'leventh stob and sort of rastle it loose fur me."

Gaul tensed himself for a spring. It was too late for that. Uncle Joe Sam had released his grips on the oars; they trailed in the oar-locks. He had his gun up ready to snap its butt to his shoulder; its muzzle, slowly lifting, almost brushed Gaul's breast.

"Mebbe"—the old man's tone was gentleness itself—"mebbe, Mister, thar's some reason why you wouldn't keer to pull up that thar stob, heh? Well, then, which would you rather do—have me hold this here fuzee on you and make you pull it up whether or no, or else whilst us two is settin' here with nobody else handy, would you rather tell me whut's fastened down underneath at the foot of it?"

In the terror which had seized on him and was shaking him to pieces, Gaul misinterpreted the motive behind this last. Could it mean this grim old man wanted pay for silence? It must mean that. It had to mean that. He caught at the hope it seemed to offer.

"I—I'll tell you," he cried, "tell you everything!" He did tell, in halting broken sentences, and by the time he had finished telling, the skiff before a puffy wind had drifted ashore at a point not very far from where the footpath broke through the frost-painted woods.

"This'll do fast rate fur a landin'," stated Flint. "Fur the time bein' I reckon we'll jest let that thar stob be. I reckon that'll suit you best. We'll get out here—you fust, please, and stand stiddy, till I kin crawl out." He made no threats, but his gun-barrel was eloquent.

Had he tried, Gaul couldn't have run though. His legs were like columns of soft gelatin under him, and in his ears like a clashing gong he heard doom ringing, and he had a hideous choked feeling as though a noose was about his throat. In a way of speaking, a noose was.

Obedying a command—but it was in the form of a request most mildly and politely put—he set his hands behind his back and crossed them and Uncle Joe Sam lashed them together with the tie-rope of the skiff. So doing, his captor apologized for the lack of proper bonds:

"I ordered me a set of handcuffs the same time I got me my badge and all. Cost eight dollars, too. The badge come and the diplomacy, but they ain't never sent them handcuffs yit. I'm sorry."

He scooped a palmful of lake water and let it trickle on the knot to shrink it tighter. He wrapped the free end of the rope about his left wrist, leaving perhaps three yards of tether between him and his prisoner. They turned inland.

"Them boys up at the store—they certainly have been thinkin' they had the laugh on me." The old man chuckled softly. "They'll be laughin' 't'other sides of their mouths! . . . Not that way, please, Mister," he said then. They had come to where the trail forked under

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the bluff. "We take the right-hand turn. You see," he added painstakingly, as though feeling an explanation were due, "you see, I wouldn't dast take you out past Starbuck's. Them boys mout not feel prone to string you up jest fur killin' yore friend the way you done, but I'm afeared they mout git the notion of takin' you away from me and stringin' you up fur the way you treated him after he was dead. That would rile 'em up—and then them workin' so long and so hard on your say-so fur nuthin'."

"So we'll just dodge off here to the right and seven miles'll bring us to the county-seat. We got a nice new county jail over thar. It's a right smart piece fur you to have to walk, but we'll jest jog along slow and take it easy. We'll have to, account of my old laigs."

But it was the old man and not the younger who shambled up the slope and on into the tall timber. Gaul's chin lolled on his breast and at intervals hard shivers ran through him—through his legs, his body, his twisted pinioned arms. Not once again during the long journey to the new county jail did he speak.

Flint did, though, several times. For example, he presently said: "Mister, mebbe you'd like to know how 'twuz I come to ketch on? Well, I'll tell you. It wuzn't nothin' you said nor nothin' you done. You wuz purty smart, purty slick about it. I got to give you credit fur that. It wuz somethin' you didn't have no hand in, Mister. It wuz a bird!"

"Yes, Suh, believe it or not jest ez you're a mind to, that's whut it wuz—a bird. A crow, leastwise a kind of a crow. Not one of them reg'lar crows sich ez is so thick round these parts all the year round, but a bigger kind than whut they air and diffe'nt in his ways. F'r instance, now, he ain't so sharp after cawn and hen-aigs ez they are. Seems like his taste runs more fur spilled vittles—carrion and stuff like that, same ez a buzzard's does. I reckon he ain't no keener eye than a buzzard's fur somethin' that's dead, but his smellin' powers is whar he seems to have the aidge on all of 'em. And smart—it's like ez ef he had second sight."

"He's an old residerter, same ez me. He's been hangin' round this lake fur years now—three or four anyways. He ain't got no mate and I reckon he'd 'a' pulled out long before this only he's got somethin' chronic the matter with one wing and can't fly so very good. It's a wonder to me how he come to git away in here in the first place because he don't rightly belong to a country like this."

"A feller that was in here gunnin' two seasons ago, he told me about him. This here feller I'm speakin' of knowed the book names fur birds and all, even ef he hadn't steddied 'em cios't the way I have, and he says to me that this here crow rightly belonged fur away from here—by the ocean side. Sea-crow—that's whut he called him. He 'lowed he must 'a' strayed mighty fur from headquarters. He marveled about it, he did so . . . Jest a minute, Mister, I want to kind of ketch up with my breathin'. Got a kind of stitch in my laig, too."

There was a very short halt, then they went on, the leash drooping and swaying between them, and he droned on:

"Yes, Suh, it's likely I wouldn't never 'spic-ioned nothin' out of the way ef it hadn't been fur that selfsame old crow. We've got to thank him. At the fust, I jest hung round because it seemed like to me, me havin' tuck up detecatin', that it wuz my place to be on hand whilst this here drownin' business wuz goin' on. That's the main reason I stayed round. But natchelly I kept my eyes peeled and day before yistiddy 'twas, I tuck note of him—the way he wuz actin' and all. I reckon ef I'd seen him onc't before that I'd seen him a thousand times, but now he wuz actin' funny—fur him."

"Here's whut he wuz doin'. He wuz settin' constant on one of them stobs on that old fish-trap along with the kingfishers and the creek cranes and all like that. I knowed whut they wuz thar fur—to ketch 'em some live feed—but whut wuz he thar fur? That's whut floored me. Because he ain't no great hand fur minnows and sunfish. Ef he's goin' to eat fish he'd ruther it'd be washed up on the bank, good and dead."



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"But thar he wuz, and somehow I couldn't keep frum watchin' him and I thinks to myself: 'Whut're you up to, anyway?' And after a spell I noticed yit another funny thing about him. I notice that he's stickin' to jest one stob all the time.

"The other birds is flappin' hither and yon, and lightn' fust one place and then another, but he ain't—no, Suh. And by grannies, the next I sees is that he's peckin' away, peckin' away with that old big black bill of his'n at the top of that stob like he's tryin' to get at somethin' down in it.

"All that night it stuck in my haid. I like to figger out whut wild things mean when they do a seemin'ly curious thing, because, shore ez shootin', they've always got a sensible meanin' to it. So yestiddy when I come back I looked fur him right off. And shore enough thar he sets on that same stob of his'n and he's peckin' away harder'n ever, seems like. So in the evenin' I tuck a turn round the end of the lake and crope up clost'er and now I could hear him fussin' to himself between licks.

"I comes out in the open whar he kin see me and still he don't fly away—which ain't like him. So I sets and I steddies and I steddies and after while I says to myself: 'That there stob he's foolin' with wuz pethy to begin with, it bein' a willow, and its grain runs straight up and down. Mo'over, it's been assettin' thar in the water a long time so probably it's got deep seams in it and water-cracks. It don't stand

to reason,' I says to myself, 'that that thar old scound'el's tuck a sudden fancy fur willow chips.'

"And right then and thar the beginnin's of a big notion come to me. So I ups and shoots one barrel above him in the air but not clost'er enough to hit him. Away he goes lickety-split, but, by grannies, he don't go clean away, and that ain't like his nature, neither. He flops round and round and round and then purty soon back he comes, like he's cravin' and can't stay away and down he drops clost'er and clost'er—"

It was as though by his homely words this old man created a dreadful picture. It penetrated even through his sweated agony of despair to the numbed brain of the murderer so that he saw it and the damnation that was in it—this winged and ravenous undertaker, this black dreadful bird of nemesis, cawing, circling, hovering, descending to worry and tear with a strong greedy beak at the porous tip of a willow stake—a certain stake, always one certain stake.

"Clos'ter and clos'ter he comes and lights ag'in and starts peckin' ag'in . . . And so that's how-come me to toll you out thar on the lake with me this mawnin' and try that little trick of mine on you, which it certainly worked out right, didn't it, now? . . . Them blame boys back at Starbuck's— Say, Mister, I kin shut my eyes and see the fool-looks on their faces!"

They Didn't Believe in Marriage (Cont. from page 89)

he is," supplied Dorinda, dimpling as she thought of Cecilia.

"No—not surprised," he said—thinking, obviously, of Dorinda.

And though still striving to be modest as ever Dorinda could see how he might say that. When, that is, she had switched on the lights in her apartment and turned to the mirror to see what he might have seen in her.

The mirror told her that she was lithe and lovely—all that any woman, even though devoted to a career, would want to look.

He was nice. Sweet. Why had she shut him off so abruptly? It might have been a bit of fun to play around a bit with him . . . But there she remembered Tony. She hadn't intended to marry him. Not at first.

Abruptly she removed her furs and hat. Dorinda, at twenty-eight, had learned just whither that vague restlessness, that very human ache for something undefinable that seems inseparable from the spring can lead one. Which, of course, made her very, very glad that she had been wise.

Yet when two days later she came home and discovered that what must be his book had been delivered, she opened the package at once without stopping to remove her hat or even glance at the other mail. She laid the book on the table, read the inscription to her and beneath it his name.

Richard Burton. She had a swift vision of his hard brown hand writing the signature before, as a second thought, she realized that until then she had not even known his name.

Abruptly she closed the book and prepared her dinner. When that was finished she picked up the book intending merely to run through the pages.

It was one o'clock when she laid the book down and she had read every one of its four hundred-odd pages. The man, without literary pretensions, could capture atmosphere, make one feel Africa, actually see it. The jungles, the swamps, the grassy plains. The mountains, snow-capped under tropical suns. The gorgeous-hued birds, flowers and butterflies.

The book had an epic swing too, for it told of the onward thrust of a human dream, materially expressed in a pair of gleaming rails that pushed into an unconquered continent's heart.

Of this he had been in charge. Therefore he must be good as an engineer. And a born pioneer and a mighty hunter as well.

As Dorinda laid the book aside she could understand why it had been published and why it was having a sale. Impulsively she seated herself at her writing-desk.

"Dear Mr. Burton," she wrote rapidly, "I enjoyed your book tremendously. Truly." There she bogged for a moment. Then, resuming her pen, rushed on. "Would a glimpse of my Gothic church plans be any recompense for the pleasure it gave me? If so, why not drop in for tea sometime? The only sometime I have at my disposal—at half-past four Sunday, say?"

To this she signed her name swiftly. After which she slipped out—a breath of air seeming desirable, so she told herself—and mailed it.

In the mail the next night she found his acceptance.

So, at four on Sunday, her living-room—tiny but deliciously intimate—had a swept and garished look. With daffodils for color.

"Quite crêpe de Chiney," approved Dorinda. And, satisfied, proceeded to make herself like-wise. She was still at the finishing touches when a little ahead of the time set the door-bell rang. She hastily crossed to the door. Prepared to strike the precise note she had decided upon. Easy cordiality and—

"Why—Tony!" she gasped. "I thought you were in Chicago."

"In town for the week-end," he informed her. "Down this way and thought I'd take a chance and see if you were in." And in he came, past her. "Lord, but you certainly look ripping," he informed her, shying his hat toward a chair. "Work must agree with you."

"It does," she assured him guardedly. There was that in his eyes which warned her that Tony, on the slightest provocation, might be up to his old tricks. "And with you, too. You've thinned out a bit, but you look much fitter—better every way."

He did. Tony's great danger was that he would be fat long before he was forty.

"Down to a hundred and fifty," he remarked. Then his eyes darkened in the same old familiar way, became swiftly intense. "Dorinda—"

"Have you seen Cecilia?" insinuated Dorinda quickly.

Tony, irritated, said something exceedingly impolite about Cecilia. "You know darn well I don't give a hoot about her," he rushed on impetuously. "You chucked me and—well, I suppose I wanted to hurt you if I possibly

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could. That was all there was to Cecilia."
"How deliciously chivalrous—both ways!"
commented Dorinda.

"Shucks," scorned Tony. "You know
Cecilia."

Dorinda did. And Tony too. He was
primed to play the rôle of Neanderthal man,
precipitate a crisis if he could.

"Listen, Tony," she began, trying to keep
her voice reasonable and persuasive, though she
felt more like choking him, "I can't spare a
second now. No—wait a minute, please.
Come back at six-thirty if you want to—we can
talk then."

He wavered, half hesitant.

"And have dinner at the old place if you
want to," she added recklessly—anything to
get him out of the apartment now.

"All right," he assented, and reached for his
hat.

But her respite proved short-lived.

"You're expecting somebody," he accused
swiftly. "Who?"

Dorinda's patience snapped. "None of
your darned business!" she retorted. "You
forget I'm no longer your wife." She stamped
her foot. "Will you please go?"

"So that's it!" flamed Tony. "And you told
me you were off men for life. And now—"

"Well, you said you were off women," she re-
minded him—which was not at all what she
intended to say.

Tony took a swift step toward her.
"Dorinda," he pleaded, with all the old,
familiar, unsteady huskiness, "is that it? Are
you trying to make me a little jealous? Do
you still care that much?"

"No, no, no!" she protested—and found
herself trying to thrust him off.

It was no use. He held her, his ardent lips
seeking hers. And—she might have known it
—he had been drinking.

The door-bell rang as she struggled. And its
discreetly muted note caused Tony to slacken
his hold on her for a second. During that
second Dorinda slipped away from him,
achieved the door.

"Will you go now?" she demanded.

It was plain, even before he spoke, that he
had no such intention. "Let's have him in
and look him over," he sneered.

To Dorinda, rumbled as to hair and high as
to color, there seemed nothing more to do save
open the door. "It was good of you to come,"
she murmured, striving for ease.

"It was good of you to have me," he an-
swered—and glimpsed Tony.

To introduce them was the only thing to do
and Dorinda did it. Taking a savage joy in
the fact that Richard Burton topped Tony by
a good two inches. Made him look fat and
pink and like a synthetic Pan. Joy because
she knew that Tony felt this too.

"Well, it's going to be exciting anyway," she
assured herself.

"I did enjoy your book so much," she told
Richard, supplementing that with a parenthetical
explanation tossed to Tony. "Mr. Burton
builds railways in Africa and hunts lions and
writes about both in a way that—well, I sup-
pose the critics would say 'grips the reader.'"

Tony, however, refused to be impressed.
"I've always thought I'd take a shot at hunt-
ing big game myself some day," he announced.

Dorinda would have been wise to let that
pass. But she couldn't. "Oh, my dear!" she
protested. "Think of how difficult it is for you
to get a decent cup of coffee—even in your own
home!"


Tony glared at her, then turned back to
Richard. "Isn't lion hunting fairly tame,
really?" he asked, suavely yet with a definite
note of challenge threaded through his voice.

"Not quite the sporting proposition it sounds,
the odds being all against the lions. I
mean that once in a hundred times a lion may
return to his wife and say, 'I bagged a nice big
hunter today, my dear.' The other ninety-
nine times it's the lion that is bagged, isn't it?"

"Tony," ran Dorinda's thought, "is going
to be nasty every chance he can get."

"Let's have tea," she suggested.

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They had tea, Dorinda handling cups and maneuvering the conversation away from whirlpools. She even discussed her own work and was forced to resort to what she had always referred to as the deadliest weapon a bore can use, the personal anecdote.

Richard smiled. Almost as if he found all that interesting—which was sweet of him. But, although it was only a little after five, he came to his feet, obviously about to take his leave. Dorinda offered no protest.

"I have enjoyed this immensely," Richard was saying, "and I thank you both."

"Don't thank me," replied Tony sardonically. "I'm only here on sufferance. Arrived quite unexpectedly, you see."

Dorinda bit her lip. One could not introduce a situation-saving anecdote at this instant, even if she had one more in her system. Which she hadn't. She could only strive to dimple her prettiest and offer the parting guest her hand.

"Drop in again sometime," she suggested politely.

"Thank you," he replied, as politely.

But he didn't mean it, had no such intention. She saw it in his eyes. She had closed the door behind him before—for the first time, surprisingly enough—she realized what must be in his mind.

Lest he get any false hopes about her as his *crêpe de Chined* ideal, she had deliberately let him think her still undivorced. Naturally he believed that Tony was her husband.

"And we certainly must have looked like man and wife to him," she revisualized agonizedly, "engaged in the wildest of marital scenes."

And what could he think but that it had been waged over his coming to tea? Tony's sneers; his final "I am only on sufferance here—arrived quite unexpectedly" must inevitably suggest a jealous husband who, planning to surprise his wife, finds her about to entertain another man at tea.

The impressions he must be carrying away with him! Dorinda could have wept almost. Instead, she whirled on Tony.

"I am very glad you came, after all," she told him, her voice deadly cold. "I knew that you were a spoiled child—"

"Because I spoiled the little party you had arranged for—with your new boy friend?" he gibed. "Why shouldn't I? He's not your type, my dear."

"I knew you were selfish," her voice lashed back mercilessly, "but I didn't know that you were—cheap. It hurts me now to think how cheap you must have been always."

It was cruel and she knew it. But she didn't care. And it served. He flushed darkly.

"If that's the way you feel—" he began.

"It is—absolutely," she assured him—and let him go without another word.

Which left Dorinda to her thoughts. Until, being Dorinda, the humor of it all came to her rescue. "I imagine he's had his fill of *crêpe de Chined* femininity for one afternoon anyway," she assured herself. "He must have wished he were back in Africa with his lions."

Whereupon she thrust daffodils to one side, placed the plans of her Gothic church on the table and began to work on them. And became so absorbed in them that she almost forgot masculine complications. Something definite to do is, as Dorinda had discovered, great medicine for whatever may bother you.

Nevertheless, it sometimes loses its potency. Such as when at four o'clock on the following Tuesday afternoon Dorinda, saying something she shouldn't, shoved her plans aside.

"It will never look right," she mourned. "It's going to look as if its nurse had let it fall in its youth."

That seemed probable. A preliminary sketch of the little Gothic church had been submitted to a building committee. They had said the idea was very good—but didn't the steeple rather suggest a Catholic church?

"I'm going for a walk," she informed herself abruptly. "My sense of humor needs air."

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toward the April blue, was the customary canyon of human activities. Dorinda started north, toward Central Park. At Forty-second Street she found herself checked by cross-town traffic. A second later she saw Richard Burton, realized that he did not see her, probably wouldn't.

On what she would have said was but the impulse of the moment, she put herself in his path and spoke to him.

"I'm in an awful mood," she warned him, without preface. "And I wouldn't have stopped you save that I think you should have an explanation—and perhaps an apology as well—for what I let you in for Sunday."

His eyes had lighted involuntarily at the sight of her; that she knew. But now, though smiling, they were well guarded.

"But isn't it I who should apologize?" he asked. "It must have been rather a blow, my being there, after he had come all the way to surprise you."

"He did surprise me," Dorinda admitted.

"But he wasn't invited—and you were. I don't know what the precise etiquette may be when a divorced husband drops in that way, but it seems to me that he was unnecessarily rude."

"A divorced husband!" he echoed. "You mean that—"

"Do you know," she slipped in sweetly, "I had an idea I didn't make myself quite clear the other day. About the husband in the office being divorced, you know. Not that it would have mattered, if Tony hadn't appeared as he did." She gave him a second to digest this. Then: "That's all there is—there isn't any more," she said. "And I mustn't keep you."

"Wait a minute," he begged in a very different voice. "Would you—could you let me walk along a bit with you?"

"I've warned you I'm in an awful mood—you'll be taking terrible chances," she reminded him.

But of course they walked. And talked. About the little Gothic church to begin with. He was very sympathetic about that.

"Men are—at first. Always!" Dorinda, the divorcee, reminded the Dorinda who wore her hat so cockily and swung along so zestfully.

"He would be anyway," retorted that Dorinda.

"That's what you thought before," the cynical Dorinda reminded her.

"Oh, I haven't the slightest intention of marrying the man," said the other Dorinda. "But after all, my dear, why should I make a nun of myself? Women need men just as they need garters. A man keeps the spirits from slipping down."

Neither of them mentioned Tony again. They had too many other things to talk about.

"I've wondered about Africa," suggested Dorinda. "Do you love it—or hate it?"

"It's hard to tell," he replied. "It gets you in some ways. You can't put it into words"—Dorinda thought he had done just that vastly well—"but in spite of everything—"

"Such as a lack of crêpe de Chined femininity?" contributed Dorinda lightly. And had begun another thought: "But couldn't you remedy that? I should think there might be some women who—"

"Would leap at the chance of marrying an obscure engineer—and occupying a tent for two somewhere in Africa?" he slipped in as lightly. Then his voice changed abruptly. "I'd never, never let any woman in for that," he assured her. "It's bad enough with its loneliness, its primitiveness and acute discomforts, for a man. For a woman it would be hades unmitigated." There was no question but what he meant it, absolutely.

"So you see," the crêpe de Chined Dorinda informed the divorced Dorinda, "neither of us believes in marriage."

The setting sun flooded the sky with saffron, the lights of the city dimmed the soft spring stars. They walked on, to discover with surprise how long and how far they'd walked. It was after six then.

"And I am famished," confessed Dorinda. She was not at all coquettish, but the April

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dusk—they were in Central Park—was. He glanced down at her.

"Could I persuade you to break bread with me?" he asked abruptly, in that voice and with that suggestion of breathless wisfulness that always presents white hyacinths to the feminine spirit.

Ever so briefly she hesitated. And then acquiesced. Why not?

"I'll remember this," he assured her as they sat with napery between them.

"When the swift-rising tropic moon dims the splendor of the new stars," she quoted from his book while her dimples danced.

"You did read it, at that," he glowed.

"I loved it," she told him with impetuous generosity. "It made me feel—how much you must." She considered that, then added, "I can't somehow see you lecturing about it—when you might live it."

"I'm not going to lecture," he told her. "I'd already decided that. Even before I got a cable yesterday summoning me back. I thought I had left everything running smoothly; but something has come up."

"Oh, then you're going—soon?"

"Sailing Saturday," he replied soberly.

They were both silent for a second. Then: "Sorry?" she asked lightly.

This he considered. "No, not exactly. New York is—"

"A great place to visit, but oh, how you'd hate to live here!" contributed Dorinda slipantly. She paused and then, being feminine after all, yielded to impulse. "And your crêpe de Chined femininity? Have you managed to secure your fill of it?" she asked.

Instead of answering at once he picked up a teaspoon and appeared to examine it carefully. Then his eyes lifted to meet hers.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," he said whimsically. "I wonder if you'll forgive me if I say that I think you are a little cynical about life—and men. Especially the latter."

"Especially the latter," she corroborated. "Why shouldn't I be?"

He let that pass. "You aren't just crêpe de Chined femininity," he went on. "You're not a type at all, but a very distinct and vital individual. I felt that the first time I saw you. I had then, as you must have suspected, a crazy notion that you might take pity on an outlander, play around with me. You looked—well, darned interesting."

"Thanks," acknowledged Dorinda. "What changed your mind?"

His eyes answered that though his lips did not. "I sail Saturday at noon," he reminded her. "Between now and then I'll have a great deal of time. You, of course, won't have much—if any. But if there should happen to be a spare moment or two—"

There he snagged. He might face man-eating lions but he couldn't ask for what he so plainly wanted. That touched Dorinda.

"I haven't stepped out in months," she announced abruptly. "And I'm sick of almost-Gothic churches altered to suit, or near-Colonial cottages which must include this and that. I—how good a party are you prepared to throw?"

"The sky will be the limit," he assured her eagerly. "Anything you want to see or do."

"Exactly—I'm to be crêpe de Chined! You've got something you want to get out of your system—what we might call a synthetic, imitation courtship, I suppose. Going through the motions. Flowers, candy, books and what not—for three days. Would that send you back to Africa happy?"

"Blissful," he assured her, his eyes glowing. Dorinda hesitated. The other, cynical Dorinda was vociferating, "Idiot, you know he won't be"—but why should she listen?

"You're going to sail Saturday, absolutely—no chance of postponement?" she demanded.

"Not a chance in the world."

"Then," said Dorinda coolly, "you're on."

"Do—do you mean it?"

"Why not?" asked Dorinda. "What true woman—sweetly—would pass up such a chance? Incidentally, while I don't care



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particularly for orchids, don't you dare send me anything else."

"And what," was his reply, "is the name of the most favored florist in New York? We'll drop in on the way to the theater."

"The theater? But I didn't say tonight."

"There are so many theaters—and so few nights," he reminded her.

It was midnight when he bade her good night. But the evening must have been time well invested because her chief the next morning remarked that the walk had evidently done her good.

"Oh, I'm taking a spring tonic as well," she retorted.

The best of tonics she found it. It was exhilarating after all these months devoted solely to business to return to her little apartment and instead of spending the evening poring over plans or books on architecture, to bathe swiftly, change to a man's conception of crêpe de Chine femininity and then snatch up gloves as the taxi waited below.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. They dined together every night, saw a play and even danced thereafter sometimes. Richard—she called him that as he called her Dorinda—played the game well. Never forgetting for a second that it was all just a whimsical bit of comedy.

And at the end—one o'clock Saturday morning—he stood with his nice head bared to the April night, offered her his hand and said:

"I'm not going to say a word more than 'thank you' at the moment, but perhaps sometime I'll be able to put into a letter to you just how much that means."

In his voice was a deep and thrilling sincerity. And the ache of the April night and all the moonlight nights that lay ahead of him in Africa. Dorinda felt it and thrilled to it.

But the driver of the taxi whom he had not dismissed merely yawned and wondered how long this was going to take. The guy, he saw, was offering the dame his hand but she didn't seem to see it that way. She stood there as if she wasn't ready to let him go yet.

This was precisely the truth. And that it was the truth is the more surprising in that Dorinda herself had planned just how and where he should say good-bye.

"On the pavement—while the taxi waits, my dear," she had informed herself. "It will save time and emotional strain on both of you."

The point was that she had not expected him to see it that way, too.

"Oh, send the taxi on its way and come up and smoke a farewell cigaret," she suggested.

Dark though it was, she saw his eyes leap. Even though, "But it's so late—and I mustn't keep you up," his lips protested.

Apparently Dorinda did not hear. She moved toward the entrance, waited just inside until he joined her.

"This is perfectly mad," the cynical Dorinda was vociferating but Dorinda didn't care.

The peace of her bright little living-room encompassed them. She motioned him to a chair, sank into one herself and thrust the cigarettes toward him.

"I'll smoke just one—then go," he said.

Dorinda offered no comment. She did not even look at him. Yet she was exquisitely conscious of him. And knew—if only because his fingers, usually so steady, shook a bit as they applied the match to his cigaret—that he was as exquisitely conscious of her.

There was a moment of silence. Presently Dorinda picked up an ivory paper-cutter from the table, turned it between her fingers.

"Aren't any of the men with you—the white men, that is—married?" she asked casually, though a pulse hammered curiously in her ears. She knew very well they were. That was in the book.

"Yes," he admitted. "And that is why I never permit myself to think of marriage."

"They are all as unhappy as that?"

"No. Doctor Whiting is happy enough and so is his wife. But she was a nurse before they were married. Inured to hardship. It's all high adventure to them both."

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"While your ideal woman must be *crêpe de Chine*," she commented. "What a pity!" "My ideal woman," he began explosively—and there stopped short. Smiling—if with a hint of strain—he crushed out his cigaret and rose.

"Oh, don't go just yet!" she protested. "This is getting interesting. I adore hearing men talk about their ideal women—they are always so very ideal, you know. No wonder they never meet them—have to compromise in the end."

He did not speak for a second. Then, "Are you being deliberately cruel?" he asked, white-lipped.

"Me?" echoed Dorinda, too innocently. "What have I to do with it?"

His eyes challenged hers. "Do you mean to say you don't know that from the moment I saw you it was you—or nobody—for me?"

The ivory paper-cutter snapped suddenly between her fingers.

"And decided, obviously, that it was nobody," she commented. She came swiftly to her feet. "That's true, isn't it?"

"You forget," he reminded her, obviously steadying his voice, "that I had no choice—or any chance. Even if I could offer you the things every woman should have. You made that clear to me. That this was only a little game, that you had your career, that you didn't believe in marriage anyway."

And that was true. But she was too feminine to let him have it so.

"And of course," she murmured, "I'm not the sort who would find Africa a bit of high adventure. I'm just *crêpe de Chine* fluff."

"You know you're anything and everything but that," he assured her passionately. And added, "Why do you make me say all this?"

"They call it *maximizing the ego*, don't they?" retorted Dorinda frivolously, though little thrills ran through and through her. "But I have devoted quite a lot of time to you these last three days. It seems as if I at least ought to have—the refusal of you. Don't you think so?"

The shaded light behind her made a nimbus of her hair, her face was beguilingly shadowed. Their eyes held for a moment. Then:

"Very well," he said grimly. "Will you marry me?"

Dorinda swiftly masked her eyes. "And leave New York, and my work—and my friends?" she murmured. "To go to Africa? Can you really see me doing that?"

"I can't," he replied with clipped brevity. "Well," retorted Dorinda, very coolly—though she felt anything but cool, "they do say that love is blind and that must be true. Because"—her voice hung in the air for a second as if poised there for a leap—"I can see myself doing just that, somehow."

He turned to her, wide-eyed. "You—you mean to say you'd marry me?" he gasped.

"I suppose I'd better," she replied. "Although I did ask all my friends to shoot me if they ever caught me even considering it."

"And—and go back with me?" he babbled, still incredulous. And plunged on to "Oh, Dorinda! Supposing you got there and hated it. Couldn't bear it."

"I suppose being a civil engineer you must cross your bridges long before you come to them," she commented, picking up a broken half of the paper-cutter. "But—mightn't there be compensations? I look very well in riding-breeches—and I get so few chances to wear them in New York. In Africa—"

She dropped the bit of paper-cutter, turned and faced him. "Oh, can't you see I haven't a darned thing to say about it anyway?" she demanded passionately. "That—that I'm not exactly bomb-proof myself? That—"

She did not finish. She merely lifted her lashes and let her unmasked eyes meet his. They surrendered her to him, left but one move possible to finish the game they had played.

They didn't believe in marriage. But there they were. And as her lips yielded to his, Africa and careers, Gothic churches and divorce were not.

Why Human Beings Fall Out with Each Other

(Continued from page 35)

have to throw it overboard lest I go mad. Could a stenographer work for a Robot? I know what I should demand of a bank president if I were a stenographer: one hundred percent efficiency. If he were human, so much the better; I could then warm up to my work, put my heart as well as my head into it. And that combination goes far. But if he were inefficient, negligent of his duties, toyed with his responsibility or lacked real ability, even though he were the most lovable employer conceivable I should have to fall out with him.

But if he were on a vacation and wanted to fish instead of answer his mail or wanted me to take care of it, well and good—I'd do my best. I expect certain behavior from a bank president; I am prepared for anything from a rich man on a vacation.

We acquire habits of expectancy. We learn to expect certain specific kinds of behavior from certain people or categories of people: when they behave otherwise we are upset; if we feel we just cannot stand their behavior, we fall out with them.

Habit of expectancy. For example, last June I met an old and dear classmate in my home town. As boys we were great friends, helped each other with our mathematics and worked out our Greek from the same "pony," belonged to the same literary society, the same "frat" and the same "gang." He was a good sport, a good debater, a good poker player. He could talk of Helen of Troy as well as Helen of Cincinnati. We had had great times together, we had fallen for each other.

We had not met for nearly forty years, yet after five minutes' talk we were at a standstill. He had gone in for real estate and loans—fine business, but over my head; I had gone in for mummies and such—all of which was over his head. Tut-ankh-amen meant nothing to him, much to me. He knows all he wants to know, but hasn't got all he wants; I've got enough, but know so little of what I want to know that I feel as poor as he thinks I am. We meant nothing to each other, had nothing in common except ancient history. We did not fall out, we just fell off, and were like strangers to each other.

If the child, as Wordsworth said, is father to the man, how much more so should the young man be! I liked that young man; the man leaves me cold. But suppose he had spent forty years as missionary in Tibet, or forty years as trader in Samoa, or forty years as trapper in the Yukon: I should have had a thousand questions to ask him, and our friendship would have spanned the forty years in a day and been born anew. Not necessarily, of course. We might have fallen out because he had turned his back on science, or because I preferred Darwin to Moses.

Some years ago I returned home from a three-years' trip around the world. Where would I like best to live? asked the local banker, expecting me to say Granville, of course—or at least some U. S. A. city. "Peking." His face showed his disgust—to name Peking was unpatriotic. He fell out with me then and there because I had betrayed him. Anybody who could prefer Peking to Granville, Ohio, must be queer. No queer or unpatriotic people on a banker's list of friends!

On a slow boat to Bombay in the off season was a dark-skinned, black-eyed fellow countryman on his way to India to study cotton for the Department of Commerce. He was from Georgia and I suspected he had a tinge of negro blood in his veins, but as we had a Harvard degree in common and were together for twelve days we became good friends.

We met two months later in Calcutta. I



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had just returned to the hotel from a long talk with Lord Sinha, a native Indian and one of the blackest men I have ever met—and one of the ablest. He had had an English university education and was the first Indian on the Viceroy's Executive Council. We had discussed politics for three hours. His knowledge had astounded me and his cleverness in argument amazed me.

I turned my admiration loose on my friend. He was not interested; he was "astounded" that I should spend an afternoon with a "nigger." We fell out.

Just because I was enthusiastic about a black Mohammedan? No; because he himself was not one hundred percent white. He could make himself so by pretending to be one hundred percent anti-black.

It had taken us days to fall for each other—as many minutes to fall out. But in the circumstance which caused our falling out I found new interest in him. I had not met that kind of specimen before. If I could not keep him as a friend, I could add him to my collection.

X was a man of about forty, his wife about fifty. I knew them intimately for years and rated them among my dearest friends. They were devoted to each other, but they had no children and he wanted a child. She went through a Reno divorce smilingly, but suffered grievously. And he married his ex-wife's cousin.

I went abroad. Returning a year later, I plunged into a long bit of work which took up my time to the exclusion of all old interests and friends. Meeting X by chance, I was as usual prepared to embrace him, but he seemed so cold that my greeting died and after a short desultory talk we parted. I haven't seen him since.

What happened? He resented my not having exerted myself to show my friendship for his new wife.

He should have known me well enough to know that I could have had no intention of doing that, but he had his lightning-rod up and was looking for trouble. His wish for a child was born of the wish to be free to marry a younger woman; he was not certain that he had been justified in breaking with the old wife and he was touchy about my attitude toward the new. My seeming slight of her reflected on the whole affair of his divorce and remarriage.

Call it supersensitiveness. Ordinarily nothing could have come between X and me, but a new factor had come into his life, and my negligence, which should have passed off with a mild reproach, became a reflection on his conduct. He fell out with me over an incident which should have been trivial but which in the altered circumstances proved to be critical.

Love me, love my dog! And if my dog is of questionable ancestry, insult it if you dare! Little Mamie may be as homely as a mud fence, but truth on that point is not likely to make a hit with Mamie's mother.

There really are so many reasons why we fall out that no two fallings-out are alike. But behind every reason is a human being encased in armor with from one to thousands of holes. Prick him in any hole and he is wounded; in certain holes, the wound is fatal to friendship. And what a falling out there can be when our vanity, pride, self-esteem, "honor," is pricked! Battles, with words or fists, duels with pistols; even murder.

Suppose that Southern gentleman had been a woman. That introduces a new factor. This world you and I live in is not a world of human beings but of boys and girls, men and women.

There has always been a sex problem, presumably, but our mechanical age has thrown up a new one: men working for women and women for men, as though they were all machines working for machines. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of women in our cities spend six, eight, ten hours a day with men, and are presumed to forget that there is any such thing as sex.

And that is not easy, because sex is an

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ancient institution and nature spent millions of years in cunningly contriving to make the two sexes look good to each other. And so they are—except to the abnormal—and so they will remain. Would girls leave kitchens and other so-called domestic haunts for counting-houses, shops and even boiler factories if there wasn't a man in sight?

We may learn to shut our eyes to the fact that there is a member of the opposite sex in sight, but we need not blind our eyes to the fact that nature is not fooled even though we are. The Phi Beta Kappa woman may be as cold as a cake of ice, and the head stenographer may have the instincts of an old maid—for human beings can get that way—but the average girl who shines in classroom or office certainly does not hate her teacher or her chief. If she really loves her work, her teacher or chief is probably lovable.

While the two sexes are naturally mutually attractive, members of the same sex need not seem attractive to each other. It is a rare woman who can put all she has into working for another woman. Women are natural rivals, as are men. As boys or as girls we learn certain norms of behavior toward members of our own sex, and become so conditioned that as men or as women we can easily fall for certain other men or women. These friendship norms among members of the same sex are easily disturbed when the situation becomes bisexual.

Girls learn to compete with each other in classrooms, in games, et cetera, but while acquiring these habits they form other habits which make it easy for them to become the partners of men in the game of life, or to work with or for men in life's business.

As boys we learn how to get along with each other, but firmly embedded in our cultural background is the idea that "real" problems and "great" tasks are man-sized jobs. We assume and assert that men are the "natural born" leaders, and that there are certain pursuits which women just "naturally" cannot follow. Some men even yet assert that women are inherently inferior to men in all respects but one, and even in that respect men have not given up without a struggle. Zeus mothered Pallas Athena—and full-fledged, mind you. And some tribes still practise the *cousade*—put the father to bed for a couple of weeks to be waited on by his wife carrying her new-born child!

You and I, as males, may be quite convinced that for all the eye can see, the ear hear or history reveal, women can be as clever, competent, efficient, brave and intelligent as men, but you and I grew up in a society which pretended that they cannot; we learned to treat them as inferiors. We cannot easily work for them.

I know a man in New York who was never promoted to the position of general manager of a big concern because its president was a woman; he just could not take orders directly from a woman. Everything in his upbringing made such an idea revolting. He grew up in a household where the relation of man to wife was what some people ignorantly believe prevailed in Stone Age times. His mother not only never gave an order but never dared express an opinion. "Take orders from a woman? Not I! I'm a man!" And the louder he shouts it, so much the less is he a gentleman. No little man can soldier with a woman.

Occasionally a man may fail of promotion because he gets along with things better than with men. He may know the business in and out; he may be master of every detail of the organization; he may work hard for it; but, promoted, he would be working for the man higher up. He was a tinkerer as a boy, working by himself, working out his own ideas. He never took an order from his father, never learned discipline, never would make a good soldier.

Both cases just cited deal not with dislikes but with disabilities. The man who was not made an executive might like the woman president, but he could not work for her. The man who



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knew the business and liked it might like the head of it, and outside they might become friends; but he just could not take orders from him.

Habit, habit, habit. We easily see what habit does for us on the golf-links or at the bridge table. We learn a game, learn it well; if we learned it really well, we pick it up again quickly after disuse. We also easily understand how habits in the matter of food, for instance, become part of us. We learn to like salads of certain kinds, but few of us have learned to eat any salad with a hair or a worm in it. It may have taken us weeks to fall for the alligator-pears; we can fall out with it in a minute if it is rancid.

We do not so easily understand that the general sets or attitudes we acquire as children are also habits. They are the important factors in our falling for new things, situations, people. We speak of making up our mind: our mind is made up for us; all we have to do is to find out what it is. We weigh the pros and cons, talk it over with ourselves, reach a decision. The decision is new—but new only in that it is a product of or compromise between previous decisions and the present situation. Against the background of our habitual likes and dislikes we are eternally weighing new problems.

Some things we fall for easily; there are people for whom we just can't fall. When people do certain things we don't like, don't approve of, that "make us sick," "turn our stomach," we naturally fall out with them. I may say, for instance, that I fell out with a certain man or woman for a specific reason, but each one of us, as a matter of fact, has whole categories of things we don't like, things we disapprove of, things we "hate," things we "can't stomach." Our attachment to a friend, our love for a woman, may be great enough to weather a storm; it might not survive an explosion.

Marriage can go on the rocks for so many reasons that I hesitate to speak of it at all, but the fact that married couples do fall out gets them in our picture. And the mere mention of the word *marriage* seems to call out the word *divorce*. Divorce is more universally common than ever before and has become fairly common in social groups which formerly held that marriage meant a life sentence.

Every marriage is an affair between two unique individuals—"unique" because of the countless experiences and incidental factors of cultural conditioning and parentage which go into the make-up of every personality. Love—sexual love, if you please, love of a man for a woman or of a woman for a man—is the great "ground" for marriage, yet in thousands of marriages that old-fashioned element has become buried miles deep, the real ground being convenience, business, a means to a definite end, the carrying on of the family name and tradition, an escape from some condition, the solution of an economic or social problem, or merely a new or another adventure.

Not infrequently, couples who might be presumed to know better marry because they have nothing else particularly interesting to do at the time; they marry as they would go slumming, or go up in a balloon, or go to Paris as a stowaway—for the fun of it, for the excitement of it, for the novelty of it. They have kept saying to themselves: "Well, I'll try anything once"; and they try marriage.

That there are thousands of unmarried adults simply means that life as we live it today holds other ways than marriage, or even than mating, whereby the mate impulse can be adjusted. Since the war, of course, marriage has been an impossibility for hundreds of thousands of women in Europe simply because there are not enough men to go around. Bigamy is banned by law; adultery, by society.

But as the natural ground for marriage is love—the impulse that springs from an organic need to satisfy the mate hunger—so the original ground for divorce is sex incompatibility; and that can take many forms. Married people often fall out with each other merely because they don't like each other any more.

There need not be hatred or coldness or the fact that the one who does the falling out has fallen for someone else, but I suspect that in most cases, in divorce as in marriage, the primary factor relates to the adjustment of the mate impulse. But a triviality, a mere incident, whim or fancy, may lead to marriage; the cause of the falling out may be as casual and biologically meaningless.

In extreme cases the man or woman falls far out with the idea of remaining married; that anything, even death, is preferable. I once heard a woman declare that she felt she just had to break with her husband or go crazy. Most of us could face self-annihilation sooner than that.

It would not be so serious if we just fell out; it is the depths we fall into. No angel could fall farther than we can.

To illustrate. You and I have been good friends for ten years, let us say. Our social group knows us as good friends. Our community recognizes us as having common interests, congenial tastes; we have many things in common—friends, books, pastimes. And we suddenly fall out. The cause may have been an utterly trivial matter; it may have started over an argument as to the kind of bait a President should use in fishing for trout; it may have been your dislike of my new suit; or it may have been a disagreement as to who won the war. But whatever it was, one or other of us feels so aggrieved, injured, snubbed, slighted or belittled, in person or in opinion or in belief or in politics or whatever it may have been, that we not only fall out but one of us tells the other where to go. You tell me, let us say.

The community, of course, learns that we have fallen out. What will be your attitude toward me? Isn't it fairly certain that henceforth all that I am, all that I do, will be adjudged wrong in your eyes? Isn't it asking a little bit too much of human nature to expect you to find any good in me? Are you not going to find as many reasons for hating me as the Allies recently found for hating the Central Powers? Everything should be fair in love; nothing can be fair in war. You will not be too discriminating in finding reasons for hating me, or too nice in expressing them.

And why? You must justify the fact that we have fallen out: the more reasons you find for hating me the more easily you justify to yourself and to the community the fact that we, who were once friends, are now enemies. For every concrete reason that you could have given for our friendship, you can now find a dozen to justify our enmity.

In other words, mere ignorance of our enemies does not stop us from justifying our hatred of them—our imagination will furnish the reasons. It is the knowing so much that is not so that makes it difficult to patch up fallings-out amongst friends and restore friendship between nations that have ended with peace.

It is not because we fell out or because of what we did to each other in the heat of battle; it is because of what we said about each other behind each other's backs. I may forgive you for the black eye you gave me; it will be harder to forgive or forget your added insult—"why did you kick me down-stairs?"

You may have had no reason but unbridled anger, a blind passion no more yours by inheritance than an abject fear of ghosts or dislike of being called a coward. You were not born a bully or a coward, but you could learn to be both, and to become clever in justifying your acts with words.

Or you may bear your grudges silently and your dislikes without reason. Pressed, you can only say: "I do not like you, Doctor Fell; the reason why I cannot tell, but this I know, and know full well, I do not like you, Doctor Fell"; and then you are hopeless. The man who permits his viscera to usurp the rôle of brains is ruled by passion, blind, ignorant, stupid. We may pity such a moron, but we cannot fall for him, and we know the reason why.

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